

English Reprints

TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY

Songes and Sonnettes

BY

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

SIR THOMAS WYATT, THE ELDER

NICHOLAS GRIMALD

AND

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS

FIRST EDITION OF 5TH JUNE, COLLATED WITH
THE SECOND EDITION OF 31ST JULY 1557

EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER

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II TOTTEL'S 'MISCELLANY'

SECOND EDITION, 31 July 1557

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Of the entire collection, the following were selected out of the poems of

The Earl of SURREY,	40
Sir THOMAS WYATT,	96
NICHOLAS GRIMALD,	40
And of <i>Uncertain Authors</i> ,	134

Total number in the <i>Miscellany</i> ,	310
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Of the 134 poems by *Uncertain Authors*, there are still 130, of which the authorship has yet to be ascertained

A P R O L O G U E



THE immense quantity of English verse that was *written* between 1530 1600 is probably far beyond the conception of most readers of our literature. The *printed* Poetry—whether it appeared as the production of a single Poet or in the shape of Poetical Collections, (not to speak of the innumerable commendatory verses prefixed to prose works)—constitute the bulk of all the publications of that time, just as Religious literature does in the present day. But a slight recollection of those publications, will confirm the following testimony of William Webbe, in 1586

Among the innumerable sortes of Englyshe Bookes, and infinite fardles of printed pamphlets, wherewith thys Countrey is pestered, all shoppes stuffed, and euery study furnished the greatest part I thinke in any one kinde, are such as are either meere Poeticall, or which tende in some respecte (as either in matter or forme) to Poetry —*Preface to A Discourse of English Poetrie*

To this printed Poetry, must be added in our estimate, all the *manuscript* verse at present extant in all our various public and private collections. Lastly, we must allow somewhat, for the Poems—both printed and manuscript—that have perished beyond all possibility of recovery

2 The Poets of that age, wrote for their own delectation and for that of their friends and not for the general public. They generally had the greatest aversion to their works appearing in print. In *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, attributed to George Puttenham, are the two notable complaints of this bashfulness

"Now also of such among the Nobilitie or gentrie as be very well seene in many laudable sciences, and especially in making or Poesie, it is so come to passe that they haue no courage to write and if they haue, yet are they loath to be a knowen of their skill. So as I know very many notable Gentlemen in the Court that haue written commendably and suppressed it agayne, or els suffred it to be publisht without their owne names to it as if it were a discredit for a Gentleman, to seeme learned, and to shew him selfe amorous of any good Art." *p* 37 *Ed* 1869

"And in her Maiesties time that now is are sprong vp an other crew o Courtly makers Noble men and Gentlemen of her Maiesties owne seruantes, who haue written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest." *p* 75 *Ed* 1869

Numerous instances of this hesitation arising out of fear of criticism or of natural bashfulness, could be readily given. The result of this hesitation was, that a large number of poems never came to the press at all, at least in that age

Coinciding with these numerous unprinted compositions, was a frequent practice of keeping Poetical Note books by many who were not poets themselves. As the manuscript or scarce printed Poems passed from hand to hand, they were neatly copied into folio or quarto shaped books, such as we find in the Bodleian or the British Museum. All these copies, however, are not clear gain as to quantity. They sometimes contain additions to the printed texts, but as often simply present merely verbal variations. Thus, with

originals and copies together, it has come to pass that the Elizabethan verse extant in manuscript is in greater proportion in bulk to that which was then printed than is the case in the present day

3 With regard to the totality of this verse there is yet much to be done. Chiefly however it is to restore—in a just measure of fame—not a few of our *best English Poets* to their places in the National Literature. All our good Poets are not yet recognised.

When all these hidden and published poems have been brought to light, *verified*, and collated we may hope to gauge the poetry, and to possess—in much larger bulk than is now thought to exist—the poems of Queen ELIZABETH, EDWARD VERE, Earl of OXFORD, THOMAS, Lord VAUX, HENRY, Lord PAGET, Sir EDWARD DYER, Sir JOHN GRAUNGE, THOMAS LODGE, M D, EDWYN SANDYS, M D, WILLIAM HUNNIS, CLEMENT ROBINSON, WILLIAM WILMOT, FRANCIS and GEORGE DAVISON, and who not? Then may we hope to solve the whole host of Initials and Pseudonyms which are, but often vainly, supposed to attest the authorship of so many extant poetical pieces. Then may we aspire to wipe away *Ignoto* from verses, the composers of which were unknown to their own contemporaries.

4 Nor shall, in any case, the search go unrewarded. The Elizabethan age produced the most blithesome of our English Song. True Poetry is not cramped like Prose to the expression of the fact. It is not limited to the locality of its own age and civilization,

A Thing of Beauty, a Joy for ever,

it refreshes all after time and the Searcher will find that the aggregate Minor Poets of Elizabeth's reign—varying infinitely in merit among themselves—do far surpass, both in the quantity and quality of their productions, all their English compeers that have written since

5 Putting aside from our further consideration the *manuscript* poetry, let us return to what was actually published. It seems very definable that with the reproduction of works by single Poets, the celebrated Poetical Miscellanies should, as far as possible, be also repossessed by the public. Not a very numerous class they are distinguished by great intrinsic charm and beauty of thought and expression, by the excessive rarity and value of the very few copies of the early editions that have come down to us, and by the costliness of the excessively limited editions, which English Scholars have published of them in the course of this century, not for an universal enjoyment, for which they thought the world not refined enough, but for the preservation of the Texts from the accidents and ravages of Time.

6. How popular these Miscellanies were will be seen from the following List of editions which is the more expressive, as these Collections would almost only circulate among the cultivated of that time.

A PROLOGUE.

Early Editions of Poetical Miscellanies

	1st	2nd	3rd.	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th.
SONGS AND SONNETS	By H HOWARD Earl of SURREY and others								
	1557	1557	1559	1565	1567	1574	1585	1587	
	5 June	31 July							
A MYRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES	[Ed by W BALDWIN, J HIGGINS, J BLENNER HASSET]								
	1559	1563	1571	1574	1575	1578	1587	1610	1621?
THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES	[Collected by R EDWARDES]								
	1576	1577	1578	1580	1585	[1590]	1596	1600	1606
A GORGIOUS GALLERY OF GALLANT INVENTIONS	Ed by [O ROYDON and] T P[ROCTOR]								
	1578	<i>Only two copies known</i>							
A HANDFULL OF PLEASANT DELITES	By CLEMENT ROBINSON and divers other								
	1584	<i>Only one copy known</i>							
THE PHOENIX NEST	Ed by R S								
	1593	<i>Two copies known</i>							
ENGLANDS HELICON	[Ed by J BODENHAM]								
	1600	1614							
A POETICAL RAPSONDY	Ed by FRANCIS DAVISON								
	1602	1608	1611	1621					

7 To these, the following works, as being somewhat akin to them, may be added

Collections of Poetical Quotations

ENGLANDS PARNASSUS	[Ed by R ALLOT?]								
	1600								
BLLVEDERE, or the Garden of the Muses	[Ed by J BODENHAM]								
	1600	1610							

Rare Works by single Poets

Sometimes including Prose, and occasionally poetical contributions by the Author's friends

B	GOOGE	<i>Eglogs Epitaphes and Sonettes</i>	88 leaves
	1563	1570	Three copies known
G	TURBERVILLE	<i>Epitaphs Epigrams, Songs and Sonets with a Discourse of the Frendly Affections of Tyn etis to Pyndara his Ladie</i>	145 leaves
	?	1567	[1570] Only one copy of 1567 edition known
W	B[RETTON]	<i>A small Handfull of Fragrant Flowers</i>	8 leaves
	1575		Only one copy known
G	WHETSTONE	<i>The Rocke of Regard, deuided into 4 parts The Castle of delight The Garden of Vnthriftinesse The Arbour of Vertue The Orchard of Repentunce</i>	132 leaues
	1576		Not more than three copies seem to exist
T	LODGE	<i>Phyllis honoured with Pastoral Sonnets, Elegies and amorous delights, &c</i>	
	1593		Five copies known

8 It would, at this moment, be a great presumption to aspire to the reproduction of even half of the above. Even that is quite impossible without the approval and generosity of the possessors of the unique or rare copies. What we may leave undone, let others finish. Meanwhile may it please the reader to accept, as an earnest, one of the first of these Collections in Importance as it is the first in point of Time—Tottel's *Miscellany*

THE TABLE OF FIRST LINES

It is quite a further study, altogether beyond the limits of the present edition, to distinguish which of the following poems are translations or imitations of Latin or Italian verse, and which may lay claim to originality and of a native English vein. In grouping the first Lines under each known Author the first word of Poems that only appear in the *First* Edition is put in Small Capitals those first added in the *Second* Edition are shown in Italic letter

Known Authors

HENRY HOWARD, *Earl of SURREY*

1	Alas so all thinges nowe	10
2	Although I had a check	21
3	As oft I as behold and se	24
4	Brittle Beautie, that nature	10
5	Dyuers thy death doe diuersly	28
6	Eche beast can chose hys fere	218
7	From Tuskane came my	9
8	Geue place ye louers, here	20
9	Good Ladies, ye that haue	19
10	I neuer sawe my Ladye lave	12
11	If care do cause men cry, why	220
12	In Ciprus, springes (whereas	9
13	In the rude age when	218
14	In winters iust returne, when	16
15	Layd in my quiet bed, in	30
16	Loue that lueth, and reigneth	8
17	Martiall, the thinges that do	27
18	My Rutchif when thy	32
19	O happy dames, that may	15
20	O lothsome place where I	22
21	Of thy lyfe, Thomas, this	27
22	Set me wheras the sunne doth	11
23	So cruell prison how coulede	13
24	Such wayward waies hath loue,	6
25	Syns fortunes wrath enueth	217
26	Thassirian king in peace, with	30
27	The fansy which that I haue	32
28	The golden gift that nature	12
29	The great Macedon, that out	28
30	The sonne hath twise brought	3
31	The soote season, that budand	4
32	The stormes are pr t these	31
33	Though I regarded not	24
34	To dearly had I bought my	22
35	W resteth here, that quick	29
36	When ragyng loue with	14
37	When sommer toke in hand	7
38	When Windsor walles	11
39	When youth had led me halfe	5
40	Wrapt in my carelesse cloke,	26

SIR THOMAS WYATT

1	Accused though I be, without	55
2	A face that should content me	68
3	A lady gaue me a gift she had	223

4	A spendyng hand that alway	90
5	Alas, Madame, for stealing	41
6	Al in thy loke my life doth	66
7	Avising the bright beames of	40
8	Because I still kept thee fro	38
9	Behold, Loue, thy power how	53
10	Cesar, when that the traytour	37
11	Desire (alas) my master, and	80
12	Disdaine me not without desert	58
13	Diuen by desire I did this dede	84
14	Eche man me telth, I change	37
15	Ever my hap is slack and	68
16	Farewell, Loue, and all thy	70
17	Farewell the hart of crueltie	44
18	For shamefast haim of great	82
19	For want of will, in wo I playne	59
20	From these hie hilles as when	46
21	Go burning sighes vnto the	73
22	He is not dead, that sometime	54
23	How oft haue I, my deare and	69
24	I find no peace, and all my	39
25	I see that chance hath chosen	81
26	If amorous fayth, or if an	70
27	If euer man might him auant	59
28	If thou wilt mighty be, flee	224
29	If waker care if sodayn pale	36
30	In court to serue decked with	83
31	In doubtfull breast whiles	84
32	In fayth I wot not what to say	44
33	It burneth yet, alas, my hautes	79
34	It may be good like it who list	42
35	Loue, Fortune, and my minde	69
36	Lux, my faire fawlcun, and	68
37	Lyle as the burde, within the	225
38	Lyle vnto these vnmesurable	70
39	Madame, withouten many	41
40	Maruell no more altho	50
41	Myne olde dere enemy, my	46
42	Myne owne Iohn Poyns sins	88
43	My galley charged with	39
44	My hart I gaue thee, not to do	71
45	My loue to shorne my	55
46	My lute awake performe the	64
47	My mothers maides when they	85
48	Mystrustfull mindes be moued	78
49	Nature that gaue the Bee so	65
50	Of Carthage he that worthy	83
51	Of purpose, loue chose first to	80
52	Once as me thought fortune	63

53 Passe forth my wonted cryes 56
 54 Perdy I sayd it not 66
 55 Resownde my voyce ye 43
 56 Right true it is, and sayd full 42
 57 She sat, and sowed that hath 52
 58 So feble is the threde, that 73
 59 Some fowles there be, that 38
 60 Somtime I fled the fire, 54
 61 Speake thou and spede where 224
 62 Stond who so list vpon the 83
 63 Such is the course, that natures 62
 64 Such vain thought, as wonted 35
 65 Suffised not (madame) that 76
 66 Syghes are my foode my 82
 67 Synce loue wyll nedes, that I 77
 68 Tagus farewell that westward 84
 69 They flee from me, that 40
 70 Through out the world if it 83
 71 The answer that ye made 62
 72 The enny of life, decayer of 63
 73 The flaming sighes that boyle 71
 74 The furious goonne, in his 54
 75 The luely sparkes, that issue 34
 76 The longe loue that in my 33
 77 The piller perisht is whereto 72
 78 The restfull place, renewer of 45
 79 The wandring gadling, in the 41
 80 Vnstable dreume, accordyng 35
 81 Vnwarely so was neuer no 65
 82 Venemous thornes that are so 223
 83 Vulcane begat me Minerua 82
 84 Was neuer file yet half so well 34
 85 What man hath hard such 52
 86 What nedes these threatnyng 42
 87 What rage is this? what 80
 88 What vailleth troth? or by it, 53
 89 What word is that, that 223
 90 When Dido feasted first the 93
 91 When first mine eyes did view, 76
 92 Where shall I haue, at myne 51
 93 Within my brest I neuer 56
 94 Ye that in loue finde luck and 36
 95 Yet was I neuer of your loue 33
 96 Your lokes so often cast 57

NICHOLAS GRIMALD

1 A HEAVY hart, with wo 103
 2 AS THIS first daye of Ianus 106
 3 BY heauens hye gift incase 102
 4 CHARIS the fourth, Pieris the 103
 5 DESERTS of Nymphs, that 105
 6 For Tullie, late, a toomb I 125
 7 FOR Wilford wept first men, 112
 3 GORGEOUS attyre, by art made 107
 9 Imps of King Ioue, and quene 100
 10 In workyng well, if trauell 101
 11 LOVERS men warn the corps 98

12 MAN, by a woman lern, this 113
 13 MEE thought, of late when 119
 14 MYRROUR of matrones, flowr 113
 15 No image carued with 108
 16 Now, blythe Inalecy, thy 113
 17 Now clattering arms, now 120
 18 Now flaming Phebus, passing 105
 19 Of all the heavenly gifts, that 110
 20 ONE is my sue my soons, 102
 21 PHEBE twise took her horns, 96
 22 SO HAPPY bee the course of 106
 23 SYTHE, Blackwood, you haue 99
 24 SYTHE, Vincent, I haue munde 99
 25 The aunient time commended 108
 26 THE issue of great Ioue, draw 111
 27 THE noble Henry, he, that 118
 28 Therefore, when restlesse rage 123
 29 THE worthy Wilfords body, 112
 30 TO you, madame, I wish bothe 106
 31 TO you this present yere full 107
 32 WHAT cause, what reason 104
 33 What one art thou, thus in 108
 34 What path list you to tred? 109
 35 What race of life ronue you? 109
 36 WHATS sweet releef the showers 96
 37 WHO wold beleue mans life 101
 38 WHEN princes lawes, with 110
 39 WHY, Nicolas, why doest 115
 40 YEA, and a good cause why 115

THOMAS, Lord VAUX

I lothe that I did loue 173
 When Cupid scaled first the fort 172

JOHN HEYWOOD

Geue place you Ladies and begon 163

EDWARD SOMERSET

Experience now doth shew what 164

Unknown Authors

1 A cruell Tiger all with teeth 259
 2 Adieu desert, how art thou 263
 3 Ah libertie now haue I learned 259
 4 Ah loue how wayward is his 251
 5 A kinde of coal is as men say 246
 6 Al you that frendship do 185
 7 Alas that euer death such 153
 8 Alas when shall I wy 270
 9 A Man may lue thrise 212
 10 Among dame natures workes 183
 11 As Cypresia thurunt by 177
 12 A Thure bene o will leure be 188
 13 A I will leue that case 199
 14 A tudent at his booke so plust 157
 15 At liberte I sit and e 191
 16 Behold my picture here well 169
 17 Bewaile with me all ye that 170

18 By fortune as I lay in bed, <i>p</i>	137	72 Since thou my ring mayst <i>p</i>	166
19 <i>Complaine we may much is</i>	243	73 Sins Mars first moued warre	195
20 Cruell and vnkind whom	179	74 Suth that the way to welth is	155
21 Death and the kyng did as it	187	75 Some men would thinke of	61
22 <i>Do all your dedes by good</i>	245	76 <i>Stay gentle frend that</i>	248
23 <i>Do way your phisike I faint</i>	258	77 Suche grene to me as you	187
24 Eche thing I se hath time	168	78 Such warward waies hauesome	197
25 False may he be, and by the	199	79 Sythe singyng gladdeth oft	144
26 <i>Farewell thou frozen hart and</i>	268	80 <i>The bird that sometime built</i>	240
27 Flee from the prese and dwell	194	81 <i>The blinded boy that bends the</i>	252
28 For loue Appollo (his)	197	82 The dolefull bell that still	196
29 For that a restles head must	166	83 The doubtfull man hath feuers	154
30 From worldly wo the mede of	210	84 The flickeryng fame that flieth	205
31 Full faire and white she is,	152	85 The golden apple tht the	188
32 Girt in my guiltlesse gowne as	198	86 The lenger lyfe, the more	132
33 <i>Holding my peace alas how</i>	260	87 The lyfe is long, that	129
34 If euer wofull man might moue	126	88 The plague is great, where	134
35 If it were so that God would	180	89 The restlesse rage of depe	137
36 If right be rackt, and	129	90 <i>The secret flame that made</i>	238
37 If that thy wicked wife had	212	91 The shinyng season here to	177
38 I heard when Fame with	201	92 The smoky sighes the bitter	175
39 I lent my loue to losse and	158	93 <i>The soules that lacked grace</i>	227
40 <i>In thaps I boast whose branch</i>	61	94 Thestilis is a sely man, when	165
41 <i>In court as I beheld, the</i>	60	95 Thestilis thou sely man, why	189
42 <i>In court close in short and</i>	60	96 <i>The Sunne when he had</i>	230
43 In freedom w th my fantasie	16	97 The winter with his griesly	160
44 In Grece somtime there dwelt	131	98 <i>The wisest way, thy bote, in</i>	255
45 I read how Troylus serued in	192	99 The vertue of Vlysses wife	213
46 In sekynge rest vnrest I finde	161	100 Tho Cowerd oft whom deinty	188
47 I see there is no sort	171	101 <i>Thou Cupide God of loue,</i>	242
48 <i>I sely Harw whose hope is past</i>	260	102 Though in the waxe a perfect	189
49 <i>I that Vlysses yerres haue</i>	241	103 To false report and flyng fame	210
50 It is no fire that geues no	152	104 To lue to dye, and dye to	175
51 <i>It was the day on which the</i>	230	105 To loue, alas, who would not	181
52 <i>I wold I found not as I fele</i>	254	106 To my mishap alas I fynde	184
53 <i>Lo dead he liues, that wholome</i>	228	107 To this my song geue eare,	133
54 Lo here lieth G vnder the	211	108 To trust the fryned face, to	215
55 Lo here the end of man the	141	109 To walke on doubtfull ground,	136
56 Lyke as the brake within the	187	110 <i>Vaine is the fleting welth</i>	257
57 Lyke as the lark within the	132	111 Vnto the luyng Lord for	142
58 Lyke as the rage of raine	190	112 Walkyng the pathe of pensue	208
59 Lyke the Phenix a birde most	214	113 <i>What harder is then stone,</i>	228
60 My youthfull yeres are past	168	114 What thing is that which I	152
61 Nature that taught my silly	166	115 When Audley had runne out	167
62 <i>No roy haue I, but lue in</i>	255	116 When dredful swelling seas,	159
63 <i>Not like a God came Iupiter</i>	240	117 <i>When Phebus had the serpent</i>	265
64 O euyll tonges, which clap at	135	118 Who craftly castes to stere his	157
65 <i>O lingring make Vlysses dere,</i>	229	119 Who iustly may reioyce in	128
66 O Petrarke hed and prince of	178	120 <i>Who list to lead a quiet life</i>	245
67 O temerous tauntres that	177	121 Who list to lue vpright, and	142
68 Phylida was a fayer mayde	138	122 Who loues to lue in peace,	205
69 Procryn that sometyme serued	213	123 <i>Whom fansy forced first to</i>	249
70 <i>Resigne you dames whom</i>	269	124 Why fearest thou thy outward	204
71 Shall I thus euer long, and be	154	125 <i>Who so that wisely weyes the</i>	256
		126 With petrarke to compare	178
		127 <i>Ye are to young to bryng me in</i>	267
		128 Yet once againe my muse I	203
		129 <i>Your borrowd meane to moue</i>	248
		130 <i>You that in play peruse my</i>	224

CHRONOLOGICAL MEMORANDA

CONNECTED WITH THIS MISCELLANY



Concerning the six ascertained Writers—not to speak of those others whose names cannot even be guessed at—who, in part, composed these famous poems there is much truth yet to be learned, as well as many fables to be forgotten

Confusion respecting them began early Even the title page is a misnomer Lord Henry Howard, K G, was not actually Earl of Surrey, as his father was but was so called by courtesy In the next generation, Puttenham confounds Sir Nicholas the 1st, with Thomas the 2nd Baron Vaux Fifteen years onwards, Tom Nashe published his *Unfortunate Traveller* fabulous adventures on the Continent, by the Earl of Surrey, which were received as gospel by Drayton, and credited for a long time afterwards And since Strype's time, Grimald, the chaplain, in 1556, of Thomas Thirleby, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ely, has been confounded with Grymbold, a chaplain of the Protestant Bishop Ridley All existing statements respecting these six ascertained authors seem to require a severe testing and many new facts respecting them would no doubt reward a further lengthened inquiry

For our present purpose the few following notes, selected from many others, may suffice and we would refer the reader to the Rev Dr Nott's bulky edition of the *Works of Surrey and Wyatt*, 1815 16, as a starting point for further research

1485 Aug 22 Henry VII became king

1503—T WYATT, son of Sir Henry Wyatt, was born at Allington Castle, Kent

1509. April 22 Henry VIII begins to reign

1514—1 FEB After the battle of Flodden Field, king Henry VIII, being desirous of rewarding the services of Thomas Howard, 2nd Earl of Surrey, and of his son Thomas, created the former Duke of Norfolk, and the latter, 3rd Earl of Surrey, on 1 Feb 1514 the Duke, before the grant, formally surrendering the Earldom to his son, for *his lifetime*

This 3rd Earl of Surrey had five children The names of three of them have been preserved HENRY, the Poet

Thomas, created by Queen Elizabeth, on 13 Jan 1559, Viscount Howard of Bindon

Mary, who was affianced to Henry Fitz Roy, Duke of Richmond

1515—T WYATT admitted to St John College Cambridge, which had been founded in 1512

1516.—Dr Nott supposes HENRY HOWARD to have been born about this year He quotes a household book of the family between 1513 and 18 Jan 1524 which proves that our Poet must have passed his infancy in the summer time at Tending Hall, Suffolk and in the winter tide at Hunsdon, in Hertfordshire

1518—T WYATT takes his B A at Cambridge

Henry Fitz Roy, a natural son of Henry VIII by Elizabeth, widow of Lord Talboys, born about this time

1519—N GRIMALD is supposed to have been born this year in Huntingdonshire He has given us the story of his childhood in a beautiful Funeral Song upon the decease of Anne, his mother, see p 115

1523—[Sir William Vaux, of Harrowden, adhered to King HENRY VI, and was slain at the battle of Tewkesbury] Upon the accession of EDWARD IV, NICHOLAS VAUX, son and heir of Sir William, was despoiled of his estates in virtue of an act of attainder passed against his father but in the 1st of HENRY VII, this attainder was totally reversed, and Nicholas, then Sir Nicholas, was restored to all the possessions of which he had then been deprived Sir Nicholas was highly distinguished as a statesman and a warrior, and was much in favour with HENRY VII and HENRY VIII, by the latter he was summoned to parliament, as Baron Vaux of Harrowden, the 27 of April, 1521, but did not long enjoy his honours, as he d 24 May following THOMAS, and Lord VAUX, was only twelve years of age upon his father's death, he took his seat in parliament on attaining his majority, in the 2nd of HENRY VIII, and d in 156 *Brake's Pierage* 1870

1520 —T CHURCHYARD is believed to have been born this year. He lived on till 1604. In this year WYATT married.

1524 —On the death of his father, Thomas, 3rd Earl of Surrey, becomes 3rd Duke of Norfolk, but his son Henry, the Poet, does *not* become 4th Earl of Surrey, but only has that title by courtesy. He appears to have passed his boyhood at Kenninghall.

1525 —18 JUNE Henry Fitz-Roy is created Duke of Richmond, &c.

1527 —JAN In the *Gent Mag* Sept 1850, p 237, Mr J Bruce quotes from a collection of family papers made by Richard Wyatt (who died Dec 1753, æt 80), then, in 1850, in the possession of the Rev B D Hawkins, of Rivenhall in Essex. Among the MSS in this volume, is a paper by a *grandson* (name not stated) of Sir Thomas WYATT, who gives the following on the authority of Edward, 3rd Earl of Bedford [succeeded to the title 1585, d 1627].

"Sir John Russell [made 1st Baron Russell, 9 Mar 1539, 1st Earl of Bedford 19 Jan 1550 d 1555], after lord privy seal, having his depeache of ambassage from Henry VIII to the Pope, in his journey on the Thames encountered Sir Thomas WYATT, and after salutations, was demanded of him whither he went, and had answer 'To Italy, sent by the king.' 'And I,' said Sir Thomas, 'will, if you please, ask leave, get money, and go with you.' No man more welcome," answered the ambassador. So this accordingly done, they passed in post together."

This is the principal authority for WYATT's visit to Italy.

1533 —5 JAN Parliament sits, THOMAS Lord VAUX is summoned to it. T WYATT is sworn of the Privy Council, this year.

1534 —About this time Surrey and Fitzroy were living together at Windsor.

1535 —Fitzroy is affianced to Surrey's sister Mary, but the marriage is never consummated. He dies in the next year.

1536 —18 MAR WYATT is knighted.

APRIL 1537 JUNE 1539 Wyatt's *first* embassy to the Emperor in Spain.

1538 —2 SEPT There is a draft of Bonner's celebrated secret letter of this date from Blois, lodging grievous complaints against WYATT, in the *Petyt MSS No 47, fol 9*, in the Inner Temple. This letter was unheeded till after T Cromwell's execution, when WYATT was thrown into the Tower, and interrogated upon it.

1539 —Wyatt's *second* embassy to the Emperor in France and Flanders.

1540 —GRIMALD, educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, takes his B A.

18 DEC Thomas Thirleby created the first Bishop of Westminster.

1541.—*Harl MS 78 Arts 6 and 7*, contains WYATT's most brilliant Defence of himself from Bonner's charges written in the Tower. He is exonerated and received into the King's favour again.

1542 —Sir T WYATT journeying to Falmouth in too great haste, to bring the Emperor's ambassador to London, dies at Sherbourne, and is buried on the 11 OCT in the great Church there.

John Leland, the antiquary, publishes a Latin poem of six leaves, *Næniæ in mortem Thomæ Wyati Equitis incomparabilis*, which he dedicates to the Earl of Surrey. This tract contains a striking portrait of Wyatt, having a head somewhat bald, a keen face, and a flowing beard drawn on wood by Holbein. [At the Mote, near Maidstone, the Earl of Romney has charming portraits of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir Henry Wiatt in prison, with the cat that fed him there, his son, Sir T Wiatt, the elder, and his son, Sir Thomas Wiatt, the younger, all historic characters (all most authentic). Lord Romney representing the families N & Q 3rd, S viii, 367.]

APRIL Grimald is incorporated at Oxford.

MAY Grimald is elected a probationer fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

1544 —P Betham, in his translation of The Earl of Purluias [Jacopo di Porcia] *Precepts of war*, refers to Surrey, in his Dedication to Lord C Audley.

14 JULY King Henry crosses to Calais on the 19th, the English army lays siege to Boulogne, and is joined by the king on 26 July. The town surrenders on 25 Sept., and the king returns to Dover on 1 OCT.

1546 —Grimald takes his M A at Oxford.

12 DEC Th D of Norfolk, and Henry Earle of Surrey his son and heire, upon certain surmises of treason, were committed to the tower of London, the one by water, the other by land, that the one knew not of the others apprehension. *J Stow Chronicle*, p 997. Ed 1600.

1547.—13 JAN The king then lying dangerously sick, the Earle of Surrey

as arraigned in the Guild hall of London, before the Lord Maior, the lord chancellor, and other lords and iudges being there in commission, some thinges hee flatly denied, weakening the credite of his accusers, by certaine circumstances, other hee excused with interpretations of his meanings to proue the same to be far other otherwise than was alleadged against him the especiallest matter wherewith he was charged, was, for bearing certaine armes that were said belonged to the king and prince the bearing whereof he iustified that he tooke it, he much desired them, as belonging to his ancestors, and verball shewed that he had the opinion of the heraults therein, and so to his iudgement he pleaded not guilty And for that he was no lord of the pulment, he was enforced to stand to the trial of a common inquest of his country, which found him guilty, and thereupon he had iudgement of death and shortly after to wit, on the 19 of JANUARY he was beheaded on the tower hill *Stowe, idem*

1547 Jan 29 Edward VI ascends the throne

1548—AUGUST Sir F Bryan translates and publishes from the French, Anthony Aleegre's translation from the Spanish of Anthony Guevara's *A dispraise of the life of a Courtier and a commendacion of the life of the labouring man* Bryan dedicates this volume well to the Marquis of Northampton A second edition edited by Rev I Lynne, appeared in 1875

Sir F BRYAN was the second of the three hundred of John Compton of Ormond

1549—6 JAN The Privy Council inform Lord Deputy Bellyngham that Sir F BRYAN is to be Marshall of the Army in Ireland. [He was also Lord Justice] Bryan appears to have died this year

Ascham in his *Scholemaster*, 1570, thus alludes to him

"If his stile be still euer rancke and lustie, as some men being neuer so old and spent by yeares, will still be full of youthfull conditions as was Syr F Bryan, and euermore would haue bene," p 112 Ed 1870

31 DEC The printing WYATT's translation of the *Seven Penitential Psalms* finished Surrey's verses thereon, see p 28, were first printed in this work

1550—1 APRIL Thirleby, Bp of Westminster, translated to Norwich The Bishopric of Westminster is suppressed

1553 July 6 Mary succeeds to the throne

1554.—15 SEPT Thirleby, Bp of Norwich, is translated to Ely

1555—Tottel, who Ames states, "had his name spelt as different as possible," and who seems to have printed chiefly Law and Poetry, printed this year Stephen Hawes' *Graunde Amoure and la bel Pucell*

1556—R. Tottel prints Grimald's translation of Cicero's *De Officiis* This is dedicated to the Bp of Ely This fact explodes the Grymbold theory

1557 1 5 JUNE London 1 vol 8vo First edition of Tottel's *Miscellany* See title at p x, and Colophon at p 226

Malone's copy in the Bodleian is the only known copy Mr J P Collier re discovered its importance, and printed a limited edition of 50 copies of this impression of it in 1867, in his *Seven English Poetical Miscellanies* The principal peculiarities are the additional Poems by Surrey and Wyatt, added at the end, see pp 217-225, incorporated in their proper places in later editions its containing Thirty Poems by Nicholas Grimald, not found anywhere else, and the absence of a Table of First Lines

21 JUNE London 1 vol 8vo Tottel on this day finished the *First Edition* of Surrey's translation of the Second and Four Books of the *Æneid* These were the first *written* blank verse in English, although some by Grimald had preceded it in print in the *Miscellany* This translation occupies 26½ similarly printed leaves, and was produced in 16 days, including Sundays at the same speed, Tottel would have begun the first edition of this *Miscellany* in April

2 31 JULY London 1 vol 8vo Tottel in the *Second edition* of the *Miscellany* in which thirty poems by Grimald are substituted by the Thirty-nine poem by Unknown Author, which will be found between 226-271 The *Second edition* is quite distinct in the variation how, and was produced in at most 57 days including Sundays The dating of the entire collection must have therefore been continuous from April to August

The two known copies—one in Grenville Collection, British Museum, and

the other in the Capel Coll, Trinity College, Cambridge, vary in some *minutiae* from each other but it is incredible that there should be two *distinct* editions finished by the same printer, on the same day [Mr W A Wright has collated the first Impression of this Reprint, with the Capell copy The variations from the Grenville copy, in spelling, are occasional in the bulk of the book, but very numerous in the 39 additional poems Nothing but a comparison of the five or six earliest editions can solve this riddle Meanwhile we can but believe that one or other of these copies has either a wrong title page or colophon]

1558 —23 APRIL Tottel finished another edition of Grimald's translation of *De Officiis* It is also dedicated to Bp Thirleby

16 JULY John Poyntz dies, see pp 85, 88

5 NOV Parliament began to sit THOMAS Lord VAUX is summoned *Dugdale's Summons*, p 519 Ed 1685

1558 Feb 17 Elizabeth begins to reign

1559 —23 JAN Parliament began to sit Neither of the Vaux's, father or son, are summoned *Dug Summons idem*

3 London 1 vol 8vo Third Edition of Tottel's *Miscellany* [A unique imperfect copy in the Grenville Collection]

5 JULY Thirleby, Bp of Ely, deprived d 26 August 1570

1562 —THOMAS Lord VAUX died in this year, see Burke's *Peerage*, 1870 Barnabe Googe mourns over GRIMALD's death, in an epitaph certainly written before May 1562, and included in his *Eglogs*, &c 1563

D *An Epytaphe of the Death of Nicolas Grimaold*

Beholde this fletyng world how al things fade
Howe cuery thyng doth passe and weare awaye,
Eche state of lyfe, by common course and trade,
Abydes no tyme, but hath a passyng daye
For looke as lyfe, that pleasaunt Dame hath brought,
The pleasaunt yeares, and dayes of lustynes,
So Death our Foe, consumeth all to nought,
Enuyeng these, with Darte doth vs oppresse,
And that which is, the greatest gryfe of all,
The gredye Grype, doth no estate respect,
But wher he comes, he makes them down to fall,
Ne staves heat, the hie sharpe wytted sect.
For yf that wyt or worthy Eloquens,
Or learning deape coulde moue him to forbear
O Grimaold then, thou hadste not yet gon hence,
But heare hadest sene full many an aged yeare,
Ne had the Muses lost so fyne a Floure,
Nor had *Minerva* wept to leaue thee so
If wisdome myght haue fled the fatal howre,
Thou haste not yet ben suffred for to go
A thousande doltyshe geese we myght haue sparde,
A thousand wyttles heads death might haue found,
And taken them, for whom no man had carde,
And layde them lowe, in deepe obliuous grounde
But Fortune fauours Fooles as old men saye,
And lets them lyue, and take[s] the wyse awaye

1563 —11 JAN Parliament again sits William, 3rd Lord Vaux, is summoned *Dug Summons, idem*

1565 —4 London 1 vol 8vo Fourth Edition of this *Miscellany* It was printed by Tottel [A copy is in the Bodleian]

G Turberville in his *Epitaphs*, p 9 has the a "Verse in prayse of Lorde Henrye Howarde, Earle of Surrey"

1567 —5 London 1 vol 8vo Fifth Edition of *Miscellany*

[A copy is at Althorp *Hazlett Bibl Handboof*, p 585 Ed 1867]

1570 —In the *Scholemaster*, Ascham attacking rhyme, allows "that my L of Surrey, M Wiat haue gonne as far as to their great praise, as the copie they followed could carry them, p 145 Ed 1870

1572 —*Harleian MS* 1703, is a Note book of Roman Catholic verse, partly composed, partly copied by William Forrest On the last page is written the following colophon —Ffinis 27 Octobris 1572 per me Guilelmum Forrestum

This MS establishes the authorship of two Poems in this *Miscellany*

At fol 100 is the heading, *A dyttye or sonet made by the lorde vaux in time of the noble quene Marye representinge the Image of deathe*, to the poem

I loath that I dyd loue In youth that I thought sweete, see p 173

And at fol 108, is *A description of a most noble Ladye, aduowed by John Heywoode, &c.*, to the poem

Geue place ye ladies all be gone, see p 163

1574—6 Sixth Edition of this *Miscellany* The last printed by Tottel

1575—CHURCHYARD, in his *Churchyard Chappes* give, his own autobiography in *A tragical discourse of the Vnhappy mans life*

1580—CHURCHYARD in his Dedication of *Churchyard's Charge* as a New Year's gift to the then Earl of Surrey, makes the following allusion

"Honoryng in harte the Erle of Surrie, your Lordshippes graundfather, and my master who was a noble warriour, an eloquent Oratour, and a second Petrарke, I coulde doe no lesse but publishe to the worlde somewhat that shoulde shewe I had lost no time in his seruice"

[1582] 1595—Sir P Sidney in *An Apologie for Poetry*, writes,

"I account the *Mirror of Magistrates*, meekely furnished of beautiful parts and in the Earle of Surrries *Liricks*, many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble minde," p 62 Ed 1867

1585—7 Seventh Edition of this *Miscellany* It was printed by T Windet

1586—Geffray Whitney, in his *Choice of Emblems*, Leyden [*To the Reader* is dated 4 May] 1586, 4to refers to Surrey in a poem, "To Edward Dier Esquier," at p 196

1587—8 London 1 vol 8vo Eighth [and last of the early impressions] Edition of this *Miscellany* It was printed by R Robinson The work is then not reprinted for 130 years

1589—In *The Arte of English Poesie*, are the following important passages

(1) "In the latter end of the same kings [Henry VIII] rugne sprong vp a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder and Henry Earle of Surrey were the two chieftanes, who hauing trauailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and sule of the Italian Poesie as nouices newly crept out of the schooles of Dante, Arioste and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely maner of vulgar Poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cruse may iustly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and sule In the same time or not long after was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings" p 74 Ed 1869

(2) "Henry Earle of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, betwene whom I finde very litle difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that haue since employed their pennes vpon English Poesie, their conceits were loftie, their stiles stately, their conueyance cleanly, their termes proper, their meetre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister Francis Petrarcha The Lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh vpon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he sheweth the counterfait action lively and pleasantly" p 76

(3) "I serue at ease and gouerne all with woe This meeter of twelue sillables the French man calleth a verse *Alexandrine*, and is with our moderne rimers most vsuall with the auncient makers it was not so For before Sir Thomas Wriats time they were not vsed in our vulgar," p 86

(4) "The same Earle of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt the first reformers and polishers of our vulgar Poesie much affecting the stile and measures of the Italian Petrarcha, vsed the foote *dactyl* very often but not many in one verse" p 139

(5) [*Pragmatographia* or Counterfait action]

"In this figure the Lord Nicholas Vaux a noble gentleman, and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning but hauing herein a maruelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the battayle and assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in euery part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his dittie, for in truth it can not be amended," p 217

If I in Cupid scaled first the fort,

[see p 172]

[It is confidently believed that, though Puttenham is so precise, he mistook Sir Nicholas Vaux, who only 17 days enjoyed the title of Lord Vaux in 1513,

for his son, Lord Thomas Vaux, who possessed the title for 39 years. Poems by Lord Vaux the elder were contributed to *The Paradyse of Dainty Devises*, 1576, &c. but the Christian name is not quoted. All that this proves, is that they were written by the father or grandfather of William, the then 3rd Lord Vaux, who succeeded his father in 1562-3, and d. 1595. It is, however, certain that the Lord Vaux who wrote in 'Queen Mary's time,' was Lord THOMAS and as the poem, *I loathe, &c.*, quoted as his by Forrest, see 1572 above, immediately follows herein, *When Cupide scaled, &c.*, see pp. 172-174, the inference amounts to certainty that Puttenham mistook the Christian name as it is altogether beyond credence that the poems of two Lords Vaux, the only ones that had ever been, should follow, in like style, one after the other, in the same early *Miscellany*.

The modern belief is further strengthened by the fact that Vaux is always mentioned after Wyatt and Surrey. Lord Nicholas Vaux dying in 1523 could not be, as Puttenham states above, "in the same time or not long after," as Wyatt was in that year 20, and Surrey about 8 years old.]

1591—G. Bishop printed a Latin prose paraphrase by N. Grimoald of the Four Books of Virgil's *Georgics* made at Christ Church, Oxford, in the second year of Ed. VI. [Grimald is also spelt Grimoald and Grimaold.]

1592—Grimald has been credited on the strength of the translator's initials NG to the *Epistle Ded.*, with having translated GEORGE SOHN'S treatise *Quod Papa Romanus sit antichristus, &c.*, of which work a translation was published at Cambridge this year as "A true description of the Antichrist," but as Sohn's dedication is dated Heidelberg, 16 Aug. 1588, twenty-six years after Grimald's death, this must be incorrect.

1593—Churchyard thus begins a list of his works in *Churchyard's Challenge*, "The bookes that I can call to memorie alreadie Printed are these that followes

First in King Edwards daies, a book named Dauid Dicars dreame, which one Camell wrote against, whom I openly confuted. *Shores wife* I penned at that season. Another booke in those daies called the *Mirror of Man*.

In Queen Maries raigne, a book called a *New years gift* to all England, which book treated of rebellion.

And many things in the booke of songs and Sonets, printed then, were of my making. Since that time till this day I wrote all these works."

1594—Tom Nash in his novel of *The Unfortunate Traveller*, or *The Life of Jack Wilton*, represents Wilton, after witnessing the destruction of the Anabaptists at Munster, meeting the Earl of Surrey at Middleborough, and they journeying to Italy via Rotterdam, where they listen to Erasmus and More, whereupon More concludes to write his *Utopia* [which book was written in 1516, the year Surrey was born], come to Wittemburg, and thence to the Emperor's court, and thence to Florence, where they separate.

1598—Nashe's farrago of fabulous adventures was apparently credited by Michael Drayton in his *Englands Heroicall Epistles*, Drayton gives a supposition Epistle from Surrey to Geraldine, based upon Nash's romance.

1604—4 APRIL T. CHURCHYARD having written over 60 works, and known in his old age as 'the old court poet,' died poor, and on this day was buried near the grave of Skelton, in the choir of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

1627—Michael Drayton writing *Of Poets and Poesie*, among *Elegies*, at the end of *The Battaille of Agincourt*, &c., thus refers to the present work

When after those, foure ages very neare,
They with the Muses which conuersed, we're
That Princely Surrey, early in the time
Of the Eight Henry, who was then the prime
Of Englands noble youth with him there came
Wyat, with reuerence whom we still doe name
Amongst our Poets, Bryan had a share,
With the two former, which accompted are
That times best makers, and the authors were
Of those small poems, which the title beare,
Of songs and sonnets, wherein of they hit
On many dainty passages of wit

This passage is the authority for associating Sir Francis Bryan with the Uncertain Authors of this work.

INTRODUCTION

IT would be interesting to know with whom originated the idea of this first Miscellany of English Verse Who were its first editors? What was the principle of selection? Who were the *Uncertain Authors*?

This much we do know that quite half of the Collection was posthumous Wyatt had been dead fourteen, Surrey ten, Bryan eight years when it appeared and if it includes poems by George Bullen, Earl of Rochford, twenty-one years had elapsed since his execution upon Tower Hill

Of other of its contributors living, there were Lord Vaux, who was about 46, Grimald 39, Heywood 50, and Churchyard 37 years of age If to any of these four, we might assign as a guess, first the existence of the work, in conjunction with the printer, then its chief editing and supervision through the press, it would be to Grimald

We know that he was previously in business relations with the Printer of this work for Tottel had printed in 1556, Grimald's translation of Cicero's *De Officiis*, dedicated by him, as his humble "Orateur," to Thirleby, Bishop of Ely and on the 23 April 1558, Tottel finished a Second edition of the same work It is probable, also, that it was to Grimald's position as Chaplain to that genial Bishop, that Tottel was able to put *Cum privilegio* on so buoyant a book, at a time when the martyr's fires were luridly lighting up England Furthermore, the only poems suppressed in the revision, are Grimald's own It may, therefore, be fairly guessed that Grimald, if not the Originator, was the chief Editor of this Collection of Poetry upon a plan then new to English Literature

2 Mr Collier, to whose research the reader ultimately owes the present reprint, thus writes of this work —

Everybody at all acquainted with the history of our literature, will be well aware of the value of all these productions, which may be looked upon as the earnest revival of a true taste for poetry, after a dreary century between the death of Chaucer and the birth of Surrey

Tottel's 'Songes and Sonettes,' by Henry, Earl of Surrey, 'and other,' published on 5th June, 1557 (although hitherto not supposed to have made its first appearance until 31st July in that year) has usually been considered our oldest Poetical Miscellany, and perhaps, strictly speaking, such is the fact, but the earliest collected edition of Chaucer's Works in 1532 (printed by Thomas Godfray) was a Miscellany consisting, in the main, of productions by him, but including also pieces by Lidgate, Occleve, Gower, Scoggin, and anonymous writers in prose and verse *Pref to Seven Eng Poet Misc 1867*

3 In the two first editions, we possess the work both in its imperfect and its perfect conception Their collation together assures us of the whole and exact text. The First edition, immediately after its publication, was subjected to a most thorough revision, in which the anonymity of the work increased The name of Nicholas Grimald disappears and is, subsequently represented by *N G*, and similar instances will be seen in the foot notes In like manner, Grimald's Funeral Song over his Mother (a companion poem to Cowper's *On the receipt of my Mother's Picture*), his New Year's verses to Catherine Day, Damascene And-

ley, and other lady friends, his Elegies over the deaths of his bosom friend William Chambers and of his brother Nicholas, all these *personal* poems are removed to make way for thirty nine others by Uncertain Authors—undoubtedly a designation more of concealment than ignorance—of a more general, imaginative, and idealistic cast. So that while the First edition contains 271, and the Second 280 poems, there are between the two, 310 in all.

4 Rank undoubtedly placed Surrey's name on the Title page, but Sir T. Wyatt is the most important of all the Contributors, both as to priority in time, as to literary influence, and as to the number of poems contributed. The whole of these poems may be said to have been written within the thirty years, between 1527-1557. It is suggested that this work should be studied in close connection with the second and third Books of Puttenham's *Arte of Eng. Poesie*, 1589, to which it furnishes many examples.

5 This work has been singularly unfortunate in its printed impressions. The early Texts became more and more corrupt. Modern editors have often both repeated and added to these inaccuracies. Hence the importance of the *First* and *Second* editions. Mistakes have also been common as to the authorship of some of the poems. Yet there is Surrey's signature at p. 32, and Wyatt's at p. 95, to attest the foregoing poems as their own. Which is the more conclusive, inasmuch as the poem on p. 61, was eliminated in the revision, from Wyatt's contributions and transferred to Uncertain Authors. To prevent further error, the Author's name when known, has been placed in the Headline.

6 There was a freeness of fancy among the Contributors to our Early Poetical Miscellanies and similar works, which often provoked them, when some Complaint or other had been recognised as excellent, to endeavour to cap it with as good an Answer, and that frequently in like metre. It is highly probable that the various Answers in this *Miscellany* were all written, while the work was going through the press. They will all be found to wards the *end* of the First edition, and in the order of the Second, they were shifted, so as to follow the Verses of which they were the Responses. A later answer, that by *Shep. Toner* to *Phylida* was a *joyer mayde*, on p. 138, is in *England's Helicon*, 1600. Many of the *headings* of the poems, also, may have been supplied by the Editor.

7 It must not be forgotten that these Poetical Miscellanies are but Selections. Their essential principle is, to separate the Verse from its antecedents and occasion, even to the using the Author's name simply as a label, in order to present its intrinsic Excellence and Beauty to the close Attention and subtle Perception of the Reader. We, at least, may be most thankful to their several Editors, for their preservation to us, in them, of so many beautiful Poems, which we should not otherwise have known. and may not a little wonder, that such Literary Treasures should have for so long a time been hid from the world at large.

SONGES AND SONETTES,
*written by the ryght honorable Lorde
Henry Haward late Earle of Sur-
rey, and other*

Apud Richardum Tottel.

1557.

Cum priuilegio.

*The Printer to the Reader*¹



Hat to haue wel written in verſe, yea and in ſmall pai celles, deſerueth great praiſe, the workes² of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue ſufficiently That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiſeworthely as ye reſt, the honorable ſtile of the noble eaile of Surrey, and the weightineſſe of the depewitted ſir Thomas Wyat the elders verſe, with ſeuerall graces in ſondry good Engliſhe writers, doe ſhow abundantly It reſteth nowe (gentle reder) that thou thinke it not euill doon, to publiſh, to the honor of the Engliſhe tong, and for profit of the ſtudious of Engliſhe eloquence, thoſe workes which the vngentle horders vp of ſuch treaſure haue heretofore enuied thee And for this point (good reder) thine own profit and pleaſure, in theſe preſently, and in moe hereafter, ſhal anſwere for my defence If parhappes ſome miſlike the ſtate-lineſſe of ſtile remoued from the rude ſkill of common eares I aſke help of the learned to defend their learned frendes, the authors of this work And I exhort the vnlearned, by reding to learne to be more ſkilfull, and to purge that ſwinelike groſſeneſſe, that maketh the ſwete maierome not to ſmell to their delight

¹ *To the reader*

² *workes*

[POEMS BY HENRY HOWARD,
EARL OF SURREY.]

*Description of the restless state of a lover,
with fute to his ladie, to rue on his
dryng hart*



He sonne hath twise brought furth his tender grene,
And¹ clad the earth in liuely lustinesse
Ones haue the windes the trees despoiled clene,
And new² again begins theu cruelnesse,
Since I haue hid vnder my brest the harm
That neuer shall recouer healthfulnesse
The winters hurt recouers with the warm
The parched grene restored is with the³ shade
What warmth (alas) may serue for to disarm

The frozen hart that mine in flame hath made?
What colde againe is able to restore
My fresh grene yeares, that wither thus and fade?
Alas, I fe, nothing hath hurt so sore,
But time in time reduceth a returne
In time my harm increaseth more and more,
And semes to haue my cure alwaies in scorne
Strange kindes of death, in life that I doe trie,
At hand to melt, farre of in flame to burne
And like as time list to my cure aply,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse
All thing aliue, that seeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer, and excuse
It self from trauail of the dayes vnrest,
Saue I, alas, against all others vse,
That then stirre vp the tormentes of my brest.
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate
And when the sonne hath eke the dark opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The trauailes of mine endles smart and payn,
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more couertly to playn,
And me withdraw from euery haunted place,

¹ Twise

² ones

³ om the

Left by my chere my chance appere to playn ·
 And in my minde I meafure pace by pace,
 To feke the place where I my felf had loſt,
 That day that I was tangled in the lace,
 In femyng flack that knitteth euer moſt
 But neuer yet the trauaile of my thought
 Of better ſtate coulde catche a cauſe to boſt
 For if I found ſometime that I haue fought,
 Thoſe ſterres by whome I truſted of the porte,
 My ſayles doe fall, and I aduance right nought,
 As ankerd faſt, my ſprietes¹ doe all reſorte
 To ſtande agazed, and ſinke in more and more
 The deadly harme which ſhe dothe take in ſport
 Lo, if I feke, how I doe finde my fore
 And yf I flee I carie with me ſtill
 The venomde ſhaft, which dothe his force reſtore
 By haſt of flight, and I may plaine my fill
 Vnto my ſelfe, vnleſſe this carefull ſong
 Printe in your harte ſome parcell of my tene
 For I, alas, in ſilence all to long
 Of myne olde hurte yet fele the wounde but grene
 Rue on my life or els your cruell wronge
 Shall well appere, and by my death be ſene

*Description of Spring, wherein eche thing
renewes, ſaue onelie the louer.*

THe foote ſeaſon, that bud and blome furth bringes,
 With grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale
 The nightingale with fethers new ſhe ſinges
 The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale
 Somer is come, for euery ſpray nowe ſpringes,
 The hart hath hong his olde hed on the pale
 The buck in brake his winter cote he ſinges :
 The fiſhes ſtote² with newe repaired ſcale ·
 The adder all her ſloughe awaye ſhe ſinges :
 The ſwift ſwalow purſueth the flies ſmale
 The buſy bee her honye now ſhe minges

¹ ſprietes

² ſtote.

Winter is worne that was the flowers bale
 And thus I see among these pleasant thinges
 Eche care decayes, and yet my sorow springes

Description of the restless state of a lover

When youth had led me halfe the race,
 That Cupides scourge me caused to runne,¹
 I looked back to mete the place,

From whence my wery course begonne

And then I sawe how my desire
 Misguiding me had led the way
 Mine eyen to greedy of their hue,
 Had made me lose a better pray

For when in sighes I spent the day,
 And could not cloke my griefe with game,
 The boiling smoke did still bewray
 The persaunt heate of secreete flame

And when salt teares doe bayne my brest,
 Where loue his pleasant traines hath sownen
 Her bewty hath the frutes opprest,
 Ere that the buds were spronge and blowen

And when myne eyen dyd styll pursue
 The flying chace that was their quest,²
 Their greedy lokes dyd oft renewe
 The hidden wound within my brest

When euery loke these chekes might flame.
 From deadly pale to glowing red
 By outwaide signes appered plaine,
 The woe wherin my hart was fed ³

But all to late loue learneth me,
 To painte all kinde of colours new,
 To blinde their eyes that els shoulde see,
 My specked chekes with Cupides hewe.

And nowe the couert brest I claime,
 That worshippt Cupide secretly
 And nourished his sacred flame,
 From whence no blasing sparkes doe flye

¹ That Cupides scourge had made me runne,

² The flying chace of their request

³ To her for help my hart was fled

*Description of the fickle affections pangues
and sleightes of loue*

SVche waiward waies hath loue, that most part in discord
Our willes do stand, whereby our hartes but feldom doe
accord,

Disceit is¹ his delight, and to begile, and mock [strok,
The simple hartes whom he doth strike with froward diuers
He makes the one² to rage with golden burning dart,
And doth alay with leaden colde agayn the other hart

Whote gleemes of burnyng fire, and easly sparkes of flame
In balance of vnegall weight he pondereth by aime.

From easly forde, where I might wade and passe ful wel,
He me withdrawes, and doth me driue into a depe dark hel,
And me withholdes where I am calde and offred place,
And willes me that my mortall foe I doe beseke of grace.

He lettes me to pursue a conquest welnere wonne,
To folow where my paines were lost ere that my suite begonne
So by this meanes I know how soone a hart may turne,
From warre to peace, from truce to strife, and so againe returne,
I know how to content my self in others lust,
Of litle stuffe vnto my self to weaue a webbe of trust.

And how to hide my harmes with soft dissembling chere,
When in my face the painted thoughtes would outwardly apere
I know how that the blood forsakes the face for dred
And how by shame it staines again the chekes with flaming red

I know vnder the grene the serpent how he lurkes
The hammer of the restles forge I wote eke how it wurkes

I know and can by roate the tale that I would tel
But oft the wordes came³ furth awrie of him that loueth wel
I know in heat and colde the louer how he shakes

In singyng how he doth complain, in slepyng how he wakes
To languish without ache, fickleffe for to consume
A thousand thinges for to deuise resoluyng all in fume

And though he list to se his ladies grace ful fore,
Such pleasures as delight the⁴ eye doe not his health restore
I know to seke the track of my desired foe,

And feare to finde that I do seke But chiefly this I know,

¹ in² He causeth thone³ come⁴ has

That louers must transforme into the thing beloued,
 And lue (alas who would beleue?) with spīte from life remoued,
 I know in hartie sighes, and laughter of the spleene,
 At once to change my state, my wyll, and eke my coloure cleene
 I know how to deceaue my self with others help
 And how the Lion chastised is by beating of the whelp
 In standyng nere my fire I know how that I freze
 Farre of I burne, in both I waite, and so my life I leze
 I know how loue doth rage vpon a yelding mynde
 How smal a net may take and meash a hart of gentle kinde
 Or els with seldom swete to season heapes of gall,
 Reuued with a glimse of grace olde forowes to let fall,
 The hidden traines I know, and secret snares of loue
 How soone a loke wil printe a thought, that neuer may remoue
 The slipper state I know, the sodain turnes from wealth,
 The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and sure despeire of health

*Complaint of a louer, that defied loue, and was
 by loue after the more tormented*

WHEN sommer toke in hand the winter to assaile, [quail,
 With force of might, and vertue gret, his stormy blasts to
 And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene,
 And euery tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene
 Mine hart gan new reurue, and changed blood dyd stir
 Me to withdraw my winter woe¹, that kept within the dore
 Abrode, quod my desire assay to set thy fote, [rote
 Where thou shalt finde the fauour sweete for sprong is euery
 And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
 Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to fele a space
 There shalt thou here and se all kindes of birdes ywrought,
 Well tune their voice with warble smal, as nature hath them
 taught

Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leaue
 And for my health I thought it best such counsaile to receaue
 So on a morow furth, vnwist of any wight,
 I went to proue how well it would my heavy burden light
 And when I felt the aire so pleasant round about,

Lorde, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out
 There might I se how Ver had euery blossom hent
 And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went
 And in their songes me thought they thanked nature much,
 That by her lycence all that yere to loue their happe was fuch,
 Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout
 With much reioying to their Lord thus flew they all about
 Which when I gan resolute, and in my head conceaue,
 What pleasant life, what heapes of ioy these litle birdes receue,
 And sawe in what estate I wery man was brought,
 By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at nought:
 Lorde how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane
 I cursed loue, and him defied I thought to turne the streame
 But whan I well behelde he had me vnder awe,
 I asked mercie for my fault, that so transgrest his law
 Thou blinded god (quoth I) forgeue me this offense,
 Vnwillingly¹ I went about to malice thy pretense
 Wherewith he gaue a beck, and thus me thought he swore,
 Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy faulte, if it were more.
 The vertue of which sounde mine hart did so reuue,
 That I, me thought, was made as hole as any man aliuie,
 But here ye² may perceiue mine error all and some,
 For that I thought that so it was yet was it still vndone:
 And all that was no more but mine empresse³ mynde,
 That fayne woulde haue some good relefe of Cupide welassinde.
 I turned home forthwith, and might perceiue it well,
 That he agreued was right fore with me for my rebell
 My harmes haue euer since increased more and more,
 And I remaine, without his help, vndone for euer more
 A miror let me be vnto ye louers all
 Striue not with loue for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

Complaint of a louer rebuked

LOue that lueth, and reigneth in my thought,
 That built his feat within my captiue brest,
 Clad in the armes, wherin with me he fought,
 Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
 She, that me taught to loue, and suffer payne,

¹ Vnwillingly

² I

³ expressed

My doutfull hope, and eke my hote defyre,
 With shamefast cloke to shadowe and reframe,
 Her smilyng grace conuerteth straight to yre
 And cowarde Loue then to the hart apace
 Taketh his flight, whereas he lurkes, and plaines
 His purpose lost, and dare not shewe his face
 For my lordes gilt thus faultlesse byde I paynes
 Yet from my lorde shall not my foote remoue,
 Swete is his death, that takes his end by loue

Complaine of the louer disdained

IN Cyprus, springes (whereas dame Venus dwelt)
 A well so hote, that whofo¹ tastes the same,
 Were he of stone, as thawed yfe should melt,
 And kindled fynde his brest with fied flame
 Whose moyst poyson dissolued hath my hate²
 This³ creeping fire my colde lims so opprest,⁴
 That in the hart that harborde freedome late,⁵
 Endlesse despayre longe thraldome hath imprest
 An other so colde in frozen yfe is founde,⁶
 Whose chilling venom of repugnant kynde
 The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde.
 And with the spot of change infectes the minde
 Whereof my dere hath tasted, to my paine.
 My seruice thus is growen into disdaine⁷

Description and praise of his loue Geraldine

From Tuskanee came my Ladies worthy race.
 Faire Florence was sometyme her auncient feate
 The Western yle, whose pleasaunt shore dothe face
 Wilde Cambers clifs, did geue⁸ her luely heate.
 Fostered she was with milke of Irishe brest.

1 A Well so hotte is, that who 2 hart 3 With 4 ar supprest,
 5 Feeleth the hart that harborde freedome smart,
 6 An other well of frozen yse is founde,
 7 Whiche by my seruice growes into disdaine 8 first gaue

Her fire, an Erle her dame, of princes blood
 From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest¹,
 With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food²
 Honfdon did first present her to mine yien
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight
 Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine
 And Windfor, alas, dothe chafe me from her sight.
 Her beauty of kind her vertues from aboute
 Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue

The frailtie and hurtfulnes of beautie

BRittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,
 Wherof the gift is small, and short the season,
 Flowring to-day, to morowe apt to faile,
 Tickell treasure abhorred of reason,
 Daungerous to dele with, vaine, of none auaile,
 Costly in keping, past not worthe two peason,
 Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile,
 Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason,
 Iewel of ieopardie that perill dothe assaile,
 False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason,
 Enmy to youth that most may I bewaile
 Ah bitter swete infecting as the poyson
 Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken,
 To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken

A complaint by night of the louer not beloued

ALas so all thinges now doe holde their peace
 Heauen and earth disturbed in nothing
 The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their song doe cease
 The nightes chare the starres aboute dothe bring
 Calme is the Sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse
 So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great encrease
 Of my desires, whereat I wepe and syng,

¹ did she rest,

² With a kinges child, who tasteth ghostly food

In ioye and wo, as in a doutfull ease
 For my fwete thoughtes sometyme doe pleasure bring:
 But by and by the cause of my diseafe
 Geues me a pang, that inwardly dothe sting,
 When that I thinke what grieve it is againe,
 To liue and lacke the thing should ridde my paine.

*How eche thing faue the louer in spring
 reuiueth to pleasure*

WHen Windfor walles susteyned my wearied arme,
 My hande my chin, to ease my restless hed
 The pleasant plot¹ reuested green with warme,
 The blossomed bowes with lusty Ver yspred,
 The flowred meades, the wedded birdes so late
 Mimes eyes discouer and to my minde resorte
 The ioly woes, the hatelesse shorte debate,
 The rakehell lyfe that longes to loues disporte
 Wherewith (alas) the heauy charge of care
 Heapt in my brest breakes forth against my will,
 In smoky fighes, that ouercast the ayer
 My vapord eyes fuche drery teares distill,
 The tender spring whiche quicken where they fall,
 And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall.

*Vow to loue faithfully howsoeuer he be
 rewarded*

SEt me wheras the funne doth parche the grene,
 Or where his beames do not dissolue the yfe
 In temperate heate where he is felt and sene.
 In presence prest of people madde or wise
 Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree.
 In longest night, or in the shortest daye
 In clearest skye, or where clowdes thickest be:
 In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye.

¹ Set pleasant plots

Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
 In hyll, or dale, or in the fomyng flood
 Thrall, or at large, aliue where so I dwell.
 Sicke, or in health in euyll fame, or good.
 Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
 Content my selfe, although my chaunce be nought.

*Complaint that his ladie after she knew of his
 loue kept her face alway hidden from him*

SNeuer fawe my Ladye laye apart
 Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
 Sith first she knew my grieve was growen so great,
 Which other fanfies driueth from my hart
 That to my selfe I do the thought referue,
 The which vnwares did wounde my wofull brest
 But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest,
 Yet, sins she knew¹ I did her loue and ferue
 Her golden tresses² cladde alway with blacke,
 Her smyling lokes that³ hid thus euermore,
 And that restraines whiche I desire so fore
 So dothe this cornet gouerne me⁴ alacke
 In fomer, funne in winters breath, a⁵ frost
 Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost

Request to his loue to royne bountie with beautie

THe golden gift that nature did thee geue,
 To fasten frendes, and fede them at thy wyll,
 With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue,
 How thou art made to shew her greatest skill.
 Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknownen,
 But luely domes might gather at the first⁶
 Where beautye so her perfect feede hath sownen,
 Of other graces folow nedes there must
 Now certesse Ladie⁷, sins all this is true,

¹ Sins that she knew
⁵ of

² tresse is
⁶ furst

³ lokes to ⁴ corner gouerne my
⁷ Now certesse Garret,

That from aboute thy gyfis are thus elect
 Do not deface them than with fanfies newe,
 Nor chaunge of mindes let not thy minde infect :
 But mercy him thy frende, that doth thee serue,
 Who seekes alway thine honour to preferue.

Prisoned in windfor, he recounteth his pleasure there passed

O cruell prison how coulde betide, alas,
 As proude Windfor? where I in lust and ioye,
 With a kinges sonne, my childishe yeres did passe,
 In greater feast¹ than Priams sonnes of Troy .
 Where eche swete place returns a taste full sower,
 The large grene courtes, where we were wont to houe,
 With eyes cast vp into the maydens tower
 And easie sighes, such as folke drawe in loue
 The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe
 The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight .
 With wordes and lokes, that tygers coulde but rewe,
 Where eche of vs did pleade the others right
 The palme play, where, dispoyled for the game,
 With dazed eies oft we by gleames of loue,
 Haue mist the ball, and got sight of our dame,
 To baite her eyes, whiche kept the leads aboute .
 The grauell ground, with fleues tyed on the helme :
 On fomyng horse, with swordes and frendly hartes :
 With cheare, as though one should another whelme :
 Where we haue fought, and chafed oft with dartes,
 With siluer droppes the meade yet spred for ruthe,
 In actiue games of nimblenes, and strength,
 Where we did straine, trayned with swarmes of youth,
 Our tender lymmes, that yet shot vp in length .
 The secrete groues, which oft we made resounde
 Of pleasaunt playnt, and of our ladies prayse,
 Recordyng ofte what grace eche one had founde,
 What hope of speede, what dreade of long delayes .

The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene :
 With rayns auailed, and swift ybreathed horse,
 With crye of houndes, and mery blastes betwene,
 Where we did chafe the fearfull harte of force,
 The wide vales eke, that harborde vs ech night,
 Wherwith (alas) reuiueth in my brest
 The fwete accorde such slepes as yet delight,
 The pleasant dreames, the quiet bed of rest .
 The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust
 The wanton talke, the diuers change of play
 The frendship sworne, eche promise kept so iust
 Wherwith we past the winter night¹ away
 And, with this thought, the bloud forsakes the face,
 The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe
 The whiche as sone as sobbyng fighes (alas)
 Vpsupped haue, thus I my plaint renewe
 O place of blisse, renuer of my woes,
 Geue me accompt, where is my noble fere
 Whom in thy walles thou doest eche night enclose,
 To other leefe, but vnto me most dere
 Eccho (alas) that dothe my sorow rewe,
 Returns therto a hollow founde of playnte
 Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
 In prison pyne, with bondage and restrainte,
 And with remembrance of the greater greefe
 To banishe the lesse, I find my chief releefe

*The louer comforteth himself with the
 worthinesse of his loue.*

WHen ragyng loue with extreme payne
 Most cruelly distrains my hart
 When that my teares, as floudes of rayne,
 Beare witnes of my wofull smart
 When fighes haue wasted so my breath,
 That I lye at the poynte of death
 I call to minde the nauye greate,
 That the Greekes brought to Troye towne .

And how the boyfteous windes did beate
 Their fhyps, and rente their fayles adowne,
 Till Agamemnons daughters bloode
 Appeafde the goddes, that them withftode

And how that in thofe ten yeais warre,
 Full many a bloudye dede was done,
 And many a lord, that came full farie,
 There caught his bane (alas) to fone
 And many a good knight ouerronne,
 Before the Grekes had Helene wonne

Then thinke I thus fithe fuche repayre,
 So longe time warre of valiant men,
 Was all to winne a ladye fayre
 Shall I not leaine to fuffer then,
 And thinke my life well fpent to be,
 Seruyng a worthier wight than ſhe?

Therefore I neuer will repent,
 But paynes contented ſtil endure
 For like as when, rough winter ſpent,
 The pleaſant ſpring ſtraight draweth in vre
 So after ragyng ſtormes of care
 Joyful at length may be my fare

*Complairnt of the abſence of her louer
 being vpon the ſea*

Happy dames, that may embrace
 The frute of your delight,
 Help to bewaile the wofull caſe,
 And eke the heauy plight
 Of me, that wonted to reioyce
 The fortune of my pleaſant choyce
 Good Ladies, help to fill my moorning voyce

In ſhip, freight with remembrance
 Of thoughts, and pleaſures paſt,
 He ſailes that hath in gouernance
 My life, while it wil laſt
 With ſcalding ſighes, for lack of gale,

Furthering his hope, that is his fail
Toward me, the swete port of his auail.

Alas, how oft in dreames I fe
Thofe eyes, that were my food,
Which fomtime fo delited me,
That yet they do me good
Wherwith I wake with his returne,
Whofe abfent flame did make me burne
But when I find the lacke, Lord how I mourne?

When other louers in armes acroffe,
Reioyce their chiefe delight
Drowned in teares to mourne my losse,
I stand the bitter night,
In my window, where I may fee,
Before the windes how the cloudes flee.
Lo, what a mariner loue hath made me

And in grene waues when the falt flood
Doth rife, by rage of winde.
A thoufand fanfies in that mood
Affayle my reftleffe mind
Alas, now drencheth my swete fo,
That with the fpoyle of my hart did go,
And left me but (alas) why did he fo?

And when the feas waxe calme againe,
To chafe fro me annoye
My doutfull hope doth caufe me plaine:
So dreade cuts of my ioye
Thus is my wealth mingled with wo,
And of ech thought a dout doth growe,
Now he comes, will he come? alas, no no

*Complaint of a dying louer refused vpon his
ladies iuust mistaking of his writyng*

IN winters iust returne, when Boreas gan his raigne,
And euery tree vnclouted fast, as nature taught them plaine.
In misty morning darke, as sheepe are then in holde,

I hyed me fast, it fat me on, my sheepe for to vnfolde
 And as it is a thing, that louers haue by fittes,
 Vnder a palm I heard one crye, as he had lost hys wittes
 Whose voice did ring so shrill, in vttering of his plaint,
 That I amazed was to hear, how loue could hym attaint
 Ah wretched man (quod he) come death, and ridde thys wo
 A iust reward, a happy end, if it may chaunce thee so
 Thy pleasures past haue wrought thy wo, without redresse
 If thou hadst neuer felt no ioy, thy smart had bene the lesse
 And retchlesse of his life, he gan both sighe and grone,
 A rufull thing me thought, it was, to heare him make such mone
 Thou cursed pen (sayd he) wo worth the bird thee bare,
 The man, the knife, and all that made thee, wo beto their share
 Wo worth the time, and place, where I so could endite
 And wo be it yet once agayne, the pen that so can write.
 Vnhappy hand, it had ben happy time for me,
 If, when to write thou learned first, vnioynted hadst thou be.
 Thus cursed he himself, and euery other wight, [night
 Saue her alone whom loue him bound to serue both day and
 Which when I heard, and saw, how he himselfe fordid,
 Against the ground with bloudy strokes, himselfe euen there torid
 Had ben my heart of flint, it must haue melted tho
 For in my life I neuer saw a man so full of wo
 With teares, for his redresse, I rashly to him ran,
 And in my armes I caught him fast, and thus I spake hym than
 What wofull wight art thou, that in such heauy case
 Tormentes thy selfe with such despite, here in this desert place?
 Wherwith, as all agast, fulfilled wyth ue, and dred,
 He cast on me a staring loke, with colour pale, and ded
 Nay, what art thou (quod he) that in this heauy plight,
 Doest finde me here, most wofull wretch, that life hath in de-
 I am (quoth I) but poore, and simple in degre: [spight
 A shepardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be
 With that he gaue a sighe, as though the skye should fall.
 And lowd (alas) he shryked oft, and Shepard, gan he call,
 Come, hie the fast at ones, and print it in thy hart
 So thou shalt know, and I shall tell the, guiltlesse how I smart.
 His backe against the tree, sore febled all with faint,
 With weary spirit he stretcht him vp and thus hee told his plaint

Ones in my hart (quoth he) it chanced me to loue [proue
 Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her cunning for to
 And fure I can not say, but many yeres were spent,
 With fuch good will fo recompent, as both we were content
 Wherto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
 The sonne should runne his course awry, ere we this faith forgo
 Who ioied then, but I? who had this worldes blisse?
 Who might compare a life to mine, that neuer thought on this?
 But dwelling in thys truth, amid my greatest ioy,
 Is me befallen a greater losse, than Priam had of Troy
 She is reuerfed clene and beareth me in hand, [band
 That my desertes haue giuen her cause to break thys faithful
 And for my iust excuse aualeth no defense
 Now knowest thou all I can no more, but shepard, hye the hense
 And gue him leaue to die, that may no lenger lue
 Whose record lo I claime to haue, my death, I doe forgue
 And eke when I am gone, be bolde to speake it plain
 Thou hast seen dye the truest man, that euer loue did pain
 Wherwith he turned him round, and gasping oft for breath,
 Into his armes a tree he raught, and sayd, welcome my death
 Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer vnto me,
 Than should, without her loue to lue, an emperour to be
 Thus, in this wofull state, he yelded vp the ghost
 And little knoweth his lady, what a louer she hath lost
 Whose death when I beheld, no marvail was it, right
 For pitie though my heart did blede, to see so piteous sight
 My blood from heat to colde oft changed wonders fore
 A thousand troubles there I found I neuer knew before
 Twene dread, and dolour so my sprites were brought in feare,
 That long it was ere I could call to minde, what I did there,
 But, as eche thing had¹ end, so had these paynes of mine
 The furies past, and I my wits restord by length of time
 Then, as I could deuise, to seke I thought it best,
 Where I might finde some worthy place, for such a corse to rest
 And in my mind it came from thence not farre away,
 Where Chreseids loue, king Priams sonne, ye worthy Troilus
 By him I made his tomb, in token he was trew [lay
 And, as to him belonged well, I couered it with blew
 Whose soule, by Angels power, departed not so sone,
 But to the heauens, lo it fled, for to receiue his dome.

*Complaint of the absence of her louer
being vpon the sea*

Good Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile, [while
 Step in your foote, cometake a place, and moone with me a
 And such as by their lordes do set but little price,
 Letthem sit full it skillesthem not what chance come on ye dice
 But ye whom loue hath bound by ordre of desire [quire.
 To loue your lords, whose good desertes none other wold re-
 Come ye yet ones again, and set your foote by mine,
 Whose wofull plight and forrowes great no tong may wel define
 My loue and lord, alas, in whom consistes my wealth,
 Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazarde of his health
 Whome I was wont tembrace with well contented minde
 Is nowe amidde the foming floods at pleasure of the winde
 Where God well him preferue, and sone him home me send
 Without which hope, my life (alas) wer shortly at an end
 Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me plaine,
 With short returne he comes anon, yet ceasith not my payne
 The fearfull dreames I haue, oft times do greue me so
 That when I wake, I lye in doute, where they be true, or no
 Sometime the roring seas (me femes) do grow so hye
 That my dere Lord (ay me alas) me thinkes I se him die.
 Another time the same doth tell me he is cumme
 And playeng, where I shall him find with his faire little sonne,
 So forth I go apace to se that leeffom sight.
 And with a kisse, me think, I say welcome my lord, my knight
 Welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare
 Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me, and my care
 Then luely doth he loke, and salueth me againe,
 And faith my dere, how is it now, that you haue all thys paine?
 Wherwith the heauy cares that heapt are in my brest
 Breake forth, and me dischargen clene of all my huge vnrest.
 But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreame,
 The anguishe of my former wo beginneth more extreme
 And me tormenteth so, that vnneath may I finde
 Sum hidden place, wherein to flake the gnawing of my mind,*

[* Some lines apparently left out here]

Thus euey way you fe, with abſence how I burn .
 And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good return
 Saue whan I think, by fowre how fwete is felt the more .
 It doth abate ſom of my paines, that I abode before
 And then vnto my ſelf I ſay when we ſhal meete
 But litle while ſhall ſeme this paine, the ioy ſhal be ſo ſweete.
 Ye windes, I you coniure in chiefeſt of your rage,
 That ye my lord me ſafely ſende, my ſorowes to aſſwage
 And that I may not long abide in this exceſſe
 Do your good will, to cure a wight, that lueth in diſtreſſe.

*A praiſe of his loue wherin he reſproueth
 them that compare their Ladies
 with his*

Gue place ye louers, here before
 That ſpent your boſtes and bragges in vaine
 My Ladies beawtie paſſeth more
 The beſt of yours, I dare well ſayen,
 Than doth the ſonne, the candle light
 Or brighteſt day, the darkeſt night
 And thereto hath a trothe as iuſt,
 As had Penelope the fayre
 For what ſhe ſaith, ye may it truſt,
 As it by writing ſealed were
 And vertues hath ſhe many moe,
 Than I with pen haue ſkill to ſhowe
 I could rehearſe, if that I wolde,
 The whole effect of natures plant,
 When ſhe had loſt the perfit mold,
 The like to whom ſhe could not paint .
 With wringyn g handes howe ſhe dyd cry,
 And what ſhe ſaid, I know it, I
 I knowe, ſhe ſwore with ragyn mynd
 Her kingdom onely ſet apart,
 There was no loſſe, by loue of kind,¹
 That could haue gone ſo nere her hart

¹ There was no loſſe, by lawe of kinde,

And this was chiefly all her payne :
 She coulde not make the lyke agayne.
 Sith nature thus gaue her the prayse,
 To be the chiefest worke she wrought
 In faith, me thinke, some better waies
 On your behalfe might well be fought,
 Then to compare (as ye haue done)
 To matche the candle with the sonne

To the Ladie that scorned her lover

Although I had a check,
 To geue the mate is hard
 For I haue found a neck,
 To kepe my men in gard
 And you that hardy ar
 To geue so great affay
 Vnto a man of warre,
 To drue his men away,
 I rede you, take good hede,
 And marke this foolish verse
 For I will so prouide,
 That I will haue your ferse
 And when your ferse is had,
 And all your warre is done
 Then shall your selfe be glad
 To ende that you begon
 For yt by chance I winne
 Your person in the feeld
 To late then come you in
 Your selfe to me to yeld
 For I will vse my power,
 As captain full of might,
 And such I will deuour,
 As vse to shew me spight
 And for because you gaue
 Me checke in such degre,
 This vantage loe I haue
 Now checke, and garde to the

Defend it, if thou may.
Stand stiffe, in thine estate
For sure I will assay,
If I can giue the mate

*A warning to the louer how he is abused by
his loue.*

TO dearly had I bought my grene and youthfull yeres,
If in mine age I could not finde when craft for loue apperes
And feldom though I come in court among the rest
Yet can I iudge in colours dim as depe as can the best
Where grefe tormentes the man that suffreth secret smart,
To breke it forth vnto som frend it easeth well the hart
So standes it now with me for my beloued frend¹
This case is thine for whom I fele such torment of my minde
And for thy sake I burne so in my secret brest
That till thou know my hole disseyse my hart can haue no rest
I fe how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy desire, and folowes the by fittes
Where thou hast loued so long with hart and all thy power
I fe thee fed with fayned wordes, thy freedom to deuour
I know, (though she say nay, and would it well withstand)
When in her grace thou held the most, she bare the but in hand
I see her pleasant chere in chiefe of thy suite
Whan thou art gone, I fe him come, that gathers vp the fruite
And eke in thy respect I fe the base degre
Of him to whom she gaue the hart that promised was to the
I fe (what would you more) stode neuer man so sure
On womans word, but wisdome would mistrust it to endure

The forsaken louer describeth and forsaketh loue

Lothsome place where I
Haue sene and herd my dere,
When in my hert her eye

¹ So standes it now with me for my well beloued frend.

Hath made her thought appere,
 By glimfing with fuch grace
 As fortune it ne would,
 That laften any fpace
 Betwene vs lenger fould.

As fortune did auance,
 To further my defire
 Euen fo hath fortunes chance
 Throwen all ammiddes the myre.
 And that I haue deferued
 With true and faithful hart,
 Is to his handes referued
 That neuer felt the fmart.

But happy is that man,
 That fcaped hath the grieve
 That loue well teche him can
 By wanting his reliefe
 A fcouge to quiet mindes
 It is, who taketh hede,
 A comon plage that bindes,
 A trauell without mede.

This gift it hath alfo,
 Who fo enioies it moft,
 A thoufand troubles¹ grow
 To vexe his wened ghof.
 And laft it may not long
 The trueft thing of all
 And fure the greateft wrong
 That is within this thrall

But fins thou defert place
 Canft giue me no accompt
 Of my defired grace
 That I to haue was wont,
 Farewel thou haft me tough:
 To thinke me not the furft,
 That loue hath fet aloft
 And caften in the duft.

¹ troubles

The louer describes his restlesse state

AS oft as I behold and se
 The soueraigne bewtie that me bound .
 The nier my comfort is to me,
 Alas the fresher is my wound

As flame doth quenche by rage of fire,
 And running firemes consume by raine
 So doth the fight, that I desire,
 Appease my grief and deadely paine,

First when I saw those cristall streames,
 Whose bewtie made my mortall wound
 I little thought within her beames
 So swete a venom to haue found

But wilfull will did prick me foith,
 And blind Cupide did whippe and guide
 Force made me take my grieve in worth
 My fruitles hope my harme did hide

As cruell waues full oft be found
 Against the rockes to rore and cry
 So doth my hart full oft rebound
 Ageinst my brest full bitterly

I fall, and se mine own decay,
 As on that beares flame in hys brest,
 Forgets in paine to put away
 The thing that bredeth mine vnrest

The louer excuseth himself of suspected change

THough I regarded not
 The promise made by me,
 Or passed not to spot
 My faith and honeste
 Yet were my fancie strange,
 And wilfull will to wite,
 If I sought now to change
 A falkon for a kite
 All men might well dispraise

My wit and enterprife,
If I esteemed a peſe
Aboue a perle in price
Or iudged the oule in fight
The ſparehauke to excell,
Which ſlieth but in the night
As all men know right well

Or if I fought to faile
Into the brittle port,
Where anker hold doth faile,
To ſuch as doe reſort,
And leaue the hauen ſure,
Where blowes no bluſtring winde,
Nor fickelneſſe in vre
So farforth as I finde

No, thinke me not ſo light,
Nor of ſo chorliſh kinde,
Though it lay in my might
My bondage to vnbinde,
That I would leue the hinde
To hunt the ganders ſo
No no I haue no minde
To make exchanges ſo

Nor yet to change at all
For think it may not be
That I ſhould ſeke to fall
From my felicite,
Deſyrous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin.
How may all this be ſo?

The fire it can not freze
For it is not his kinde,
Nor true loue cannot leſe
The conſtance of the minde,
Yet as ſone ſhall the fire
Want heat to blaze and burn,
As I in ſuch deſire,
Haue once a thought to turne.

*A carelesse man, scorning and describing, the futtle
vsage of women towarde their louers*

WRapt in my carelesse cloke, as I walke¹ to and fro
I fe, how loue can shew, what force there reigneth in
his bow

And howl he shotheth eke, a hardy hait to wound
And where he glanceth by agayne, that litle hurt is found

For feldom is it fene, he woundeth hartes alike
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to feke
All this I fe, with more and wonder thinketh me

Howe he can strike the one so fore, and leaue the other fre
I fe, that wounded wight, that suffreth all this wrong

How he is fed with yeas, and naves, and lueth all to long
In silence though I kepe such secretes to my self
Ye do I fe, how she somtime doth yeld a loke by stelh.

As though it seemed, ywys I will not lose the so
When in her hart so swete a thought did neuer truely go *

Then say I thus alas, that man is farre from blisse
That doth receue for his relief none other gayn, but this

And she, that fedes him so, I fele, and finde it plain
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer such can reign

Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinkes, that he,
A weried man is fully bent such fanfies to let she

Then to retain him stil she wraetheth new her grace, [brace
And smileth lo, as though she would forthwith the man em-

But when the prooffe is made to try such lokes withall
He findeth then the place all voyde, and fraighted full of gall

Lord what abuse is this? who can such women praise?
That for their glory do deuise to vse such crafty wayes

I, that among the rest do sit, and mark the row,
Fynde, that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty mo

Whose tender yeyes, alas, with wyles so well are spedde
What will she do, when hory heares are powdred in her hedde?

[In the Second Edition, the poem at p 198, entitled *A dissembling louer*, is transposed here under the title of *An answer in the behalfe of a woman*, (to the above poem by Surrey,) *Of an vncertain aucthor*

After which in the same edition, follow three of the poems, added by way of postscript to the First edition, see pp 215-20, viz —

¹ walkt

² grow

Syn fortunes wrath enueth the welth,

Eche beast can chose hys fere according to hys minde

If care do cause men cry, why do I not complaine

see p 215

see p 218

see p 220

The meanes to attain happy life.

MArtiall, the thinges that do attayn
 The happy life, be these, I finde
 The richesse left, not got with pain
 The frutefull ground the quiet mynde
 The egall frend, no grudge, no strife
 No charge of rule, nor gouernance
 Without disease the healthfull lyfe
 The houghold of continuance
 The meane diet, no delicate fare
 Trew wisdom ioyned with simplenesse.
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppresse
 The faithfull wife, without debate
 Suche slepes, as may begyle the night
 Contented with thine owne estate,
 Ne wish for death, ne feare his might

Praise of meane and constant estate.

IF thy lyfe, Thomas, this compasse well mark
 Not aye with full sayles the hye seas to beat
 Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes dark,
 On shalow shores thy keel in perill freat
 Who so gladly halfeth the golden meane,
 Voyde of dangers aduysdly hath his home
 Not with lothsom muck, as a den vncleane
 Nor palacelyke, wherat disdayn may glome
 The lofty pyne the great winde often riuies
 With violenter swey falne turrets stepe
 Lightnings assault the hye mountains, and chues
 A hart well stayd, in ouerthwartes depe,
 Hopeth amendes in swete, doth feare the sowre.
 God, that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp
 Now ill, not aye thus once Phebus to lowre
 With bow vnben shall cesse, and frame to harp.

His voyce In straite estate appere thou flout.
 And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde
 All thy puft failes shall fil, loke well about
 Take in a ryft haft is waft, profe doth finde

*Praife of certain psalmes of Dauid, trans-
 lated by fir T W the elder*

THe great Macedon, that out of Persie chased
 Darius, of whose huge power all Asie rong,
 In the rich ark dan Homers rimes he placed,
 Who fayned gestes of heathen princes song
 What holy graue? what worthy sepulture
 To Wiattes Psalmes should Christians then purchase?
 Where he doth paint the liuely faith, and pure,
 The stedfast hope, the swete returne to grace
 Of iust Dauid, by perfite penitence
 Where rulers may se in a mirrour clere
 The bitter frute of false concupiscence
 How Iewry bought Vrias death full dere
 In princes hartes gods scourge imprinted depe,
 Ought them awake, out of their sinfull slepe

Of the death of the same fir T W

DYuers thy death doe diuersly bemone
 Some, that in presence of thy liuelyhed
 Lurked, whose brestes enuy with hate had swolne,
 Yeld Ceasars teares vpon Pompeius hed
 Some, that watched with the murders knife,
 With egre thirst to drink thy guiltlesse blood,
 Whose practise brake by happy ende of lyfe,
 Wepe¹ enuious teares to heare thy fame to good
 But I, that knew what harbred in that hed
 What vertues rare were temperd in that brest
 Honour the place, that such a iewell bred,

And kisse the ground, whereas thy corse doth rest,
 With vapord eyes from whence such streames auayl,
 As Pyramus dyd on Thisbes brest bewail

Of the same

Wresteth here, that quick could neuer rest
 Whose heauenly giftes encreased by disdayn,
 And vertue sank the deper in his brest.

Such profit he by enuy could obtain

A hed, where wisdom misteries did frame
 Whose hammers bet styll in that luely brayn,
 As on a fluthe where that some work of fame
 Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gayn

A visage, stern, and myld where bothe did grow,
 Vice to contemne, in vertue to reioyce
 Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so,
 To lyue vpright, and smile at fortunes choyce

A hand, that taught, what might be sayd in ryme ·
 That rest Chaucer the glory of his wit

A mark, the which (vnparfited, for time)
 Some may approche, but neuer none shall hit

A tounge, that serued in forein realmes his king
 Whose courteous talke to vertue did enflame
 Eche noble hart a worthy guide to bring
 Our English youth, by trauail, vnto fame

An eye, whose iudgement none affect could blinde,
 Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile
 Whose persing loke did represent a mynde
 With vertue fraught, reposed, voyd of gyle.

A hart, where drede was neuer so imprest,
 To hyde the thought, that might the trouth auance ·
 In neyther fortune lost, nor yet repress,
 To swell in wealth, or yeld vnto mischance

A valiant corps, where force, and beawty met :
 Happy, alas, to happy, but for foes
 Lued, and ran the race, that nature set
 Of manhodes shape, where she the molde did lose

But to the heauens that simple soule is fled
Which left with fuch, as couet Christ to know,
Witnesse of faith, that neuer shall be ded :
Sent for our helth, but not receiued so
Thus, for our gulte, this iewel haue we lost
The earth his bones, the heauens possesse his goft

[Here is incorporated in the Second edition, the last of the additional poems at p 218 *In the rude age when knowledge was not rise*]

*Of Sardinapalus¹ dishonorable life,
and miserable death*

THaffrian king in peace, with foule desire,
And filthy lustes, that staynd his regall hart
In warre that should set princely hartes on fire
Did yeld, vanquisht for want of marciall art
The dint of swordes from kisses semed strange
And harder, than his ladies fyde, his targe
From glutton feastes, to fouldiars fare a change
His helmet, farre aboue a garlands charge
Who scace the name of manhode did retayn,
Drenched in slouth, and womanish delight,
Feble of sprite, impacient of pain
When he had lost his honor, and his right
Proud, time of wealth, in stormes appalled with drede,
Murthered himself, to shew some manful dede

*How no age is content with his own estate, and
how the age of children is the happiest, if
they had skill to vnderstand it*

LAyd in my quiet bed, in study as I were, [appere
I saw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes
And euery thought did shew so luely in myne eyes, [ryfe
That now I fighed, and then I smilde, as cause of thought doth²
I saw the lytle boy in thought, how oft that he

¹ *Sardanapalus*

² *dyd*

Did wish of god, to scape the rod, a tall yongman to be
 The yongman eke that feles, his bones with paines opprest
 How he would be a rich olde man, to lyue, and lye at rest.
 The rich oldman that fecs his end draw on so sore,
 How he would be a boy agayn, to liue somuch the more
 Wherat full oft I smilde, to se, how all these three, [degree
 From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change
 And musyng thus I thynk the case is very strange,
 That man from welth, to lyue in wo, doth euer seke to change
 Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I saw my wythered skyn, [thyn
 How it doth show my dented chewes, the flesh was worne so
 And eke my tothelesse chaps, the gates of my rightway,
 That opes and shuts, as I do speake, doe thus vnto me say
 Thy white and hoarish heares, the messengers of age,
 That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life doth asswage,
 Byds thee lay hand, and fele them hanging on thy chin
 The whiche do write two ages past, the third now comming in
 Hang vp therfore the bit of thy yong wanton tyme
 And thou that therin beaten art, the happiest life define
 Whereat I sighed, and sayd, farewell, my wonted ioy
 Trusse vp thy pack, and trudge from me to euery litle boy
 And tell them thus from me, theyr tyme most happy is
 If, to their time, they reason had to know the trueth of this

Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me

THe stormes are past these cloudes are ouerblowne,
 And humble chere great rygour hath repest
 For the defeaute is set a paine foreknowne,
 And pacience graft in a determed brest
 And in the hart where heapes of griefes were growne,
 The swete reuenge hath planted mirth and rest,
 No company so pleasant as myne owne
 Thraldom at large hath made his¹ prision fre,
 Danger well past remembred workes delight
 Of lingring doutes such hope is sprong pardie,
 That nought I finde displeasaunt in my sight

¹ this

But when my glasse presented vnto me
 The curelesse wound that bledeth day and nyght,
 To think (alas) fuch hap should graunted be
 Vnto a wretch that hath no hart to fight,
 To spill that blood that hath so oft bene shed,
 For Britannes sake (alas) and now is ded

Exhortacion to learne by others trouble

MY Ratclif, when thy rechlesse¹ youth offendes
 Receue thy scourge by others chaustifement
 For fuch callyng, when it workes none amendes:
 Then plagcs are sent without aduertifement.
 Yet Salomon sayd, the wronged shall recure
 But Wiat said true, the skarre doth aye endure

The fansie of a werned louer

THe fanfy which that I haue serued long,
 That hath alway bene enmy to myne ease,
 Semed of late to rue vpon my wrong,
 And bad me flye the cause of my miscase
 And I forthwith dyd prease out of the throng,
 That thought by flight my painfull hart to please
 Som other way tyll I saw faith more strong
 And to my self I sayd alas, those dayes
 In vayn were spent, to runne the race so long
 And with that thought, I met my guyde, that playn
 Out of the way wherin I wandred wrong,
 Brought me amiddes the hylles, in bafe Bullayn.
 Where I am now, as restlesse to remayn,
 Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

¹ retchlesse

[POEMS BY SIR THOMAS
WYATT, THE ELDER.]

*The louer for shamefastnesse hideth his desire
within his faithfull hart*



He longe loue, that in my thought I harber,
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner
She that me learns to loue, and to suffer,
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reuerence,
With his hardinesse takes displeasure

Wherwith loue to the hautes forest he fleeth,
Leauyng his enterpryse with paine and crye,
And there him hideth and not appeareth
What may I do? when my maister feareth,
But in the field with him to lue and dye,
For good is the life, endyng faithfully

*The louer waxeth wiser, and will not
die for affection*



Et was I neuer of your loue agreued,
Nor neuer shall, while that my life doth last.
But of hatyng my self, that date is past
And teares continual fore haue¹ me wried
I will not yet on² my graue be buried,
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed fast,
As cruel cause, that did my sprite sone hast
From thunhappy boones by great fighes stirred
Then if an hart of amorous fayth and will
Content your minde withouten doyng grief.

¹ hath

c

² in

Please it you so to this to do relief
 It otherwise you seke for to fulfill
 Your wrath you erre, and shal not as you wene
 And you your self the cause therof haue bene

*The abused louer seeth his folly, and entendeth
 to trust no more*

WAs neuer file yet half so well yfiled,
 To file a file for any smithes intent,
 As I was made a flyng instrument,
 To flame other, while that I was begiled
 But reason, loe, bath at my folly smiled,
 And pardoned me, sins that I me repent
 Of my lost¹ yeres, and of my time mispent.
 For youth led me, and falthod me misguded
 Yet, this trust I haue of great apparence.
 Sins that disceit is ay returnable,
 Of verve force it is agieable,
 That therewithall be done the recompence
 Then gile begiled playnd should be neuer,
 And the reward is little trust for euer

*The louer describeth his being stricken with
 sight of his loue*

He liuely sparkes, that issue from those eyes
 Against the which there vaileth no defence,
 Haue perst my hait, and done it none offence,
 With quakyng pleasure, more then once or twise
 Was neuer man could any thing deuise,
 Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
 To dase mans sight, as by their bught pefence
 Dased am I, much like vnto the gise
 Of on stricken with dint of lightenyng,
 Blind with the stroke, and erryng² here and there

So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,
 'The payne of my fall patiently learnyng'¹
 For streight after the blaie (as is no wonder)
 Of deadly noyse heare I the fearful thunder

*The waueryng louer wyllleth, and dreadeth,
 to moue his desire*

Vch vain thought, as wonted to mislead me
 In desert hope by well assured mone,
 Makes me from company to lue alone,
 In folowyng her whom reason bids me fle
 And after her my heart would faine be gone
 But aimed fighes my way do stop anone,
 Twixt hope and dread lockyng my libertie
 So fleeth she by gentle crueltie
 Yet as I gessie vnder disdainfull brow
 One beame of ruth is in her cloudy loke
 Which comfortes the mind, that eist for fear shoke
 That bolded straigh't the way then seke I how
 To viter forth the smart I bide within
 But such it is, I not how to begyn

*The louer hauing dreamed enioying of his
 loue, complaineth that the dreame is
 not either longer or truer*

V Nfable dreame, acco:dyng to the place
 Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true
 By tasted swetenesse, make me not to rew
 The soden losse of thy false fained grace
 By good respect in such a dangerous case
 Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,
 But madest my sprite to lue my care tencease,
 My body in tempest her delight tibrace
 The body dead, the sprite had his desire.

¹ bearing

Paineleffe was thone, the other in delight
 Why then alas did it not kepe it right,
 But thus return to leape in to the fire
 And where it was at wishe, could not remayne?
 Such mockes of dreames do turne to deadly payne

*The louer unhappy biddeth happy louers
 reioyce in Maye, while he waileth that
 moneth to him most unlucky*

YE that in loue finde luck and fwete abundance,
 And lyue in lust of ioyfull iolitie,
 Aryse for shame, do way your sluggardy
 Arise I say, do May some obseruance.
 Let me in bed lye, dreamyng of mischance
 Let me remember my missehappes unhappy,
 That me betide in May most commonly
 As one whom loue list little to aduance
 Stephan said true, that my natiuitie
 Mischanced was with the ruler of May
 He gest (I proue) of that the veritie
 In May my wealth, and eke my wittes, I say,
 Hauē stand so oft in such perplexitie
 Ioye let me dreame of your felicitie

The louer confesseth him in loue with Phillis

IF waker care if fodayn pale colour
 If many fighes, with litle speach to plaine.
 Now ioye, now wo if they my chere distayne
 For hope of small, if much to fear therfore,
 To haste, or slack my pace to lesse, or more.
 Be signe of loue then do I loue agayne
 If thou aske whom fure sins I did refrayne
 Brunet, that set my welth in such a iore,
 Thunfayned chere of Phillis hath the place,
 That Brunet had she hath, and euer shall
 She from my self now hath me in her grace

She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all
 My heart alone welworthy she doth stay,
 Without whose helpe skant do I liue a day

*Of others fained sorrow, and the louers
 fained mirth*

Efar, when that the traytour of Egypt
 With thonorable hed did him present,
 Coueryng his hartes gladnesse, did represent
 Plaint with his teares outward, as it is writ
 Eke Hannibal, when fortune him outthyt
 Clene from his reigne, and from all his entent,
 Laught to his folke, whom forow did torment,
 His cruel despite for to disgorge and quit
 So chanceth me, that euery passion
 The minde hideth by colour contrary,
 With fayned visage, now sad, now meiy
 Wherby, if that I laugh at my¹ feason
 It is because I haue none other way
 To cloke my care, but vnder sport and play

Of change in minde

The man me telth, I change most my deuise
 And, on my faith, me thinke it good reason
 To change purpose, like after the feason
 For in ech case to kepe still one guise
 Is mete for them, that would be taken wise
 And I am not of such maner condicion
 But treated after a diuers fashon
 And therupon my diuersnesse doth rise
 But you, this diuersnesse that blamen most,
 Change you no more, but still after one rate
 Treat you me well and kepe you in that state
 And while with me doth dwell this wened goft,
 My word nor I shall not be variable,
 But alwaies one, your owne both firme and stable

*How the lower perissheth in his delight,
as the flie in the fire*

Some fowles there be, that haue so perfit fight
Against the funne their eies for to defend
And some, because the light doth them offend,
Neuer appeare, but in the darke, or night
Other reioyce, to se the fire so bryght,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend
But find contriary of it, that they intend.
Alas, of that soyt may I be, by right
For to withstand her loke I am not able .
Yet can I not hide me in no dark place
So foloweth me remembrance of that face
That with my teary eyn, swolne, and vnstable
My desteny to beholde her doth me lead
And yet I knowe, I runne into the glead

Against his tong that failed to vtter his futes

Because I still kept thee fro lyes, and blame,
And to my power alwayes thee honoured,
Vnkind tongue, to yll hast thou me iendied,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame
In nede of succour most when that I am,
To aske reward thou standst like one afiaied,
Alway most cold and if one word be sayd,
As in a dreame, vnperfit is the same
And ye salt teares, agaynst my wyll eche nyght,
That are wyth me, when I would be alone
Then are ye gone, when I should make my mone
And ye so ready fighes, to make me shright,
Then are ye slacke, when that ye should outstart
And onely doth my loke declare my hart

*Description of the contrarious passions
in a louer*

Find no peace, and all my warre is done
 I feare, and hope I burne, and frese like yfe.
 I flye aloft, yet can I not arise
 And nought I haue, and all the worlde I season
 That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in pryson,
 And holdes me not, yet can I scrape no wife
 Nor lettes me lyue, nor dye, at my deuise,
 And yet of death it geueth me occasion
 Without eye I se, without tong I playne
 I wish to perysh, yet I aske for helth
 I loue another, and thus¹ I hate my selfe
 I fede me in sorow, and laugh in all my payne
 Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life
 And my delight is causer of this strife

*The louer compareth his state to a shippe
in perilous storme tossed on the sea*

My galley charged with forgetfulnesse,
 Through sharpe seas, in winter nightes doth passe
 Twene rocke, and rocke and eke my fo (alas)
 That is my lord, stereth with cruelnesse
 And euery houre, a thought in readinesse,
 As though that death were light, in such a case
 An endlesse wynd doth teare the sayle apace
 Of forced fighes, and trusty fearfulnessse
 A rayne of teares, a clowde of darke disdayne
 Haue done the wried coardes great hinderance,
 Wrethed with erour, and wyth ignorance
 The starres be hidde, that leade me to this payne
 Drownde is reason that should be my comfort.
 And I remayne, dispearyng of the port.

¹ *one* thus

*Of douteous loue*¹

AVifing the bright beames of thofe fayre eyes,
 Where he abides that mine oft moiftes and wafeth
 The weried mynd freight from the hart departeth,
 To reft within hys worldly Paradife,
 And bitter findes the fwete, vnder this gyfe
 What webbes there he hath wrought, well he preceaueth
 Whereby then with him felf on loue he playneth,
 That furs wyth fire, and brydleth eke with yfe
 In fuch extremity thus is he brought
 Frofen now cold, and now he ftandes in flame
 Twixt wo, and welth betwixt earneft, and game
 With feldome glad, and many a diuers thought
 In fore repentance of hys hardineffe
 Of fuch a roote lo cometh frute fruteleffe

*The louer fheweth how he is forfaken
 of fuch as he fomtime enoyed*

THey flee from me, that fomtime did me feke
 With naked fote ftalkyng within my chambei
 Once haue I feen them gentle, tame, and meke,
 That now are wild, and do not once remember
 That fometyme they haue put them felues in danger,
 To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
 Bufily fekyng in continuall change

Thanked be fortune, it hath bene otherwife
 Twenty tymes better but once efpociall,
 In thinne aray, after a pleafant gyfe,
 When her loofe gowne did from her foulders fall,
 And fhe me caught in her armes long and fmall,
 And therewithall, fo fwetely did me kyffe,
 And foftly fayd deare heart, how like you this?

It was no dreame for I lay broade awakyng
 But all is turnde now through my gentleneffe
 Into a bitter fafhion of forfakyng
 And I haue leaue to go of her goodneffe,

¹ *Of doubtful loue*

And she also to vse newfanglenesse
 But, firs that I vnkyndly so am serued
 How like you this, what hath she now deserued ?

To a ladie to answere directly with yea or nay.

M Adame, withouten many wordes
 Once I am sure, you will, or no
 And if you will then leaue your boordes,
 And vse your wit, and shew it so :
 For with a beck you shall me call.
 And if of one, that burns alway,
 Ye haue pity or ruth at all
 Answer hym fayer with yea, or nay
 If it be yea I shall be faine
 Yf it be nay frendes, as before
 You shall another man obtain
 And I mine owne, and yours nomore

*To his loue whom he had kissed
 against her will*

A Las, Madame, for stealing of a kisse,
 Haue I so much your mynde therein offended ?
 Or haue I done so greuously amisse
 That by no meanes, it may not be amended ?
 Reuenge you then, the rediest way is this
 Another kisse my life it shall haue ended
 For, to my mouth the first my heart did suck
 The next shall clene out of my brest it pluck

*Of the Ielous man that loued the same
 woman and espied this other
 sitting with her*

T He wandring gadling, in the sommer tyde,
 That findes the Adder with his rechlesse foote
 Startes not dismaid so sodenly aside,

As iealous despite did, though there were no boote,
 When that he saw me sitting by her fyde,
 That of my health is very crop, and roote,
 It pleased me then to haue so fayre a grace,
 To styng the hart, that would haue had my place

To his loue from whom he hadd her gloues.

WHat nedes these thieatnyng woordes, and waisted
 All this can not make me restore my pray, [wynd?
 To robbe your good ywis is not my minde
 Nor causelesse your faire hand did I display
 Let loue be iudge or els whom next we finde
 That may both hear, what you and I can say
 She rest my hart and I a gloue from her.
 Let vs se then if one be worth the other

Of the fained frend

RIght true it is, and sayd full yore ago
 Take hede of him, that by the backe thee claweth
 For, none is worse, then is a frendly fo
 Thought he¹ feme good, all thing that thee deliteth,
 Yet know it well, that in the² bosome crepeth
 For, many a man such fire oft times he kindleth
 That with the blase his berd him self he singeth

The louer taught, mistrusteth allurementes

IT may be good like it who list
 But I do dout, who can me blame?
 For oft assured, yet haue I mist
 And now againe I fear the same
 The wordes, that from your mouth last came,
 Of sodayn change make me agast
 For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
 Alas I tread an endlesse mase

That feke taccord two contraries
 And hope thus styll, and nothing hafe
 Imprisoned in liberties,
 As one vnheard, and styll that cryes
 Alwayes thirsty, and naught doth taste,
 For dreade to fall, I stand not fast.

Affured I dout I be not sure,
 Should I then trust vnto such suretie?
 That oft haue put the proufe in vre,
 And neuer yet haue found it trustie?
 Nay fyr in fayth, it were great folly
 And yet my life thus do I waste,
 For dreade to fall I stand not fast.

*The louer complayneth that his loue doth
 not pitie him*

REsownde my voyce ye woodes, that heare me
 Both hilles and vales causyng reflexion, [plaine.
 And riuers eke, record ye of my paine
 Which haue oft forced ye by compassion,
 As iudges lo to heare my exclamacion
 Amonge whom, such¹ (I finde) yet doth remaine
 Where I it feke, alas, there is disdaine

Oft ye riuers, to hear my wofull founde,
 Haue stopt your cours, and plainely to expresse,
 Many a teare by moisture of the grounde
 The earth hath wept to hear my heaunesse
 Which causelesse I endure without redresse
 The hugy okes haue rored in the winde,
 Ech thing me thought complaying in their kinde

Why then alas doth not she on me rew,
 Or is her hart so hard that no pitie
 May in it sinke, my ioye for to renew?
 O stony hart who hath thus fiamed thee
 So cruell? that art cloked with beauty,
 That from thee may no grace to me procede,
 But as reward death for to be my mede.

*The louer reioyseth against fortune that
by hindering his fute had happily
made him forsake his folly*

IN fayth I wot not what to say,
Thy chaunces ben so wonderous,
Thou fortune with thy diuers play
That makst the ioysfull dolourous,
And eke the same right ioysous
Yet though thy chayne hath me enwrapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt
Though thou hast fet me for a wonder,
And sekest by change to do me payne
Mens mindes yet mayst thou not so order
For honestie if it remayne,
Shall shine for all thy cloudy rayne
In vayne thou sekest to haue me trapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt

In hindryng me, me didst thou further,
And made a gap where was a stile
Cruell willes ben oft put vnder,
Wenyng to lower, then didst thou smile
Lord, how thy selfe thou didst begyle,
That in thy cares wouldst me haue wrapt?
But spite of thy¹ hap, hap hath well hapt

A renouncing of hardly escaped loue.

FArewell the hart of crueltie
Though that with payne my libertie
Deare haue I bought, and wofully
Fynisht my fearfull tragedy
Of force I must forsake fuch pleasure
A good cause iust, fins I endure

Therby my wo, whiche be ye fure,
Shall therwith go me to recue

I fare as one escaped that fleeth
Glad he is gone, and yet styll feareth
Spied to be caught, and so dredeth
That he for nought his paine lefeth
In ioyfull payne reioyce my hart,
Thus to sustaine of ech a part
Let not this song from thee astart
Welcome among my pleasant smart

*The louer to his bed, with describing
of his vnquiet state*

THe restfull place, renewer of my smart
The labours salve, encreasynge my forow
The bodyes ease, and troubler of my heart
Quieter of minde, myne vnquiet fo

Forgetter of payne, remembrer of my wo
The place of slepe, wherein I do but wake
Besprent with teares, my bed, I thee forsake

The frosty snowes may not redresse my heat
Nor heat of funne abate my feruent cold
I know nothing to ease my paynes so great
Fch cure causeth encrease by twenty fold,
Renewynge cares vpon my sorowes old
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make
Besprent with teares my bedde for to forsake

But all for nought I finde no better ease
In bed, or out This most causeth my paine:
Where I do feke how best that I may please,
My lost labour (alas) is all in vaine
My heart once set, I can not it refrayne
No place from me my grief away can take
Wherefore with teares, my bed, I thee forsake

*Comparison of loue to a streame
falling from the Alpes.*

FROM these hie hilles as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with still and futtle course,
Of this and that it gathers ay and shall,
Till it haue iust downflowed to streame and force
Then at the fote it rageth ouer all
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a fourse
Rage is his raine, Resistance vayleth none
The first eschue is remedy alone

*Wiates complaint vpon Loue, to Reason
with Loues answer*

MYne olde dere enemy, my froward maister,
Afore that Quene, I causde to be accited,
Which holdeth the diuine part of our nature
That, like as golde, in fire he mought be tryed
Charged with dolour, there I me presented
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dredeth
A wrongfull death, and iustice alway seketh
And thus I sayd once my left foote, Madame,
When I was yong, I fet within his reigne
Wherby other than fierly burning flame
I neuer felt, but many a greuous pain
Torment I suffered, angie, and disdain
That mine oppressed pacience was past,
And I mine owne life hated, at the last
Thus hitherto haue I my time passed
In pain and smart What wayes profitable
How many pleasant dayes haue me escaped,
In seruing this false lyer so deceauable?
What wit haue wordes so prest, and forceable,

That may conteyn my great mishappynesse,
And iust complaintes of his vngentlenesse?

So small hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitternesse, my blinde life hath ytasted
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball
With fair and amorous daunce, made me be traced,
And, where I had my thought, and mynde araced,
From earthly frailnesse, and from vayn pleasure,
Me from my rest he toke, and set in error

God made he me regard lesse, than I ought,
And to my self to take right little hede
And for a woman haue I set at nought
All other thoughtes in this onely to spede
And he was onely counselei of this dede
Whetting alwayes my youthly frayle desire
On cruell whetston, tempered with fire

But (Oh alas) where, had I euer wit?
Or other gift, geuen to me of nature?
That sooner shalbe changed my wened sprite
Then the obstinate wyll, that is my ruler
So iobbeth he my fredom with displeasure,
This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant vie

He hath me hasted, thorough diuers regions
Through desert wodes, and sharp hye mountaines
Through froward people, and through bitter passions.
Through rocky seas, and ouer hilles and plaines
With wery trauell, and with laborous paynes
Alwayes in trouble and in tediousnesse
All in error, and dangerous distresse

But nother he, nor she, my tother so,
For all my flight, dyd euer me forsake
That though my timely death hath been to flow
That me as yet, it hath not ouertake
The heauenly goddes of pity doe it slake
And, note they this his cruell uranny,
That fedes him, with my care, and misery

Since I was his, hower rested I neuer,
Nor loke to do and eke the waky nightes

The banished flepe may in no wise recouer
 By guile, and force, ouer my thralled sprites,
 He is ruler since which bel neuer strikes,
 That I heare not as founding to renue
 My plaintes Himself, he knoweth, that I say true
 For, neuer wormes old rotten stocke haue eaten
 As he my hart, where he is resident,
 And doth the same with death dayly threaten
 Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment
 The fighes the wordes, and eke the languishment
 That noy both me, and perauenture other
 Iudge thou that knowest the one, and eke the tother

Mine aduerfair, with such greuous reproofe,
 Thus he began Heare Lady, thother part
 That the plain troth, from which he draweth aloofe,
 This vnkinde man may shew, ere that I part
 In his yong age, I toke him from that art,
 That felleth wordes, and makes a clatter yng Knight
 And of my wealth I gaue him the delight

Now shames he not on me foi to complain,
 That held him euermore in pleasant gain,
 From his desyre, that might haue been his payn
 Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame
 Which now, as wretchednes, he doth so blame
 And towarde honor quickned I his wit
 Where as a daskard els he mought haue fit

He knoweth, how grete Atride that made Troy freat,
 And Hanniball, to Rome so troubelous
 Whom Homer honored, Achilles that great,
 And Thaffricane Scipion the famous
 And many other, by much nurture¹ glorious
 Whose fame, and honor did bring them aboue²
 I did let fall in base dishonest loue

And vnto him, though he vnworthy were
 I chose the best of many a Milion
 That, vnder sonne yet neuer was her pere,
 Of wisdom, womanhod, and of discrecion
 And of my grace I gaue her such a facion

¹ honour² Whose fame, and actes did lift them vp aboue

And eke such way I taught her for to teache,
 That neuer base thought his hart so hye might reche,
 Euermore thus to content his maistrefse,
 That was his onely frame of honesty,
 I stirred him still, toward gentlenesse
 And caused him to regard fidelity.
 Pacience I taught him in aduersity
 Such vertues learned he in my great schole
 Wherof repenteth, now the ignorant foole

These, were the same deceites, and bitter gall,
 That I haue vsed, the torment, and the anger
 Sweter, then euer dyd to other fall,
 Of right good sede yll frute loe thus I gather
 And so shall he, that the vnkinde dothe further
 A Serpent nourish I vnder my wing
 And now of nature, ginneth he to styng

And for to tell, at last, my great seruise
 From thousand dishonesties haue I him drawen
 That, by my meanes, him in no maner wyfe
 Neuer vile pleasure once hath ouerthrowen
 Where, in his dede, shame hath him alwaies gnawen
 Doutyng report, that should come to her eare
 Whom now he blames, her wonted he to feare.

What euer he hath of any honest custome .
 Of her, and me that holdes he euerywhit,
 But, lo, yet neuer was there nightly fantome
 So farre in errour, as he is from his wit
 To plain on vs, he strueth with the bit,
 Which may rule him, and do him ease, and pain
 And in one hower, make all his grief his gayn

But, one thing yet there is, aboue all other
 I gaue him winges, wherwith he might vplie
 To honor, and fame and if he would to higher
 Than mortall thinges, aboue the starry skie
 Considering the pleasure, that an eye
 Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue
 What should that be that lasteth still aboue?

And he the same himself hath sayd, ere this
 But, now, forgotten is both that and I,

That gaue her him, his onely wealth and blisse
 And, at this word, with dedly shreke and cry
 Thou gaue her once quod I, but by and by
 Thou toke hei ayen from me that wo worth the
 Not I but price more worth than thou (quod he)

At last eche other for himself, concluded
 I, trembling full but he, with small reuerence
 Lo, thus, as we eche other haue accused
 Dere Lady now we waite thyne onely sentence
 She smiling, at the whisted audience
 It liketh me (quod she) to haue hard your question
 But, lenger time doth ask a resolucion

*The louers forowfull slate maketh him write
 forowfull songes, but Souche his loue
 may change the fame*

MAruell no more altho
 The songes, I sing do mone
 For other lyfe then wo,

I neuer proued none

And in my hart, also,
 Is grauen with letters depe
 A thousand fighes and mo
 A flood of teares to wepe

How may a man in smert
 Finde matter to reioyce?

How may a moornyng hart
 Set foorth a pleasant voice

Play who so can, that part:
 Nedes must in me appere
 How fortune ouerthwart
 Doth cause my moorning chere.

Perdy there is no man,
 If he saw neuer sight
 That perfytly tell can
 The nature of the light
 Alas how should I than,

That neuer taste but fowre
 But do, as I began
 Continually to lowie

But yet, perchance from chance
 May chance to change my tune
 And, when (Souch) chance doth chance.
 Then shall I thank fortune?

And if I haue (Souch) chance
 Perchance ere it be long
 For (Souch) a pleafant chance,
 To fing some pleafant song

The louer complaineth himself forsaken

W Here shall I haue, at myne owne wyll,
 Teares to complain? Where shall I fet
 Such sighes? that I may sigh my fyll
 And then agayne my plaintes repete
 For, though my plaint shall haue none end.
 My teares cannot fuffise my wo
 To mone my harm, haue I no frend
 For fortunes frend is mishaps fo
 Comfort (God wot) els haue I none
 But in the winde to waft my wordes,
 Nought moueth you my dedly mone
 But stil you turne it into bordes
 I speake not, now, to moue your hart,
 That you should rue vpon my payn
 The sentence geuen may not reueit
 I know, such labour were but vayn
 But since that I for you (my dere)
 Haue lost that thyng, that was my best
 A right small losse it must appere,
 To lese these wordes, and all the rest
 But, though they sparcle in the winde
 Yet, shall they shew your falsed faith
 Which is returned to his kynde
 For lyke to like the prouerb sayeth,

Fortune, and you did me auance
 Me thought, I fwam, and could not drowne
 Happiest of all, but my mischance
 Did lift me vp, to throw me downe
 And you, with her, of cruelnesse,
 Dyd fet your foote vpon my neck,
 Me, and my welfare to oppresse
 Without offence, your hart to wreck,
 Where aie your pleafant wordes? alas
 Where is your faith? your stedfastnesse?
 There is no more but all doth paffe
 And I am left all comfortlesse
 But fince fo much it doth you greue,
 And alfo me my wretched life
 Haue here my troth Nought fhall releue,
 But death alone my wretched strife
 Therefore, farewell my life, my death,
 My gayn, my losse my falue, my fore
 Farewell alfo, with you my breath
 For, I am gone for euermore

*Of his loue that pricked her finger
 with a needle*

SHe fat, and sowed that hath done me the wrong
 Wherof I plain, and haue done many a day
 And, whilst she herd my plaint, in piteous fong
 She wist my hart the famplar, that it lay
 The blinde maister, whom I haue ferued fo long
 Grudgyng to heare, that he did heare her fay.
 Made her owne weapon do her finger blede.
 To fele, if pricking wer fo good in dede

Of the fame

WHat man hath hard fuch cruelty before?
 That, when my plaint remembred her my wo,
 That caused it she cruell more, and more,
 Wished eche fitch, as she did fit, and fow,

Had prickt my hart, for to encrease my fore
 And, as I think, she thought, it had bene so
 For as she thought, this is his hart in dede
 She pricked hard and made her self to blede

*Request to Cupide, for reuenge of his
 unkinde loue.*

BEhold, Loue, thy power how she despiseth :
 My greuous payn how litle she regardeth,
 The solemne oathe, wherof she takes no cure,
 Broken she hath and yet, she bydeth sure,
 Right at her ease, and litle thee she dredeth.
 Weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth .
 To the disdainful, all her life she leadeth
 To me spitefull, without iust cause, or measure
 Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth,
 I am in hold, but if thee pitie meueth
 Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh
 And with some stroke reuenge the great displeasure
 Of thee, and him that sorow doth endure,
 And as his Lord thee lowly here entreateth

Complaint for true loue vnrequited

WHat vaileth troth? or by it, to take payn?
 To strue by stedfastnesse, for to attayn
 How to be iust and flee from doublenesse?
 Since all alyke, where ruleth craftinesse,
 Rewarded is both crafty false, and plain
 Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and fayn
 True meaning hart is had in hye disdain
 Against deceyt, and cloked doublenesse,
 What vaileth troth, or parfit stedfastnesse
 Deceaud is he, by false and crafty trayn,
 That meanes no gyle, and faithfull doth remayn
 Within the trap,¹ without help or redresse
 But for to loue (lo) such a sterne maistresse,
 Where cruelty dwelles, alas it were in vain

*The louer that fled loue now folowes it
with his harme*

Sometime I fled the fire, that me so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by wynde
And now, the coales I folow, that be quent,
From Douer to Calais, with willing minde,
Lo, how desire is both furth sprong, and spent
And he may see, that whilom was so blinde
And all his labour, laughes he now to scorne,
Meashed in the breers, that erst was onely torne

The louer hopeth of better chance

HE is not dead, that somtime had a fall
The Sonne returnes, that hid was vnder clowd
And when Fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust, good luck to me shall be allowd
For, I haue seen a ship in hauen fall,
After that storme hath broke both maste, and shroude
The willow eke, that stoupeheth with the winde,
Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth binde

*The louer compareth his hart to
the ouercharged gonne*

THe furious goonne, in his most iagyg yre,
When that the boule is rammed in to fore
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
Crackes in sunder and in the ayer doe rore
The sheuered peces So doth my desyre,
Whose flame encreaseth ay from more to more
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speake
So inward force my hart doth all to breake

*The louer suspected of change praieth that
it be not beleued against him*

Accused though I be, without desert
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true
For neuer yet, since that you had my hert,
Intended I to false, or be vntiue
Sooner I would of death fustayn the smart,
Than breake one word of that I promised you
Accept therfore my seruice in good part
None is alyue, that can yll tonges eschew
Hold them as false and let not vs depart
Our frendship olde, in hope of any new
Put not thy trust in such as vse to fayn,
Except thou mynde to put thy frend to payn

The louer abused renownsETH loue

MY loue to skorne, my seruice to retayne,
Therin (me thought) you vsed crueltie
Since with good will I lost my libertie
Might neuer wo yet cause me to refrain,
But onely this, which is extremitie,
To geue me nought (alas) nor to agree,
That as I was, your man I might remain
But fynce that thus ye list to order me,
That would haue bene your seruant true, and fast
Displease you not my doting time is past
And with my losse to leaue I must agree
For as there is a certayn time to rage
So is there time such madnes to aswage

The louer professeth himself constant

Within my brest I neuer thought it gain,
 Of gentle mynde¹ the fredom for to lose
 Nor in my hart fanck neuer such disdain,
 To be a forger, faultes for to disclose
 Nor I can not endure the truth to glofe,
 To set a gloffe vpon an earnest pain
 Nor I am not in nomber one of those,
 That list to blow retrete to euery train

*The louer sendeth his complaints and teares
to sue for grace*

Passe forth my wonted cries,
 Those cruell eares to pearce,
 Which in most hatefull wyfe
 Doe styll my plaintes reuerse.
 Doe you, my teares, also
 So wet her barrein hart
 That pitye there may grow,
 And crueltie depart

For though hard rockes among
 She femes to haue bene bred
 And of the Tigre long
 Bene nourished, and fed
 Yet shall that nature change,
 If pitie once win place
 Whom as vnknownen, and strange,
 She now away doth chafe

And as the water soft,
 Without forcyng or strength,
 Where that it falleth oft,
 Hard stoncs doth perse at length :
 So in her stony hart
 My plaintes at last shall graue,
 And, rygour set apart,
 Winne grant of that I craue

Wherefore my plaintes, present
 Styll so to her my fute,
 As ye, through her assent,
 May bring to me some frute
 And as she shall me proue,
 So bid her me regarde,
 And render loue for loue
 Which is a iust reward

*The louers case can not be hidden
 how euer he dissemble*

YOur lokes so often cast,
 Your eyes so frendly rolde,
 Your sight fixed so fast,
 Alwayes one to behold
 Though hyde it fain ye would.
 It plainly doth declare,
 Who hath your hart in hold,
 And where good will ye bare
 Fayn would ye finde a cloke
 Your brennyng fire to hyde.
 Yet both the flame, and smoke
 Breakes out on euery fyde
 Yee can not loue so guide
 That in to issue winne¹

Abrode nedes must it glide,
 That brens so hote within
 For cause your self do wink
 Ye iudge all other blinde
 And secret it you think,
 Which euery man doth finde.
 In wast oft spend ye winde
 Your self in loue to quit.
 For agues of that kinde
 Will show, who hath the fit.

Your fighes yow fet from farre,
 And all to wry your wo

¹ That it no issue winne

Yet ar ye nere the narre,
 Men ar not blinded fo
 Depely oft fwere ye no
 But all those othes ar vaine
 So well your eye doth showe,
 Who puttes your hert to paine.

Thinke not therfore to hide,
 That still it selfe betrayes
 Nor seke meanes to prouide
 To darke the funny daies
 Forget those wonted waies
 Leaue of such frowning chere
 There will be found no staves
 To stoppe a thing fo clere

*The lower prayeth not to be disdained,
 refused, mistrusted, nor forsaken*

Disdaine me not without desert
 Nor leaue me not so sodenly
 Sins well ye wot, that in my hert
 I meane ye not but honestly

Refuse me not without cause why
 Nor think me not to be vniust
 Sins that by lotte of fantasy,
 This carefull knot neades knit I must

Mistrust me not, though some there be,
 That faine would spot my stedfastnesse
 Beleue them not, sins that ye se,
 The profe is not, as they expresse

Forfake me not, till I deserue
 Nor hate me not, tyll I offend
 Destroy me not, tyll that I swerue.
 But sins ye know what I intend

Disdaine me not that am your owne:
 Refuse me not that am so true
 Mistrust me not till all be knowne
 Forfake me not, ne¹ for no new

*The louer lamenteth his estate
with fute for grace*

FOr want of will, in wo I playne ·
Vnder colour of soberneffe
Renewyng with my fute my payne,
My wanhope with your stedfastnesse
Awake therfore of gentleneffe.
Regard at length, I you require,
The¹ sweltyng paynes of my desire
Betimes who geueth willingly,
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserue
And I that sue vnfaynedly
In frutelesse hope (alas) do sterue
How great my cause is for to swerue
And yet how stedfast is my fute
Lo, here ye see, where is the frute?

As hounde that hath his keper lost,
Seke I your prefence to obtayne
In which my hart deliteth most,
And shall delight though I be slayne
You may release my band of payne
Lose then the care that makes me crye,
For want of helpe or els I dye

I dye, though not incontinent,
By proceffe yet consumingly
As waste of fire, which doth relent
If you as wilfull wyll denye
Wherfore cease of such crueltye
And take me wholly in your grace
Which lacketh will to change his place

The louer warleth his changed royes.

IF euer man might him auaint
Of fortunes frendly chere
It was my selfe I must it graunt,

For I haue bought it dere
 And derely haue I helde also
 The glory of her name
 In yelding her fuch tribute, lo,
 As did fet forth her fame

Sometyme I stode so in her grace .
 That as I would require,
 Ech ioi I thought did me imbrace,
 That fundered my desire
 And all those pleasures (lo) had I,
 That fanfy might support
 And nothing she did me denye,
 That was to my comfort

I had (what would you more perdee?)
 Ech grace that I did craue
 Thus fortunes will was vnto me
 All thing that I would haue
 But all to rathe alas the while,
 She built on fuch a ground
 In little space, to great a guyle
 In her now haue I found

For she hath turned so her whele .
 That I vnhappy man
 May waile the time that I did fele
 Wherwith she fedde me than
 For broken now are her behestes .
 And pleasant lokes she gaue
 And therefore now all my requestes,
 From perill can not faue

Yet would I well it might appere
 To her my chiefe regard
 Though my defeites haue ben to dere
 To merite fuch reward
 Sith fortunes will is now so bent
 To plage me thus pore man
 I must my selfe therwith content
 And beare it as I can.

[The following is transferred in the Second edition to *Uncertain Authors* coming in the revised arrangement, as noted on p 257 It is therefore not by Sir Thomas Wyatt]

*The louer lamenteth other to haue the frutes
of his seruice*

Some men would thinke of right to haue
For their true meaning some reward
But while that I do crye and craue
I fe that other be preferd

I gape for that I am debard
I fare as doth the hounde at hatch
The worfe I spede, the lenger I watch

My wastefull will is tried by trust
My fond fanfie is mine abuse
For that I would refrayne my lust
For mine auayle I can not chuse,
A will, and yet no power to vse
A will, no will by reason iust,
Sins my will is at others lust

They eat the hony, I hold the hyue
I sowe the fede, they reape the corne
I waste, they winne, I draw, they driue
Theirs is the thanke, mine is the skorne
I feke, they spede, in waste mywinde is worne
I gape, they get, and gredely I snatch
Till wurfe I spede, the lenger I watch

I fast, they fede they drynke, I thurst
They laugh, I wayle they ioye, I mourne
They gayne, I lose I haue the worst
They whole, I sicke. they cold, I burne
They leape, I lye they slepe, I tosse and turne,
I would, they may I craue, they haue at will.
That helpeth them, lo, cruelty doth me kyll

*To his loue that had geuen him answere
of refusell*

HHe answere that ye made to me my deare,
When I did sue for my pore hartes redresse
Hath so appalde my countenance and my chere
That in this case, I am all comfortlesse
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.

I haue no wrong, where I can clayme no right
Nought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had
Yet of my wo, I can not so be quite
Namely, sins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorow makes me sad

Yet none can claime (I saie) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all
And by desert, I dare well make auant,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that shall
Bear you more trouth, more ready at your call

Now good then, call againe that bitter word
That toucht your frende so nere with panges of paine
And saie my dere that it was sayd in bord
Late, or tofone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherwith free will doth true desert retayne

To his ladie cruel ouer her yelden loue

Wch is the course, that natures kind hath wrought,
That snakes haue time to cast away their stynge
Ainst chaunde prisoners what nede defence be
The fierce lyon will hurt no yelden thinges [fought
Why shoulde such spite be nursed then in thy thought?¹
Sith all these powers are prest vnder thy winges
And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught
What mischief malice many waies it bringes
Consider eke, that spight auaieth naught,
Therefore this song thy fault to thee it singes
Displease thee not, for sayng thus (me thought)

¹ Why should such spite be nursed then thy thought?

Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springes,
 For furies, that in hell be execrable,
 For that they hate, are made most miserable.

*The louer complaineth that deathlike sicknesse
 can not helpe his affection*

THe enemy of life, decayer of all kinde,
 That with his cold wythers away the grene.
 This other night, me in my bed did finde
 And offerd me to ryd my feuer clene
 And I did graunt so did dispayre me blinde
 He drew his bow, with arrowes sharpe and kene
 And strake the place, where loue had hit before
 And draue the first dart deper more and more

The louer reuerceth the enioying of his loue

ONce as me thought, fortune me kist
 And bade me aske, what I thought best.
 And I should haue it as me list,
 Therewith to set my hart in rest

I asked but my ladies hart
 To haue for euermore myne owne.
 Then at an end were all my smart
 Then should I nede no more to mone

Yet for all that a stormy blast
 Had ouerturnde this goodly day
 And fortune fumed at the last,
 That to her promise she said nay
 But like as one out of dispayre
 To sodain hope reuued I,
 Now fortune sheweth her selfe so fayre,
 That I content me wonderfly

My most desire my hand may reach
 My will is alway at my hand
 Me nede not long for to beseeche
 Her, that hath power me to commaunde.

What earthly thing more can I craue?
 What would I wishe more at my will?
 Nothing on earth more would I haue,
 Saue that I haue, to haue it styll

For fortune hath kept her promesse,
 In grauntyng me my most desire
 Of my foueraigne I haue redresse,
 And I content me with my hire.

The lower complayneth the vnkindnes of his loue

MY lute awake performe the last
 Labour that thou and I shall waste
 And end that I haue now begonne
 And when this song is song and past
 My lute be styll for I haue done

As to be heard where eare is none :
 As lead to graue in marble stone
 My song may pearse her hart as sone
 Should we then sigh? or singe, or mone?
 No, no, my lute for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly
 Repulse the waues continually,
 As she my fute and affection
 So that I am past remedy,
 Wherby my lute and I haue done

Proude of the spoile that thou hast gotte
 Of simple hartes through loues shot
 By whom vnkinde thou hast them wonne,
 Thinke not he hath his bow forgot,
 Although my lute and I haue done

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine
 That makest but game on earnest payne.
 Thinke not alone vnder the funne
 Vnquit to cause thy louers plaine
 Although my lute and I haue done

May chance thee lie witherd and olde,
 In winter nightes that are so colde,
 Playning in vaine vnto the mone
 Thy wishes then dare not be tolde

Care then who list, for I haue done
 And then may chance thee to repent
 The time that thou hast lost and spent
 To cause thy louers sigh and frowne
 Then shalt thou know beauty¹ but lent,
 And wish and want as I haue done
 Now cease my lute this is the last,
 Labour that thou and I shall wast,
 And ended is that we begonne
 Now is this song both song and past,
 My lute be still for I haue done

How by a kisse he found both his life and death

Nature that gaue the Bee so feat a grace,
 To finde hony of so wondrous fashion
 Hath taught the spider out of the same place
 To fetch poyson by strange alteration
 Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
 With one kisse by secrete operacion,
 Both these at once in those your lippes to finde,
 In change wherof, I leaue my hart behinde

*The lower describeth his being taken
 with sight of his loue*

Vnwarely so was neuer no man caught,
 With stedfast loke vpon a goodly face
 As I of late for sodainely me thought,
 My hart was torne out of his proper² place
 Thorow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,
 Directly downe into³ my hart it ranne
 In helpe wherof the blood therto did glide,
 And left my face both pale and wanne
 Then was I like a man for wo amased.
 Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire.

¹ beaute² om proper³ And downe directly to

For while that I vpon her beauty gased
The more I burnde in my desire

Anone the bloud start in my face agayne,
Inflamde with heat, that it had at my hart
And brought therwith through out in euery vaine,
A quakyng heat with pleasant smart.

Then was I like the straw, when that the flame
Is driuen therin, by force, and rage of winde
I can not tell, alas, what I shall blame
Nor what to feke, nor what to finde

But well I wot the grieve doth hold me fore
In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dreade
That, but her helpe to health to me restore
This restlesse life I may not lead.

To his louer to loke vpon him

AL in thy loke my life doth whole depende
Thou hydest thy self, and I must dye therfore.
But sins thou mayst so easily helpe they frend
Why doest thou stick to salue that thou madest fore?
Why do I dye? sins thou mayst me defend?
And if I dye, thy life may last no more
For ech by other doth lue and haue reliefe,
I in thy loke, and thou most in my grieve

*The louer excuseth him of wordes wherewith
he was vnjustly charged*

PErdy I sayd it not
Nor neuer thought to do
As well as I ye wot
I haue no power therto,
And if I did, the lot,
That first did me enchainye
May neuer flake the knot,
But strayght it to my payne
And if I did ech thing,
That may do harme or wo.

Continually may wring
My hart where so I go
Report may always ring
Of shame on me for aye
If in my hart did spring
The wordes that you do say

And if I did ech starre,
That is in heauen aboue,
May frowne on me to marre
The hope I haue in loue
And if I did such warre,
As they brought vnto Troye,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his lust and ioye

And if I did so fay
The beautie that me bounde,
Encrease from day to day
More cruell to my wounde
With all the mone that may,
To plaint may turne my song.
My life may sone decay,
Without redresse by wrong

If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complaine?
Then is this thing but sought
To turne my hart to payne,
Then this that you haue wrought
You must it now redresse,
Of right therfore you ought
Such rigour to repress

And as I haue deserued
So graunt me now my hire
You know I neuer swerued,
You neuer founde me lyer
For Rachel haue I serued,
For Lea cared I neuer
And her I haue referued
Within my hart for euer

Of such as had forsaken him.

LVx, my faire fawlcō, and thy felowes all
 How wel pleasant it were your libertie
 Ye not forsake me, that faire mought you fall
 But they that sometime liked my company
 Like lice away from dead bodies they crall
 Loe, what a proufe in light aduerfitie?
 But ye my birdes, I sweare by all your belles,
 Ye be my frendes, and very few elles

A description of such a one as he would loue.

A Face that should content me wonderous well,
 Should not be faire, but louely to beholde
 Of luely loke, all grieve for to repell
 With right good grace, so would I that it should
 Speake without word, such wordes as none can tell.
 The tresse also should be of crisped gold
 With wit, and these perchance I might be tryde,
 And knit againe with knot, that should not slide

How vnpossible it is to finde quiet in his' loue

EVer my hap is slack and slowe in commyng
 Desire encreasyng ay my hope vncertaine
 That loue or wait it, alike doth me payne²
 And Tygre like so swift it is in partyng
 Alas the snō black shal it be and scalding,
 The sea waterles, and fishe vpon the mountaine.
 The Temis shal backe returne into his fountaine
 And where he rose the sunne shall take his lodgyng.
 Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse
 Or that loue or my lady rightwisely
 Leaue to conspire against me wrongfully

¹ om. *his*² With doubtful loue that but increaseth pain

And if I haue after such bitterneſſe,
Any thing ſwete, my mouth is out of taſte ¹
That all my truſt and trauell is but waſte

Of Loue, Fortune, and the louers minde

LOue, Fortune, and my minde which do remember
Like that is now, and that that once hath bene
Torment my hart ſo fore that very often
I hate and enuy them beyonde all meaſure
Loue ſleeth my hart while Fortune is depriuer
Of all my comfort the ſoliſhe minde than
Burneth and playneth, as one that fildam²
Liueth in reſt Still in diſpleaſure³
My pleaſant daies they ſlete away and paſſe
And dayly doth myne yll change to the worſe
While more than halfe is runne now of my courſe
Alas not of ſtele, but of brittle glaſſe,
I ſe that from my hand falleth my truſt
And all my thoughtes are daſhed into duſt

The louer prayeth his offred hart to be receiued

HOW oft haue I, my deare and cruell ſo :
With my great pain to get ſom peace or truce,
Geuen you my hart? but you do not uſe,
In ſo hie thinges, to caſt your minde ſo low
If any other loke for it, as you trow,
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuſe
And that thus I diſdayne, that you reſuſe
It was once mine, it can no more be ſo.
If you it chaſe, that it in you can finde,
In this exile, no maner of comfort
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde, reſort,
He may wander from his naturall kinde
So ſhall it be great hurt vnto vs twayne,
And yours the loſſe, and mine the deadly payne.

¹ One drop of ſwete, my mouth is out of taſte

² Burneth and plainth as one that very ſildam.

³ Liue in reſt. So ſtyl in diſpleaſure,

The louers life compared to the Alpes

Lyke vnto these vnmefurable mountaines,
 So is my painefull life, the burden of yre
 For hye be they, and hye is my desire
 And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines
 Vnder craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,
 Hard thoughtes in me my wofull minde doth tyre,
 Small frute and many leaues their toppes do attire,
 With small effect great trust in me remaines
 The boyftous windes oft their hye boughes do blaſt
 Hote fighes in me continually be ſhed
 Wilde beaſtes in them, fierce loue in me is fed
 Vnmoueable am I and they ſtedfaſt
 Of ſinging birdes they haue the tune and note
 And I alwaies plaintes paſſing through my throte

*Charging of his loue as vnpiteous and
louing other*

IF amorous fayth, or if an hart vnſained
 A ſwete languor, a great louely deſire
 If honeſt will, kindled in gentle fire
 If long error in a blinde maſe chained,
 If in my viſage ech thought diſtayned,
 Or if my ſparkelyng voyce, lower, or hier,
 Which fear and ſhame, ſo wofully doth tyre
 If pale colour, which loue alas hath ſtayned
 If to haue another then my ſelf more dere,
 If wailyng or fighyng continually,
 With ſorowfull anger fedyng buſily,
 If burnyng a farre of, and fieſyng nere,
 Are cauſe that by loue my ſelfe I ſtroy ¹
 Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy

A renouncing of loue

FArewell, Loue, and all thy lawes for euer.
 Thy bayted hokes ſhall tangle me no more
 Senec, and Plato call me from thy lore

¹ Are cauſe that I by loue my ſelfe deſtroy

To parfit wealth my wit for to endeuer
 In blinde error when I dyd parfeuer
 Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so fore
 Taught me in trifles that I fet no store
 But scape forth thence since libertie is leuer
 Therefore, farewell go trouble yonger haies
 And in me claime no more auctoritie
 With ydle youth go vse thy propartie
 And thereon spend thy many brittle dartes
 For, hytherto though I haue lost my tyme
 Me lyft no lenger rotten bowes to clime

The louer forsaketh his unkinde loue

MY hart I gaue thee, not to do it pain
 But, to preferue, lo it to thee was taken
 I serued thee not that I should be forsaken.
 But, that I should receiue reward again,
 I was content thy seruant to remain
 And, not to be repayd after¹ this fashon
 Now, since in thee is there none nother reason :
 Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.
 Vnsaciāt of my wo, and thy desyre,
 Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault.
 But, since it pleaseth thee to faim default
 Farewell, I say, departing from the fire
 For, he, that doth beleue bearyng in hand
 Ploweth in the water and soweth in the sand

The louer describeth his restlesse state

He flaming fighes that boyle within my brest
 Sometime breake forth and they can well declare
 The hartes vnrest and how that it doth fare,
 The pain therof the grief and all the rest
 The watred eyen from whence the teares doe fall,
 Do fele some force or els they would be drye.
 The wasted flesh of colour ded can trye,

And fomthing¹ tell what fweteneffe is in gall
 And he that luft to fee and to difarne,
 How care can force within a weries minde
 Come he to me I am that place affinde
 But for all this no force it doth no harme
 The wound alas happe in fome other place
 From whence no toole away the fkar can race
 But you that of fuch like haue had your part,
 Can beft be iudge wherfore² my fiend fo deare
 I thought it good my ftate fhould now appeare,
 To you and that there is no great defart
 And wheras you in weighty matters great
 Of fortune faw the fhadow that you know,
 For trifling thinges I now am ftricken fo
 That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat:
 I fit alone faue on the fecond day
 My feuer comes with whom I fpend my time,
 In burning heat while that fhe lift affigne.
 And who hath helth and libertie alway
 Let him thank god and let him not prouoke,
 To haue the like of this my painfull ftroke

The louer lamentes the death of his loue

THe piller perifht is whereto I lent,
 The ftrongeft ftay of mine vnquiet minde
 The like of it no man again can finde
 From Eaft to Weft ftill feking though he went
 To mine vnhappy for happy away hath ient,
 Of all my ioy the very bark and rynde
 And I (alas) by chance am thus affinde,
 Daily to moorne till death do it relent
 But fince that thus it is by defteny,
 What can I more but haue a wofull hart,
 My penne, in plaint, my voyce in carefull crye:
 My minde in wo, my body full of fmart
 And I my felf, my felfe alwayes to hate,
 Till dreadfull death do eafe my dolefull ftate

¹ sometime

² be iudge Wherfore

The louer fendeth fighes to mone his fute

GO burning fighes vnto the frofen hart,
GO breake the yfe which pities painfull dart,
 Myght neuer perce and yf that mortall prayer,
 In heauen be herd, at lest yet I desire
 That death or mercy end my wofull smart
 Take with thee payn, wherof I haue my part,
 And eke the flame from which I cannot start,
 And leaue me then in rest, I you require
 Go burning fighes fulfil that I desire
 I must go worke I see by craft and art,
 For truth and faith in her is laid apart
 Alas, I can not therfore assaile her,
 With pitefull complaint and scalding fier,
 That from my brest disceruably doth start

Complaint of the absence of his loue.

SO feble is the threde, that doth the burden stay,
SOf my poore life in heauy plight, that falleth in decay.
 That, but it haue elswhere some ayde or some succours
 The running spindell of my fate anone shall end his course
 For since thunhappy hower, that dyd me to depart,
 From my swete weale. one onely hope hath stayd my life
 apart
 Which doth perswade such wordes vnto my fored minde.
 Maintain thy self, O wofull wight, some better luck to finde
 For though thou be depriued from thy desired sight
 Who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy more delight?
 Or, who can tell, thy losse if thou mayst once recouer?
 Some pleasant hower thy wo may wrappe and thee defend,
 and couer.
 Thus in this trust as yet it hath my life sustained
 But now (alas) I see it faint and I, by trust, am trayned
 The tyme doth flete, and I se how the howers, do bend
 So fast that I haue scant the space to mark my commyng end

Westward the sonne from out the East scant shewes his light
 When in the West he hides him strayt, within the dark of nyght
 And comes as fast, where he began, his path awry
 From East to West, from West to East so doth his iourney ly
 The life so short, so fraile, that mortall men liue here
 So great a weight, so heavy charge the bodies, that we bere
 That, when I think vpon the distaunce, and the space
 That doth so farre deuide me from my dere desired face.
 I know not, how tattain the winges, that I requie,
 To lift me vp that I might flie, to folow my desyre
 Thus of that hope, that doth my life somethyng sustayne,
 Alas I feare, and partly fele full litle doth remain
 Eche place doth bring me grieve where I do not behold
 Those luely eyes which of my thoughts wer wont ye keys to
 hold [grace
 Those thoughtes were pleasant swete whilst I enioyed that
 My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might well embrace
 And, for because my want should more my wo encrease
 In watch, and slepe, both day, and night, my will doth neuer
 cease
 That thing to wish wherof since I did leese the sight
 Was neuer thing that mought in ought my woful hart delight,
 Thunefy lyfe, I lead, doth teach me for to mete
 The floodes, the seas, the land, the hylles that doth them
 entermete
 Twene me, and those shene lightes that wonted for to clere
 My darked panges of cloudy thoughts, as bright as Phebus
 spere,
 It teacheth me also, what was my pleasant state
 The more to fele, by such record, how that my wealth doth
 bate
 If such record (alas) prouoke thenflamed mynde
 Which sprong that day, that I did leaue the best of me be-
 hynde:
 If loue forget himself, by length of absence, let
 Who doth me guyde (O wofull wretch) vnto this bayted net?
 Where doth encrease my care much better wer for me,
 As dumme, as stone, all thyng forgot, still absent for to be.
 Alas: the clere cristall, the bright transplendant glasse

Doth not bewray the colours hidde, which vnderneath it hafe:
 As doth thaccumbred sprite the thoughtfull throwes discouer,
 Of feares delite, of feruent loue that in our hartes we couer
 Out by these eyes, it sheweth that euermore delight, [night
 In plaint, and teares to seke redresse and eke both day and
 These¹ kindes of pleasures most wherein men so reioyce,
 To me they do redubble still of stormy sighes the voyce
 For, I am one of them, whom playnt doth well content
 It fits me well myne absent wealth me femes for to lament
 And with my teares, taffay to charge myne eies twayn.
 Lyke as my hart aboue the brink is fraughted full of payn.
 And forbecause, therto, of² those fair eyes to treat
 Do me prouoke I wyll returne, my plaint thus to repeate
 For, there is nothing els, that toucheth me so within³
 Where they rule all and I alone nought but the case, or skin
 Wherefore, I shall returne to them, as well, or spring
 From whom descendes my mortall wo, aboue all other thing
 So shall myne eyes in pain accompany my hart.
 That were the guides, that did it lead of loue to fele the smart
 The crisped golde, that doth surmount Apollos pride
 The liuely streames of pleasant starres that vnder it doth glyde
 Wherein the beames of loue doe styll encrease theyr heate
 Which yet so farre touch me so nere, in colde to make me
 sweate
 The wyse and pleasant talk, so rare, orels alone
 That gaue to me the curteis gift, that erst had neuer none
 Be farre from me, alas and euery other thyng
 I might forbear with better wyll then this that dyd me bryng,
 With pleasant worde and chere, redresse of lingred pain
 And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to trayn
 Thus, am I forst to heare, and harken after newes
 My comfort scant my large desire in doubtfull trust renewes
 And yet with more delite to mone my wofull case
 I must complain those handes, those armes yat firmly do
 embrace
 Me from my self and rule the sterne of my poore lyfe.
 The swete disdaines, the pleasant wrathes, and eke ye louely
 strife
 That wonted well to tune in temper iust, and mete,

¹ Those² that³ For, there is nothing els, so toucheth me within

The rage that oft dyd make me erre, by furour vndiscrete
 All this is hydde me fro,¹ with sharp, and ragged hylles
 As others will, my long abode my depe dispaire fullfils
 And if my hope sometime ryfe vp, by some redresse
 It stumblleth straite, for feble faint my feare hath such excesse
 Such is the sort of hope the lesse for more desyre
 And yet I trust ere that I dye to see that I require
 The resting place of loue where vertue dwelles and growes
 There I desire, my wery life, somtime, may take repose
 My song thou shalt attain to finde that pleasant place [grace
 Where she doth lyue, by whom I liue may chance, to haue this
 When she hath red, and sene the grief, wherein I serue [serue
 Betwene her brestes she shall thee put there, shall she thee re-
 Then, tell her, that I cumme she shall me shortly see
 And if for waighte the body fayle, the soule shall to her flee

*The louer blameth his loue for renting
 of the letter he sent her*

Suffred not (madame) that you did teare,
 My wofull hart, but thus also to rent
 The weping paper that to you I sent
 Wherof eche letter was written with a teare
 Could not my present paines, alas suffice,
 Your greedy hart? and that my hart doth fele,
 Tormentes that prick more sharper then the stele,
 But new and new must to my lot arise
 Vse then my death So shal your cruelty
 Spite of your spite rid me from all my smart,
 And I no more such tormentes of the hart
 Fele as I do. This shalt thou² gain thereby

The louer curseth the tyme when he first fell in loue

When first mine eyes did view, and marke,
 Thy faire beawtie to beholde
 And when mine eares listned to hark *

¹ All this is hid fro me,

² This shall you

The pleafant woïdes, that thou me tolde
 I would as then, I had been free,
 From eares to heare, and eyes to fee.
 And when my lips gan firft to moue,
 Wherby my hart to thee was knowne
 And when my tong did talk of loue,
 To thee that haft true loue down throwne .
 I would, my lips, and tong alfo
 Had then bene dum, no deale to go
 And when my handes haue handled ought,
 That thee hath kept in memorie
 And when my fete haue gone, and fought
 To finde and geat thy¹ company
 I would, eche hand a foote had bene,
 And I eche foote a hand had fene
 And when in mynde I did confent
 To folow this my fanfies will
 And when my hart did firft relent,
 To taft fuch bayt, my life to fpyll
 I would, my hart had bene as thyne
 Orels thy hart had bene, as mine

The louer determineth to ferue faithfully

SYnce loue wyll nedes, that I fhall loue
 Of very force I muft agree
 And fince no chance may it remoue
 In welth and in aduerfite,
 I fhall alway my felf apply
 'I o ferue and fuffer patiently
 Though for good will I finde but hate
 And cruelty my life to waft
 And though that ftill a wretched ftate
 Should pine my dayes vnto the laft
 Yet I profefle it willingly
 To ferue, and fuffer patiently
 For fince my hart is bound to ferue :
 And I not ruler of mine owne .

What so befall, tyll that I serue
 By prooffe full well it shall be knowne .
 That I shall still my selfe apply
 To serue, and suffer patiently

Yea though my grief finde no redresse
 But still increase before mine eyes .
 Though my reward be cruelnesse,
 With all the harme, happe can deuise
 Yet I professe it willingly
 To serue, and suffer patiently

Yea though fortune her pleasant face
 Should shew, to set me vp a loft,
 And streight, my wealth for to deface,
 Should writhe away, as she doth oft
 Yet would I styll my self apply
 To serue, and suffer patiently

There is no grief, no smart, no wo
 That yet I fele, or after shall
 That from this mynde may make me go,
 And whatsoeuer me befall
 I do professe it willingly
 To serue and suffer patiently.

The lower suspected blameth yll tonges.

MYstrustfull mindes be moued
 To haue me in suspect.
 The troth it shalbe proued .
 Which time shall once detect.

Though falsshed go about
 Of crime me to accuse
 At length I do not doute,
 But truth shall me excuse

Such sawce, as they haue serued
 To me without defart
 Euen as they haue diserued .
 Therof god send them part.

The lower complaineth and his lady comforteth

- Louer.** **I**T burneth yet, alas, my hartes desire [hert?
Lady What is the thing, that hath inflamde thy
Lo A certain point, as feruent, as the fyre
- La.** The heate shall cease, if that thou wilt conuert
Lo I cannot stoppe the feruent raging yre
La. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?
Lo Heare my request, alas, with weping chere¹
La. With right good wyll, say on. lo, I thee here
Lo That thing would I, that maketh two content
La. Thou sekest, perchance, of me, that I may not
Lo Would god, thou wouldst, as thou maist, well assent
La. That I may not, thy grief is mine God wot.
Lo But I it fele, what so thy wordes haue ment
La. Suspect me not, my wordes be not forgot
Lo Then say, alas shall I haue help? or no
La. I see no time to answer, yea, but no
Lo Say ye, dere hert and stand no more in dout
La. I may not grant a thing, that is so dere
Lo Lo, with delayes thou drieues me still about.
La. Thou wouldest my death it plainly doth appere
Lo. First, may my hart his bloode, and life blede out
La. Then for my sake, alas, thy will forbere,
Lo From day to day, thus wastes my life away
La. Yet, for the best, suffer some small delay
Lo Now, good, say yea do once so good a dede
La. If I sayd yea what should therof ensue?
Lo. An hart in pain of succour so should spede,
 Twixt yea, and nay, my doubt shall styll renew
 My swete, say yea and do away this drede
La. Thou wilt nedes so: be it so. but then be trew.
Lo Nought would I els, nor other treasure none
 Thus, hartes be wonne, by loue, request and more

¹ Heare my request, and rew weeping chere

Why loue is blinde

OF purpose, loue chose first for to be blinde .
 For, he with sight of that, that I beholde,
 Vanquisht had been, against all godly kinde
 His bow your hand, and trusse should haue vnfolde,
 And he with me to serue had bene affinde
 But, for he blinde, and recklesse would him holde?
 And still, by chance, his dedly strokes bestowe
 With such, as see, I serue, and suffer wo

To his unkind loue

WHat rage is this? what furor? of what kinde?
 What power, what plage doth wery thus my
 Within my bones to rankle is affinde [minde
 What poyson pleasant swete?

Lo, see, myne eyes flow with continuall teares
 The body still away slepelesse it weares
 My foode nothing my fainting strength repayres,
 Nor doth my limmes sustaine

In depe wide wound, the dedly stroke doth turne
 To cureles skarre that neuer shall returne
 Go to triumph reioyce thy goodly turne
 Thy frend thou dost oppresse

Oppresse thou doest and hast of him no cure
 Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure
 Fierce Tigre, fell, hard rock without recure
 Cruell rebell to Loue,

Once may thou loue, neuer beloued again
 So loue thou styll, and not thy loue obtain:
 So wrathfull loue, with spites of iust disdain,
 May thret thy cruell hart

The louer blameth his instant desyre

DEsire (alas) my master, and my fo .
 So fore altdred thy self how mayst thou see?
 Sometime thou sekest, that drieues me to and fro

Sometime, thou leadst, that leadeth thee, and me
 What reason is to rule thy subiectes so?
 By forced law, and mutabilitie
 For where by thee I doutd to haue blame
 Euen now by hate again I dout the fame

The louer complayneth his estate

See that chance hath chossen me
 Thus secretely to lue in paine
 And to an other geuen the fee
 Of all my losse to haue the gayn
 By chance affinde thus do I serue
 And other haue, that I deserue
 Vnto my self sometime alone
 I do lament my wofull case
 But what auaieth me to mone?
 Since troth, and pitie hath no place
 In them to whom I sue and serue
 And other haue, that I deserue
 To feke by meane to change this minde.
 Alas, I proue, it will not be
 For in my hart I cannot finde
 Once to refrain, but still agree,
 As bounde by force, alway to serue
 And other haue, that I deserue
 Such is the fortune, that I haue
 To loue them most, that loue me lest
 And to my pain to feke, and craue
 The thing, that other haue possesse
 So thus in vain alway I serue.
 And other haue, that I deserue
 And till I may appease the heate
 If that my happe will happe so well
 To waile my wo my hart shall freate:
 Whose penif pain my tong can tell
 Yet thus vnhappy must I serue
 And other haue, that I deserue

[Here follow in the Second edition, the six additional Poems by Sir Thomas Wyatt, inserted, by way of postscript, at the end of the First impression, see pp 223-25, viz

*What word is that, that changeth not,
Venemous thornes that are so sharp and kene,
A Lady gaue me a gift she had not,
Speake thou and speede where will or power ought helpth
If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Lyke as the birde within the cage enclosed,]*

Against hourders of money

For shamefast harm of great, and hatefull nede :
In depe despayre, as did a wretch go,
With ready corde, out of his life to spede
His stumbling foote did finde an hoorde, lo,
Of golde, I say where he preparde this dede
And in eschange, he left the corde, tho
He, that had hidde the golde, and founde it not :
Of that, he founde, he shapte his neck a knot.

Discription of a gonne

Vlcane begat me Minerua me taught
Nature my mother Craft nourisht me yere by yere
Three bodyes are my foode my strength is in naught
Angre, wrath, wast, and noyce are my children dere
Gesse, frend, what I am and how I am wraught
Monster of sea, or of land, or of els where
Know me, and vse me and I may thee defend
And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end.

Wiat being in prison, to Brian

Syghes are my foode my drink are my teares
Clinkyng of fetters¹ would such Musick craue,
Stunk, and close ayer away my life it weares
Pore innocence is all the hope, I haue
Rayn, winde, or wether iudge I by mine eares
Malice assautes, that righteousnesse should haue
Sure am I, Brian, this wound shall heale again .
But yet alas, the skarre shall still remayn

¹ fetters

Of dissembling wordes

THrough out the world if it wer fought,
 Faire wordes ynough a man shall finde
 They be good chepe they cost right nought
 Their substance is but onley winde.
 But well to say and so to mene,
 That swete acord is seldom sene

Of the meane and sure estate

STond who so list vpon the slipper whele,
 Of hie astate and let me here reioyce,
 And vse my life in quietnesse eche dele,
 Vnknownen in court that hath the wanton toyes
 In hidden place my time shall slowly passe
 And when my yeres be past withouten noyce
 Let me dye olde after the common trace
 For gripes of death doth he to hardly passe
 That knownen is to all but to him selfe alas,
 He dyeth vnknownen, dased with dreadfull face

The courtiers life

IN court to serue decked with freshe aray,
 Of sugred meates felyng the swete repast
 The life in bankets, and fundry kindes of play,
 Amid the presse of lordly lokes to waste,
 Hath with it ioynde oft times such bitter taste
 That who so ioyes such kinde of life to holde,
 In prison ioyes fettred with cheines of gold

Of disapointed purpose by negligence

OF Carthage he that worthy warnour
 Could ouercome, but could not vse his chaunce
 And I likewise of all my long endeuour

The sharpe conquest though fortune did aduance,
 Ne could I vse The holde that is geuen ouer,
 I vnpossess, so hangeth in balance
 Of warre, my peace, rewarde of all my paine,
 At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spaine

Of his retorne from Spaine

TAgus farewell that westward with thy stremes
 Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried,
 For I with spurre and saile go seke the temmes,
 Gaineward the sunne that sheweth her welthy pride,
 And to the towne that Brutus sought by dreames,
 Like bended mone that leanes her lusty side
 My king, my countrey, I seke for whom I lue,
 O mighty Ioue the windes for this me geue

Of sodaine trustyng

DRiuen by desire I did this dede
 To danger my self without cause why.
 To trust thuntrue not like to spede,
 To speake and promise faithfully
 But now the proufe doth verifie,
 That who so trusteth ere he know
 Doth hurt him selfe and please his foe

*Of the mother that eat her childe
 at the siege of Ierusalem*

IN doubtfull breast whiles motherly pity
 With furious famine standeth at debate,
 The mother sayth . O childe unhappy
 Returne thy blood where thou hadst milk of late
 Yeld me those lymmes that I made vnto thee,
 And enter there where thou were generate.
 For of one body agaynst all nature,
 To an other must I make sepulture.

*Of the meane and fure estate
written to Iohn Poins*

MY mothers maides when they do fowe and spinne
 They sing a song made of the feldishe¹ moufe
 That forbicaufe her luelod was but thinne,
 Would nedes go fe her townish sisters houle,
 She thought, her felfe endured to greuous payne,
 The stormy blaſtes her caue ſo fore did ſowſe
 That when the furrowes ſwimmed with the rayne :
 She muſt lie colde, and wet in fory plight
 And worſe then that, bare meat there did remaine
 To comfort her, when ſhe her houle had dight
 Sometime a barley corne ſometime a beane
 For which ſhe laboured hard both day and night,
 In harueſt tyme, while ſhe might go and gleane
 And when her ſtore was ſtroyed with the flood
 Then weleaway for the vndone was cleane
 Then was ſhe faine to take in ſtede of fode,
 Slepe if ſhe might, her honger to begyle
 My ſiſter (quod ſhe) hath a luyng good
 And hence from me ſhe dwelleth not a myle.
 In colde and ſtorme, ſhe lieth warme and dry,
 In bed of downe the durt doth not deſile
 Her tender fote, ſhe labours not as I,
 Richely ſhe fedes, and at the richemans coſt -
 And for her meat ſhe nedes not craue nor cry
 By ſea, by land, of delicates the moſt
 Her cater ſekes, and ſpareth for no perill
 She fedes on boyle meat, bake meat, and on roſt .
 And hath, therefore no whit of charge nor trauell
 And when ſhe liſt the licour of the grape
 Doth glad her hart, till that her belly ſwell
 And at this iourney makes ſhe but a rape
 So forth ſhe goes, truſting of all this wealth,
 With her ſiſter her part ſo for to ſhape .
 That if ſhe might there kepe her ſelf in health .
 To liue a Lady while her life doth laſt

¹ feldiſhe

And to the dore now is she come by stealth
 And with her fote anone she scrapes full fast
 Thother for fear, durst not well scarce appere
 Of euery noyse so was the wretch agast
 At last, she asked softly who was there
 And in her language as well as she could,
 Pepe (quod the other) sifter I am here
 Peace (quod the townemoufe) why speakest thou foloude
 And by the hand she toke her fayre and well,
 Welcome (quod she) my sifter by the rode
 She feasted her that ioye it was to tell
 The fare they hadde, they drank the wine so clere
 And as to purpose now and then it fell
 She chered her, with how sifter what chere?
 Amid this ioye be fell a fory chance
 That (weleaway) the stranger bought full dere
 The fare she had For as she lookt a scance
 Vnder a stole she spied two stemyng eyes
 In a rounde head, with sharpe eares in Fraunce
 Was neuer moufe so ferde, for the vnwife
 Had not yfene such a beaft before
 Yet had nature taught her after her gise,
 To know her so and dread him euermore
 The townemoufe fled she knew whither to go.
 The other had no shift, but wonders fore
 Ferde of her life, at home she wist her tho
 And to the dore (alas) as she did skippe
 The heauen it would, lo and eke her chance was so
 At the threhold her fely fote did trippe
 And ere she might recouer it agayne
 The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe
 And made her there against hir will remayne
 That had forgot her power, surety and rest,
 For femyng welth, wherin she thought to raine
 Alas (my Poyns) how men do seke the best,
 And finde the worst, by errour as they stray,
 And no maruell, when fight is so opprest,
 And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
 Goeth guide and all in seking quiet life

O wretched mindes, there is no golde that may
 Graunt that you feke, no warie, no peace, no strife
 No, no, although thy head were hoopt with golde,
 Sergeant with mace, with hawbart, sword, nor knife,
 Can not repulse the care that folow should
 Ech kinde of life hath with him his diseafe
 Liue in delite,¹ euen as thy lust would
 And thou shalt finde, when lust doth most thee please
 It irketh straight, and by it selfe doth fade
 A small thing is it, that may thy minde appease
 None of you al there is, that is so madde,
 To feke for grapes on brambles, or on bryers:
 For none I trow that hath his witte so badde,
 To set his haye for conies ouer ruers
 Nor ye fet not a dragge net-for an hare
 And yet the thing, that most is your desire,
 You do misseke, with more trauell and care
 Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted
 With hope or dreade, and se thy will be bare
 From all affectes, whom vice hath euer spotted
 Thy selfe content with that is thee affinde
 And vse it well that is to thee allotted
 Then feke no more out of thy selfe to finde
 The thing that thou hast sought so long before
 For thou shalt feele it stuckyng in thy minde,
 Madde if ye list to continue your fore
 Let present passe, and gape on time to come
 And depe your² selfe in trauell more and more
 Henceforth (my Poins) this shalbe all and summe
 These wretched soles shall haue nought els of me
 But, to the great God and to his dome,
 None other paine pray I for them to be
 But when the rage doth leade them from the right
 That lokyng backward, Vertue they may se,
 Euen as she is, so goodly fayre and bright.
 And whilst they claspe their lustes in armes a crosse
 Graunt them good Lord, as thou maist of thy might,
 To freate inward, for losyng such a losse

¹ delits

Of the courtiers life written to Iohn Poins.

MYNE owne Iohn Poyns fins ye delite to know
 The causes why that homeward I me draw,
 And fle the prease of courtes, where so they go
 Rather then to liue thrall vnder the awe,
 Of lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke,
 To will and lust learning to set a law
 It is not, because¹ I scorne or mocke
 The power of them whom fortune here hath lent
 Charge ouer vs, of ryght to strike the stroke
 But true it is that I haue alwayes ment
 Lesse to esteeme them, then the common sort
 Of outward thinges that iudge in their entent,
 Without regard, what inward doth resort
 I graunt, sometime of glory that the fire
 Doth touch my hart Me list not to report
 Blame by honour, and honour to desire
 But how may I this honour now attaine?
 That can not dye the colour blacke a lyer
 My Poyns, I can not frame my tune to fayne
 To cloke the truth, for prayse without desert,
 Of them that list all nice² for to retaine
 I can not honour them, that set their part
 With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long
 Nor holde my peace of them, although I smart.
 I can not crouch nor knele to such a wrong
 To worship them like God on earth alone.
 That are as wolues these fely lambes among
 I can not with my wordes complaine and mone,
 And suffer nought nor smart without complaynt
 Nor turne the worde that from my mouth is gone.
 I can not speake and loke like as a faynt
 Vse wiles for wit, and make disceyt a pleasure
 Call craft counsaile, for lucre still to paint.
 I can not wrest the law to fill the coffer.
 With innocent bloud to fede my selfe fatte


¹ It is not that because² vice

And do most hurt where that most helpe I offer
 I am not he, that can alowe the state
 Of hye Ceasar, and damne Cato to dye
 That with his death did scape out of the gate,
 From Ceasars handes, if Luyue doth not lye
 And would not lue, where libertie was lost,
 So did his hart the common wealth apply
 I am not he, such eloquence to boist
 To make the crow in fyingng, as the swanne
 Nor call the lyon of coward beastes the most
 That can not take a moufe, as the cat can
 And he that dieth for honger of the golde,
 Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
 Passeth Appollo in musike manifold
 Praise fyr Topas for a noble tale,
 And scorne the story that the knight tolde
 Prayse him for counsell, that is dronke of ale
 Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the fway
 Frowne, when he frownes and grone when he is pale
 On others lust to hang both night and day
 None of these poyntes would euer frame in me
 My wit is nought, I can not learne the way
 And much the lesse of thinges that greater be,
 That asken helpe of colours to deuise
 To ioyne the meane with ech extremitie
 With nearest vertue ay to cloke the vice
 *And as to purpose likewise it shall fall
 To presse the vertue that it may not rise
 As dronkenesse good fellowship to call
 The frendly foe, with his faire double face,
 Say he is gentle and curties therewithall
 Affirme that fauell hath a goodly grace,
 In eloquence And cruelty to name
 Zeale of Iustice And change in time and place
 And he that suffreth offence withoutt blame
 Call him pitifull, and him true and plaine,

[* This and the next line are repeated by a misprint in the first edition, in which they occur first at the bottom of one leaf, then at the top of the next one.]

That rayleth rechleffe vnto ech mans shame.
 Say he is rude, that can not lye and fame
 The letcher a loue, and tyranny
 To be the right of a Prynces rayghne
 I can not, I no, no, it will not be
 This is the cause that I could neuer yet
 Hang on their sleues, that weygh (as thou mayst se)
 A chippe of chance more then a pounce of wit
 This maketh me at home to hunt and hauke
 And in fowle wether at my boke to fit
 In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalke
 No man doth marke where so I ride or go
 In lusty leas at libertie I walke
 And of these newes I fele nor weale nor wo
 Saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my heele
 No force for that, for it is ordered so
 That I may leape both hedge and dike full wele,
 I am not now in Fraunce, to rudge the wine
 With savry sauce those delicates to fele
 Nor yet in Spaine where one must him incline,
 Rather then to be, outwardly to feme
 I meddle not with wyttes that be so fine,
 Nor Flaunders chere lettes not my fyght to deme
 Of blacke and white, nor takes my wyttes away
 With beastlinesse such do those beastes esteeme
 Nor I am not, where truth is geuen in pray,
 For money, poyson, and treason of some
 A common practise, vsed nyght and day
 But I am here in kent and christendome
 Among the Muses, where I reade and ryme,
 Where if thou list myne owne Iohn Poyns to come
 Thou shalt be rudge, how I do spende my time

How to vse the court and him selfe therein,
written to syr Fraunces Bryan


 spending hand that alway powreth out,
 Had neede to haue a bringer in as fast
 And on the stone that flyll doth turne about,

There groweth no moffe These prouerbes yet do laft
 Reason hath fet them in fo fure a place
 That length of yeres their force can neuer wafte
 When I remember this, and eke the cafe,
 Wherin thou ftandft I thought forthwith to write
 (Brian) to thee? who knowes how great a grace
 In wrytyng is to counfaile man the right
 To thee therefore that trottes ftill vp and downe
 And neuer reftes, but runnyng day and night,
 From realme to realme, from citey ftrete, and towne
 Why doeft thou weare thy body to the bones?
 And mighteft at home flepe in thy bedde of downe
 And drinke good ale fo nopp^y for the nones
 Fede thy felfe fatte, and heape vp pounce by pounce
 Likeft thou not this? No Why? For fwine fo groines
 In ftye, and chaw dung moulded on the ground
 And druell on pearles with head ftyll in the manger,
 So of the harpe the affe doth heare the found
 So fackes of durt be filde The neate courtier
 So ferues for leffe, then do thefe fatted fwine
 Though I feme leane and drye, withouten moyfture
 Yet will I ferue my prince, my lord and thine
 And let them lue to fede the paunch that lyft ·
 So I may lue to fede both me and myne
 By God well faid But what and if thou wift
 How to bring in, as faft as thou doeft fpend.
 That would I learne And it fhall not be mift,
 To tell thee how Nowe harke what I intende
 Thou knoweft well firft, who fo can feke to pleafe,
 Shall purchafe friends where trouth, fhall but offend
 Flee therefore trouth, it is both welth and eafe
 For though that trouth of euery man hath prayfe
 Full neare that winde goeth trouth in great mifeafe
 Vfe vertue, as it goeth now a dayes
 In worde alone to make thy language fwete.
 And of the dede, yet do not as thou faies
 Els be thou fure thou fhalt be farre vnmete
 To get thy bread, ech thing is now fo skant
 Seke ftill thy profite vpon thy bare fete

Lende in no wife for feare that thou do want
 Vnlesse it be, as to a calfe a chese
 By which I returne be fure to winne a cant¹
 Of halfe at least. It is not good to leefe
 Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote,
 From vnder the stall, withouten landes or feeke,
 Hath lept into the shoppe who knowes by rote
 This rule that I haue told thee here before
 Sometime also riche age beginnes to dote,
 Se thou when there thy gaine may be the more
 Stay him by the arme, where so he walke or go
 Be nere alway, and if he coughe to fore
 What he hath spit treade out, and please him so
 A diligent knaue that pikes his masters purse,
 May please him so, that he withouten mo
 Executour is And what is he the wurs?
 But if so chance, thou get nought of the man
 The wydow may for all thy charge deburs.²
 A riuelde skinne, a stinkyng breath, what than?
 A tothelesse mouth shall do thy lippes no harme
 The golde is good, and though she curse or banne
 Yet where thee list, thou mayest lye good and warme
 Let the olde mule bite vpon the bridle
 Whilst there do lye a fweter in thine arme
 In this also se thou be not idle
 Thy nece, thy cosyn, thy syster, or thy daughter,
 If she bee faire · if handsome be her middle
 If thy better hath her loue befought her
 Auaunce his cause, and he shall helpe thy nede
 It is but loue, turne it to a laughter³
 But ware I say, so gold thee helpe and spede:
 That in this case thou be not so vnwise,
 As Pandar was in such a like dede
 For he the sole of conscience was so nice
 That he no gaine would haue for all his payne
 Be next thy selfe for frendshyp bears no price,
 Laughst thou at me, why? do I speake in vaine?
 No not at thee, but at thy thrifty lest.

¹ But if thou can be sure to winne a cant

² disburse

³ It is but loue, turne thou it to laughter

Wouldest thou, I should for any losse or gayne,
 Change that for golde, that I haue tane for best
 Next godly thinges to haue an honest name?
 Should I leaue that? then take me for a beast
 Nay then farewell, and if thou care for shame
 Content thee then with honest pouertie
 With free tong, what thee mislikes, to blame
 And for thy trouth sometime aduersitie
 And therewithall this thing I shall thee gue,
 In this world now litle prosperitie
 And coyne to kepe, as water in a sieue

The song of Iopas unfinished

When Dido feasted first the wanderyng Trojan Knight
 Whom Iunos wrath with stormes did force in Libyk
 sands to light
 That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lastyng long,
 With crisped lockes on golden harpe, Iopas sang in song
 That fame (quod he) that we the world do call and name
 Of heauen and earth with all contents, it is the very frame.
 Or thus, of heauenly powers by more power kept in one
 Repungnant kindes, in mids of whom the earth hath place
 alone
 Firme, round, of liuing thinges, the mother place and nurse
 Without the which in egal weight, this heuen doth hold his
 course
 And it is callde by name, the first and mouyng heauen,
 The firmament is placed next, conteynyng other feuen,
 Of heauenly powers that fame is planted full and thicke
 As shynyng lightes which we call stars, that therein cleue and
 sticke.
 With great swift sway, the first, and with his restlesse fours,
 Carrieth it self, and al those eyght, in euen continuall cours
 And of this world so round within that rollyng case,
 Two points there be that neuer moue but firmly kepe their
 place

The tone we see alway, the tother standes obiect
 Against the same, deuidyng iust the grounde by line direct
 Which by imaginacion, drawn from the one to thother
 Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other
 And these be calde the Poles, discryde by starres not bright
 Artike the one northward we see Antartike thother hyght
 The line, that we deuise from thone to thother so
 As axel is, vpon the which the heauens about do go
 Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fire haue kinde
 Therefore the substance of those same were harde for man to
 finde

But they bene vncorrupt, simple and pure vnmixt
 And so we say been all those staires, that in those same be
 fixt

And eke those erryng feuen, in circle as they stray
 So calld, because agaynst that first they haue repugnant way
 And smaller bywayes to, skant sensible to man
 To busy worke for my pore harpe let sing them he, that can
 The wydest saue the first, of all these mine aboute
 One hundred yere doth aske of space, for one degree to moue
 Of which degrees we make, in the first moouyng heauen,
 Three hundred and thre score in partes iustly deuided euen.
 And yet there is another betwene those heauens two
 Whose mouyng is so fly so slack I name it not for now
 The seuenth heauen or the shell, next to the starry sky,
 All those degrees that gathereth¹ vp, with aged pafe so fly
 And doth performe the same, as elders count hath bene,
 In nine and twenty yeres complete, and daies almost fixtene
 Doth cary in his bowt the starre of Saturne old
 A threatner of all liuyng things, with drought and with his cold
 The sixt whom this conteyns, doth stalke with yoonger pafe
 And in twelue yere doth somewhat more then thothers viagewas
 And this in it doth bear the starre of Ioue benigne,
 Twene Saturns malice and vs men, frendly defendyng signe
 The fift bears bloudy Mars, that in three hundred daies,
 And twise eleuen with one full yere, hath finisht all those
 wayes

A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers therto fixe,
 And in the same the dayes eie the sunne, therin her styckes.

¹ gatherth

The third, that gouernd is by that, that gouerns mee
And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes as oft we see
In like space doth performe that couise, that did the tother
So dothe the next vnto the same, that second is in order
But it doth bear the starre, that calld is Mercury
That many a crafty seciete steppe doth treade, as Calcars try
That sky is last, and fixt next vs, those wayes hath gone,
In feuen and twenty common dayes, and eke the third of one
And beareth with his sway, the diuers Moone about
Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now her
light is out

Thus haue they of their owne two mouynges al these feuen
One, wherin they be caried still, ech in his feueral heuen
An other of them selues, where their bodyes be layed
In bywayes, and in lesser rowndes, as I afoie haue sayd
Saue of them all the sunne doth stray left from the streight,
The starry sky hath but one cours, that we haue calde the eight.
And all these moouynges eight are ment from west to the east
Although they seme to clime aloft, I say from east to west
But that is but by force of the first mouyng sky
In twise twelue houres from east to west yat carieth them by
and by

But marke we well also, these mouinges of these feuen,
Be not about the axell tree of the first mouyng heuen
For they haue their two poles directly tone to the tother &c.

T WYATE the elder.

SONGES WRITTEN BY NICOLAS GRIMALD.

[Of the forty poems by this Author, only ten were included in the Second and subsequent Editions wherein their place was supplied by the thirty nine fresh poems by *Uncertain Authors*, see pp 227 271]

[The five following poems only occur in the first edition]

A true loue

Hat sweet releef the showers to thirftie plants
we see [loue is to mee
What dere delite, the blooms to beez my true
As fresh, and lusty vere foule winter doth
exceed [the euenings weed.
As morning bright, with scarlet sky, doth passe
As melow peares aboute the crabs esteemed be
So doth my loue surmount them all, whom yet
I hap to se

The oke shall olives bear the lamb, the lion fray
The owle shall match the nightingale, in tuning of her lay :
Or I my loue let slip out of mine entiere hert
So deep reposed in my brest is she, for her desert
For many blessed giftes, O happy, happy land [stand
Where Mars, and Pallas strue to make their glory most to
Yet, land, more is thy blisse that, in this cruell age,
A Venus ymp, thou hast brought forth, so stedfast, and so sage
Among the Muses nyne, a tenth yf loue would make
And to the Graces three, a fourth her would Apollo take.
Let some for honour hoont, and hound the massy golde
With her so I may liue, and dye, my weal cannot be tolde

The louer to his dear, of his exceeding loue

PHebe twise took her horns, twise layd them by,
Yet I, all the while, on thee could set no yie
Yet doo I lue if life you may it call,
Which onely holds my heauy hert, as thrall.
Certesse for death doo I ful often pray,
To rid my wo, and pull these pangs away
So plaines Prometh, his womb no time to faile

And, ayelife left, had leefer, he might quaile
 I erre, orels who this deuise first found,
 By that gripes name he cleped loue vnfound
 In all the town, what freat haue I not seen?
 In all the town, yet hath not Carie been
 Eyther thy fier reftreines thy free outgate,
 O woman, worthy of farre better ftate
 Or peeplepefterd London lykes thee nought,
 But pleafant ayr, in quiet countrie fought
 Perchaunce, in olds our loue thou doeft repeat,
 And in fure place woldft euey thing retreat.
 Forth fhall I go, ne will I ftay for none,
 Vntyll I may fomwhere finde thee alone
 Therwhile, keep you of hands, and neck the heew
 Let not your cheeks becoom or black, or bleew.
 Go with welcouerd hed, for you incase
 Apollo fpied, burn wold he on your face
 Daphne, in groue, clad with bark of baytree
 Ay mee, if fuch a tale fhould ryfe of thee
 Calisto found, in woods, Ioues force to fell
 I pray you, let him not like you fo well
 Eigh, how much dreed Here lurks of theeus a haunt
 Whofo thou beeft, preyfeeker prowde, auant,
 Acteon may teach thee Dictynnaes ire
 Of trouth, this goddeffe hath as fiers a fire
 What doo I fpeak? O chief part of my minde,
 Vnto your eares thefe woords no way doo finde
 Wold god, when you read this, obferue I might
 Your voyce, and of your countinaunce haue fight,
 Then, for our loue, good hope were not to feek
 I mought fay with myfelf, ſhe will be meek.
 Doutleffe I coom, what euer town you keep,
 Or where you woon, in woods, or mountanes ſleep.
 I coom, and if all pear not in my face,
 Myfelf will meffenger be of my cafe
 If to my prayer all deaf, you dare ſaye, no:
 Streight of my death agilted fhall you go
 Yet in mid death, this fame fhall eate my hart.
 That Carie, thou wert caufe of all the ſmart

*The louer asketh pardon of his dere,
for fleeyng from her*

LOuers men warn the corps beloued to flee,
From the blinde fire in case they would liue free
Ay mee, how oft haue I fled thee, my Day?
I flee, but loue bides in my brest alway
Lo yet agayn, I graunt, I gan remoue
But both I could, and can say still, I loue
If woods I seek, cooms to my thought Adone
And well the woods do know my heauy mone
In gardens if I walk Narcissus there
I spy, and Hyacints with weepyng chere:
If meads I tred, O what a fyre I feel?
In flames of loue I burn from hed to heel.
Here I behold dame Ceres ymp in flight.
Here bee, methynk, black Plutoes steeds in fight
Stronds if I look vpon, the Nymphs I mynde
And, in mid sea, oft feruent powrs I fynde
The hyer that I clyme, in mountanes wylde,
The nearer mee approacheth Venus chylde
Townes yf I haunt in shourt, shall I all fay?
There soondry fourms I view, none to my pay
Her fauour now I note, and now her yies
Her hed, amisse her foot, her cheeks, her guyfe
In fyne, where mater wants, defautes I fayn.
Whom other, fayr I deem, she hath toom stayn.
What boots it then to flee, fythe in nightyde,
And daytyme to, my Day is at my side?
A shade therfore mayst thou be calld, by ryght
But shadowes, derk, thou, Day, art euer bright
Nay rather, worldly name is not for thee
Sithe thou at once canst in twoo places bee,
Forgiue me, goddesse, and becoom my sheeld:
Euen Venus to Anchise herself dyd yeeld
Lo, I confesse my flight bee good therfore.

Ioue, oftentimes, hath pardond mee for more
 Next day, my Day, to you I coom my way.
 And, yf you suffer mee, due payns wyll pay.

N Vincent to G Blackwood,
agaynst wedding

IYthe, Blackwood, you haue mynde to wed a wife
 I pray you, tell, wherefore you like that life.
 What? that henceforth you may liue more in blisse?
 I am beguylde, but you take mark amisse
 Either your fere shall be defourmd (and can
 You blifful be, with flower of frying pan?)
 Orels, of face indifferent (they say,
 Face but indifferent will soon decay)
 Or faire who, then, for many men femes fine
 Ne can you say, she is all holly mine
 And be she chaste (if noman chaunce to few)
 A sort of brats she bringes, and troubles new.
 Or frutelesse will so passe long yeres with thee,
 That scant one day shall voyd of brawlyng bee.
 Hereto heap vp vndaunted hed, stuf hart,
 And all the rest eche spouse can tell a part.
 Leaueth then, this way to hope for happy life.
 Rather be your bed sole, and free from strife
 Of blessed state if any path be here
 It lurketh not, where women wonne so nere

G Blackwood to N Vincent,
with weddyng

IYthe, Vincent, I haue munde to wed a wife:
 You bid me tell, wherefore I like that life
 Foule will I not, faire I desire content,
 If faire me fayle, with one indifferent
 Fair, you alledge, a thousand will applie:

But, nere so oft requirde, she will denie
 Meane beautie doth soone fade therof playn hee,
 Who nothing loues in woman, but her blee.
 Frute if she bring, of frute is ioyfull sight
 If none, what then? our burden is but light
 The rest, you ming, certesse, we graunt, be great,
 Stif hert, vndaunted hed cause foome to freat
 But, in all thinges, inborne displeasures be :
 Yea pleasure we, full of displeasure, se
 And maruail you, I looke for good estate,
 Hereafter if a woman be my mate?
 Oh straight is vertues path, if sooth men say
 And likewise, that I seek, straight is the way

[The next two poems occur in the Second and subsequent editions.]

*The Muses*¹

IMps of King Ioue, and quene Remembrance lo,
 The sisters nyne, the poets pleasant feres.
 Calliope doth stately stile bestow,
 And worthy prayles payntes of princely peres
 Clio in solem songes, reneweth old² day,
 With present yeres conioynyng age bypast
 Delhtefull talke loues Comical Thaley
 In fresh green youth, who doth like laurell last
 With voyces Tragicall fowndes Melpomen,
 And, as with cheyns, thallured earr shee bindes
 Her stringes when Terpsichor dothe touche, euen then
 Shee toucheth hartes, and raigneth in mens mindes
 Fine Erato, whose look a luely chere
 Presents, in dauncyng keeps a comely grace
 With semely gesture doth Polymnie stere
 Whose wordes holle routes of renkes³ doo rule in place,
 Vranie, her globes to view all bent,
 The ninefolde heauen obserues with fixed face
 The blastes Euterpe tunes of instrument,
 With solace sweet hence heaue dumps to chafe

¹ *Of the ix Muses*

² all

³ ranks

Lord Phebus in the mids (whose heauenly sprnte
 These ladies doth enspire) embraceth all.
 The graces in the Muses weed, delite
 To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall

Mufonius *the Philosophers sayng*

IN workyng well, if trauell you sustaine ·
 Into the winde shall lightly passe the payne
 But of the deed the glory shall remaine,
 And cause your name with worthy wightes to raigne.
 In workyng wrong, if pleasure you attaine
 The pleasure soon shall vade, and uoide, as vaine
 But of the deed, throughout the life, the shame
 Endures, defacyng you with fowl defame
 And ful torments the minde, bothe night and daye
 Scant length of time the spot can wash awaye
 Flee then ylfwading pleasures baits vntreew
 And noble vertues fayr renown purseew

[The following fourteen poems only occur in the First edition]

Marcus Catoes *comparison of mans
 life with yron*

WHo wold beleue mans life like yron to bee,
 But proof had been, great Cato, made by thee?
 For if, long time, one put this yron in vre,
 Folowing ech day his woork, with byfye cure
 With dayly vse, hee may the metall wear,
 And bothe the strength, and hardnesse eke impaire.
 Again, in case his yron hee cast aside,
 And carelesse long let it vntoucht abide
 Sythe, cankered rust inuades the mettall fore,
 And her fowl teeth there fastneth more and more
 So man, in case his corps hee tyre, and faint
 With labor long his strength it shall attaint
 But if in sluggard slothe the same doth lye

That manly might will fall away, and dye ·
 That bodies strength, that force of wit remooue :
 Hee shall, for man, a weaklyng woman prooue
 Wherefore, my childe, holdetwene these twaine the waye
 Nother with to much toyl thy lyms decaye,
 In idle ease nor giue to vices place
 In bothe who measure keeps, hee hath good grace

Cleobulus the Lydians riddle

None is my fire my foons, twise fix they bee:
 Of daughters ech of them begets, you see,
 Thrise ten wherof one fort be fayr of face,
 The oother doth vnseemly black disgrace
 Nor this holl rout is thrall vnto deathdaye,
 Nor worn with wastful time, but liue alwaye ·
 And yet the same alwaies (straunge case) do dye.
 The fire, the daughters, and the foons distry.
 In case you can so hard a knot vnknit
 You shall I count an Edipus in wit.

Concerning Virgils Eneids.

By heauens hye gift, in case reuued were
 Lyſip, Apelles, and Homer the great
 The most renowmd, and ech of them ſince pere,
 In grauyng, paintyng, and the Poets feat
 Yet could they not, for all their vein diuine,
 In marble, table, paper more, or leſſe,
 With cheezil, pencil, or with poyntel ſyne,
 So graue, ſo paynt, or ſo by ſtyle expreſſe
 (Though they beheld of euery age, and land
 The fayreſt books, in euery tounge continued,
 To frame a fourm, and to direct their hand)
 Of noble prince the liuely ſhape deſcrued
 As, in the famous woork, that Eneids hight,
 The naamkouth Virgil hath ſet forth in fight.

Of mirth.

A Heauy hart, with wo encreaseth euery finait
 A mirthfull minde in time of need, defendeth sorowes dart.
 The sprite of quicnesse seems, by drery sadnesse slayn
 By mirth, a man to liuely plight, reuiued is agayn
 Dolour dryeth vp the bones the sad shall sone be sick
 Mirth can preſerue the kyndly helth, mirth makes the body quick.
 Depe dumps do nought, but dull, not meet for man but beaſt.
 A meiy hert ſage Solomon countes his continuall feaſt.
 Sad ſoll, before thy time, brings thee vnto deaths dore
 That fond condicions haue bereſt, late daye can not reſtore
 As, when the couered heauen, ſhowes forth a lowryng face,
 Fayr Titan, with his leam of light, returns a goodly grace
 So, when our burdened breſt is whelmd with clowdy thought,
 A pleaſant calm throughout the corps, by cheireful hart is
 Enioye we then our ioyes, and in the lorde reioyce [brought
 Faith makynge faſt eternallioye, of ioyes while wee haue choyce.

To L I S

Hans the fourth, Pieris the tenth, the ſecond Cypnis, Iane,
 One to aſſemblies thre adioynd whom Phebus fere, Diane,
 Among the Nymphs Oreades, might wel vouchſafe to place
 But you as great a goddeſſe ſerue, the quenes moſt noble grace:
 All hayle, and while, like Terpfichor, much melody you make
 Which if the field, as doth the court, enioyd, the trees wold ſhake
 While latine you, and french frequent while Engliſh tales you tel
 Italian whiles, and Spaniſh you do hear, and know full well
 Amid ſuch peares, and ſolemne ſightes, in caſe conuenient tyme
 You can (good Lady) ſpare, to read a rurall poets ryme
 Take here his ſimple ſawes, in brieſe wherein no need to moue
 Your Ladishyp, but thus lo ſpeakes thabundance of his loue
 The worthy feates that now ſo much ſet forth your noble name,
 So haue in vre, they ſill encreaſt may more increaſe your ſame
 For though diuine your doings be, yet thews with yeres may
 And if you ſtay, ſtreight nowadayes freſh wits will ouergo. [grow:

Wherefore the glory got maintayne, maintayne the honour great.
 So shal the world my doom approue, and fet you in that feat,
 Where Graces, Muses, and Ioues ymp, the ioyful Venus, raigne
 So shall the bacheler blessed bee, can such a Nymph obtaine

To maistres D A

WHat cause, what reason moueth me what fanfy fills my
 brains [tains
 That you I minde of virgins al, whom Britain soile sus-
 Both when to lady Mnemosynes dere daughters I resort,
 And eke when I ye season flow deceaue, with glad disport?
 What force, what power haue you so great, what charms haue
 you late found,
 To pluck, to draw, to rauish hartes, and stirre out of ther stownd?
 To you, I trow, Ioues daughter hath the louely gyrdle lent,
 That Cestos hight wherein there bee all maner graces blent,
 Allurementes of conceits, of wordes the pleasurable taste
 That same, I gesse, hath she giuen you, and girt about your waste
 Befet with fute of precious peail, as bright as sunny day
 But what? I am begulde, and gone (I wene) out of the way.
 These causes lo do not so much present your image preft,
 That will I, will I, night and day, you lodge within this brest.
 Those gifts of your right worthy minde, those golden gifts of mind
 Of my fast fixed fanfie fourm first moouing cause I finde
 Loue of the one, and threefold powr faith sacred, found, sincere
 A modest maydens mood an hert, from clowd of enuy clere.
 Wit, fed with Pallas food diuine will, led with louely lore
 Memorie, containing lessons great of ladies fwe, and fowr
 Woords, sweeter, than the sugar sweet, with heauenly nectar drest
 Nothing but coomly can they carp, and wond'ers well exprest.
 Such damsels did the auncient world, for Poets penns, suffise
 Which, now a dayes, welnye as rare, as Poets syne, aryse
 Wherefore, by gracious gifts of god, you more than thrise yblest,
 And I welblest myself suppose whom chaste full loue imprest,
 In friendshipslace, with such a lasse, doth knit, and fast combine.
 Which lace no threatning fortune shall, no length of time vntwine:

And I that daye, with gem snowwhite, will marke, and eke
 depaynt,
 With pricely pen which, Awdley, first gan mee with you acquaint.

Of m D A.

DEserts of Nymphs, that auncient Poets shoue,
 A r not so kouth, as hers whose present face,
 M ore, than my Muse, may cause the world to knowe
 A nature nobly giuen of woorthy race.
 S o trayned vp, as honour did bestowe
 C yllene, in fugeid speech, gaue her a grace
 E xcell in song Apollo made his dere,
 N o fingerfeat Minerue hid from her sight
 E xprest in look, she hath so foueraim chere,
 A s Cyprian once breathed on the Spartan bright
 W it, wisdom, will, woord, woork and all, I ween,
 D are nomans pen presume to paint outright
 L o luyster and light which if old time had seen,
 E ntroned, shyne she should, with goddesse Fame
 Y eeld, Enuie, these due prayes to this dame

A neww yeres gift, to the l M S

Now flaming Phebus, passing through his heavenly
 region hye,
 The vttest Ethiopian folk with feruent beams doth frye
 And with the soon, the yere also his secret race doth roon
 And Ianus, with his double face, hath it again begoon
 O thou, that art the hed of all, whom mooneths, and yeres obey
 At whose commaund bee both the sterres, and farges of the sea
 By powr diuine, now prosper vs this yere with good successe:
 This well to lead, and many mo, vs with thy fauour blesse
 Graunt, with found soll in body found that here we dayly go:
 And, after, in that countrey lyue, whence bannisht is all wo
 Wherehoonger, thirst, and foryage, and sicknesse may not mell.
 No sense perceus, no hert bethinks the ioyes, that there do dwel.

An other to I M S.

SO happy bee the course of your long life
 So roon the yere intoo his circle ryte
 That nothyng hynder your welmeanyng minde
 Sharp wit may you, remembrans redy fynde,
 Perfect intelligence, all help at hand
 Styll stayd your thought in frutefull studies stand
 Hed framed thus may thother parts well frame,
 Diuine demeanour wyn a noble name
 By payzed doom with leafure, and good heed
 By vpright dole, and much auayling deed
 By hert vnthirld, by vndiscomfite chere,
 And brest discharged quite of coward fere
 By sobermood, and orders coomly rate
 In weal, and wo, by holdyng one estate
 And to that beauties grace, kynde hath you lent,
 Of bodies helth a perfite plight bee blent
 Dame fortunes gifts may so stand you in sted,
 That well, and wealfully your lyfe be led
 And hee, who gues these graces not in vayn,
 Direct your deeds, his honour to maintaim.

To I K S.

TO you, madame, I wish, bothe nowe, and eke from yere to
 yere [Anns chere
 Strength with Debore, with Iudith faith, with Maudlen zeal,
 With blessed Mary modest moode like Sibill, life full long
 A mynde with sacred sprite enspired, with fresh, and body strong
 And, when of your forepointed fate you haue outroon the race.
 Emong all these, in Ioues hye raygn of blisses full, a place

To I E S

AS this first daye of Ianus youthe restores vnto the yere.
 So bee your minde in coorage good reuued, and herty
 chere

And as dame Tellus labreth now her frutes conceued to breed
 Right so of your most forward wit may great auail proceed
 So lucky bee the yere, the mooneths, the weeks, ye dayes, ye
 howrs,
 That them, with long recours, you may enioy in bliffull bowrs

To m D A

Gorgeous attire, by art made trym, and clene,
 Cheyn, bracelet, perl, or gem of Indian ruer,
 To you I nil, ne can (good Damascene)
 This time of Ianus Calends, here deliuer
 But, what? My hert which, though long fins certain
 Your own it was, aye present at your hest
 Yet here itself doth it resigne agayn,
 Within these noombers closde Where, think you best
 This to repose? There, I suppose, where free
 Minerue you place For it hath you embraste,
 As thHeliconian Nymphs with whom, euen hee,
 That burn for soom, Apollo lueth chaste
 Presents in case by raarnesse you esteem
 O Lord, how great a gift shall this then seem?

To m S H

TO you this present yere full fayre, and fortunate fall,
 Returning now to his prime part and, good luck therewithall,

May it proceed and end, and oft return, to glad your hert
 O Susan, whom among my frendes I count, by your desert.
 Ioy may your heauenly spite endure fresh wit, in ye fyne brayn
 Your knowledge of good things encreas your body, safer remain
 A body, of such shape, as showeth a worthy wight by kynde
 A closet, fit for to contem the vertues of that minde
 What shall I yet moreouer add? God graunt, with pleasaunt mate
 A pleasaunt life you lead Well may that man ioyse his fate

To his familiar friend

NO image carued with coonnyng hand, no cloth of purple dye,
 No precious weight of metall bright, no siluer plate gyue I.
 Such gear allures not heuenly herts such gifts no grace
 they bring [nothing]
 I lo, yat know your munde, will fend none such, what then?

[The next four poems occur in the Second and following editions]

Description of Vertue

WHat one art thou, thus in torn weed yclad?
 Vertue, in price whom auncient fages had
 Why, poorely rayd? For fadyng goodes past care
 Why doublefaced? I marke eche fortunes fare
 This bridle, what? Mindes rages to restrain
 Tooles why beare you I loue to take great pain
 Why, winges? I teach aboue the starres to flye
 Why tread you death? I onely cannot dye

Prayse of measurekepyng

THe auncient time commended, not for nought,
 The mean what better thing can ther be fought?
 In mean, is vertue placed on either side,
 Bothe right, and left, amisse a man shall slide.
 Icar, with fire hadst thou the mid way flown,
 Icarian beck by name had no man known
 If middle path kept had proud Phaeton,
 No burning brand this erth had falln vpon
 Ne cruell powr, ne none to soft can raig
 That keeps a mean, the same shall styll remain
 Thee, Iulie, once did toomuch mercy spill
 Thee, Nero stern, rigor extreem did kill
 How could August so many yeres well passe?
 Nor ouermeeke, nor ouerferse he was
 Worshipp not Ioue with curious fanfies vain,
 Nor him despise. hold right atween these twayn.

No wastefull wight, no greedy goom is prayzed.
 Stands largeffe iust, in egall balance payzd
 So Catoes meal furmountes Antonius chere
 And better fame his sober fare hath here,
 To slender buildyng, bad as bad, to grosse .
 One, an eyefore, the tother falls to losse
 As medicines help, in measure so (God wot)
 By ouermuch, the sick their bane haue got.
 Vnmeet mee seems to vtter this, mo wayes :
 Measure forbids vnmeasurable prayse.

Mans life after Possidonius or Crates

WHat path list you to tred? what trade will you assaye?
 The courts of plea, by braul, and bate, drue gentle
 peace away

In house, for wife, and childe, there is but cark, and care .
 With trauail, and with toyl ynough, in feelds wee vse to fare
 Vpon the seas lieth dreed the riche, in foraine land,
 Doo fearthe losse and there, the poore, like misers poorly stand.
 Strife, with a wife, without, your thrift full hard to see
 Yong brats, a trouble none at all, a maym it seems to bee .
 Youth, fond age hath no hert, and pincheth all to nye
 Choosse then the leeper of these twoo, no life, or soon to dye.

Metrodorus minde to the contrarie.

WHat race of life ronne you? what trade will you assaye?
 In courts, is glory gott, and witt encreased daye by daye
 At home, we take our ease, and beak our selues in rest
 The feelds our nature doo refresh with pleasures of the best.
 On seas, is gayn to gett the straunger, hee shall bee
 Esteemed, hauing much if not, none knoweth his lack, buthee
 A wife will trym thy house no wife? then art thou free
 Brood is a louely thing without, thy life is loose to thee.
 Yong bloods be strong old fires in double honour dwell
 Doo waye that choys, no life, or soon to dye, for all is well.

[This poem only occurs in the First edition.]

Of lawes

When princes lawes, with reuerend right, do keep ye
 cominons vnder [asunder]
 As meek as babes, thei do their charge, and scatter not
 But if they raise their heades aloft, and lawe her brydle flake
 Then, like a tyger fell, they fare, and lust for law they take
 Where water dothe preuail, and fire, no mercy they expresse
 But yet the rage of that rude rout is much more mercilesse

[This poem occurs also in the Second and subsequent editions]

Of frendship

OF all the heauenly gifts, that mortall men commend,
 What trusty treasure in the world can counteruail a frend?
 Our helth is soon decayd goodes, casuall, light, and vain
 Broke haue we seen the force of powr, and honour suffer stain.
 In bodies lust, man doth resemble but base brute
 True vertue gets, and keeps a frend, good guide of our pursute
 Whose harty zeal with ours accords, in euery case
 No terme of time, no space of place, so storme can it deface
 When fickle fortune sayls, this knot endureth still [good wil
 Thy kin out of their kinde may swarue, when frends owe thee
 What sweeter solace shall befall, than one to finde,
 Vpon whose brest thou mayst repose the secrets of thy minde?
 Hee wayleth at thy wo, his tears with thine be shed
 With thee doth hee all ioyes emoye so leef a life is led
 Behold thy frend, and of thy self the pattern see
 One soull, a wonder shall it seem, in bodies twain to bee.
 In absence, present, riche in want, in sicknesse fownd,
 Yea, after death aloue, mayst thou by thy sure frend be found
 Ech house, ech towne, ech realm by stedfast loue dothe stand;
 Where fowle debate breeds bitter bale, in eche diuided land
 O frendship, flowr of flowrs O luely sprite of life,
 O sacred bond of blissfull peace, the stalworth staunch of strife.
 Scipio with Lelius didst thou conioyn in care,
 At home, in warrs, for weal and wo, with egall faith to fare.
 Gesippus eke with Tite, Damon with Pythias,

And with Menclus¹ sonne Achill, by thee combined was
 Euryalus, and Nifus gaue Virgil cause to sing:
 Of Pylades doo many rymes, and of Orestes ring
 Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith, his frend to finde.
 O yat the wiues, in these our dayes, were to their mates ~~so~~ kinde.
 Cicero, the frendly man, to Atticus, his frend,
 Offrendship wrote such couples lo dothelott but seeldom lend
 Recount thy race, now ronne how few shalt thou there see,
 Of whome to faye This same is hee, that neuer fayled mee.
 So rare a iewel then must nedes be holden dere
 And as thou wilt esteem thyself, so take thy chosen fere.
 The tyrant, in dispayre, no lack of gold bewayls
 But, Out I am vndoon (sayth hee) for all my frendship sayls.
 Wherefore sins nothing is more kindly for our kinde
 Next wisdome, thus that teacheth vs, loue we the frendful minde

[The ten following poems only occur in the First edition]

The Garden.

THe issue of great Ioue, draw nere you, Muses nine
 Help vs to praise the bliffull plott of garden ground so fine.
 The garden giues good food, and ayd for leaches cure.
 The garden, full of great delite, his master dothe allure
 Sweet sallet herbs bee here, and herbs of euery kinde
 The ruddy grapes, the seemly frutes bee here at hand to finde.
 Here pleasants wanteth not, to make a man full [? full] fayn.
 Here marueilous the mixture is of solace, and of gain
 To water sondry seeds, the sorow by the waye
 A ronning ruer, trilling downe with liquor, can conuay
 Beholde, with liuely heew, fayr flowrs that shyne so bright
 With riches, like the orient gems, they paynt the molde in sight.
 Beez, humming with soft sound, (their murmur is so small)
 Of blooms and blossoms suck the topps, on dewed leaues they fall
 The creping vine holds down her own bewedded elms
 And, wandering out with branches thick, reeds folded ouer-
 whelms
 Trees spred their couerts wyde, with shadows fresh and gaye.
 Full well their branched bowz defend the feruent sonne awaye.
 Birds chatter, and some chirp, and some sweet tunes doo yeeld

¹ Menectus

All mirthfull, with their songs so blithe, they make both ayre, and
 The garden, it allures, it feeds, it glads the sprite [feeld.
 From heauyhartes all doolfull dumps the garden chafeth quite.
 Strength it restores to lims, draws, and fulfils the fight
 With chere reuues the senses all, and maketh labour light
 O, what delites to vs the garden ground dothe bring? [sing
 Seed, leaf, flowr, frute, herb, bee, and tree, and more, then I may

An epitaph of Sir Iames Wilford knight

THe worthy Wilfords body, which alyue,
 Made both the Scot, and Frenchman fore adrad.
 A body, shapte of stomake stout to strue
 With forein foes a corps, that coourage had
 So full of force, the like nowhere was ryfe
 With hert, as free, as ere had gentle knight
 Now here in graue (thus chaungeth ay, this lyfe)
 Rests, with vnrest to many a wofull wight
 Of largesse great, of manhod, of forecast
 Can ech good English fouldiour bear record
 Speak Laundersey, tell Muttrel maruails past
 Crye Muffelborough prayse Haddington thy lord,
 From thee that held both Scots, and frekes of Fraunce
 Farewel, may England say, hard is my chaunce

An other, of the same knightes death

FOr Wilford wept first men, then ayr also,
 For Wilford felt the wayters wayfull wo.
 The men so wept that bookes, abroad which bee,
 Of moornyng meeters full a man may see.
 So wayld the ayr that, clowds confumde, remaynd
 No dropes, but drouth the parched erth sustaynd.
 So greeted floods that, where ther rode before
 A ship, a car may go safe on the shore
 Left were nomo, but heauen, and erth, to make,
 Throughout the world, this greef his rigor take.
 But fins the heauen this Wilfords gosse dothe keep,
 And earth, his corps saye mee, why shold they weep?

An Epitaph of the ladye Margaret Lee

1555.

MAn, by a woman lern, this life what we may call
 Blod, frendship, beauty, youth, attire, welth, worship,
 helth and al

Take not for thine not yet thy self as thine beknow
 For hauing theſe, with full great prayſe, this lady did but ſhow
 Her ſelf vnto the world and in prime yerſes (bee ware)
 Sleeps doolfull ſiſter, who is wont for no reſpect to ſpare,
 Alas, withdreew her hence or rather ſoſtly led
 For with good will I dare well ſaye, her waye to him ſhee ſped
 Who claymed, that he bought and took that erſt hee gaue
 More meet than any worldly wight, ſuch heauenly gemſto haue
 Now wold ſhee not return, in earth a queen to dwell
 As ſhee hathe doon to you, good frend, bid lady Lee, fare well

Vpon the tomb of A W

MYrrour of matrones, flowr of ſpouſlike loue,
 Of fayr blood frutefull norſſe, poor peoples ſtay,
 Neybours delite, true hert to him aboue,
 In yeelding worlds encreas took her decaye
 Who printed liues yet in our hertes alway
 Whoſe cloſet of good thews, layd here a ſpace,
 Shall ſhortly with the ſoall in heauen haue place

Vpon the deceas of W Ch

NOW, blythe Thaley, thy feaſtfull layes lay by.
 And to reſound theſe doolfull tunes apply
 Cauſe of great greef the tyrant death imports.
 Whoſe vgſoom idoll to my brayns reſorts.
 A gracefull ymp, a flowr of youth, away
 Hath ſhe bereft (alas) before his daye
 Chambers, this lyfe to leaue, and thy dear mates,

So soon doo thee constrain enuyous fates?
Oh, with that wit, those maners, that good heart,
Woorthy to lyue olde Nestors yeres thou wert
You wanted outward yes and yet aryght
In stories, Poets, oratours had fight
Whatso you herd, by luely voyce, exprest,
Was soon repofde within that mindefull brest.
To mee more pleafant Plautus neuer was,
Than those conceits, that from your mouth did paffe
Our studiemates great hope did hold alway,
You wold be our schooles ornament, one day
Your parents then, that thus haue you forgone,
Your brethren eke must make theyr heauy mone
You louyng feres cannot theyr teares restrayn
But I, before them all, haue cause to playn.
Who in pure loue was conioyned with thee,
An other Grimald didst thou seem to bee
Ha lord, how oft wisht you, with all your hart,
That vs no chaunce a fonder might depart?
Happy were I, if this your prayer tooke place.
Ay mee, that it dothe cruell death deface
Ah lord, how oft your sweet woords I repeat,
And in my mynde your woonted lyfe retreat?
O Chambers, O thy Grimalds mate moste dere?
Why hath fell fate tane thee, and left him here?
But wherto these complaints in vain make wee?
Such woords in wyndes to waste, what moueth mee?
Thou holdst the hauen of helth, with bliffull Ioue
Though many waues, and seas, yet must I roue
Not woorthy I, so soon with thee to go.
Mee styll my fates reteyn, bewrapt in wo
Lye, our companion once, now lyue for aye.
Heauens ioyes enioy, while wee dye day by daye
You, that of faith so fure signes here exprest,
Do triumph now, nodout, among the blest
Haue changed sea for porte, darknesse for light,
An inn for home, exile for countrey right,
Trauail for rest, straunge way for citie glad,
Battail for peas, free raign for bondage bad.

These wretched erthly stounds who can compare
 To heavenly seats, and those delites moste rare?
 We frayl, you firm we with great trouble tost,
 You bathe in blisse, that neuer shall bee lost
 Wherefore, Thaley, renew thy feastfull layes
 Her doolfull tunes my chered Muse now stayes

Of N. Ch.

WHy, Nicolas, why doest thou make such haste
 After thy brother? Why goest thou so? To taste
 Of changed lyfe with hym the better state?
 Better? yea best of all, that thought can rate
 Or, did the dreed of wretched world drue thee
 Leste thou this afterfall should hap to see.
 Mauortian moods, Saturnian furies fell,
 Of tragicall turmoysls the haynous hell?
 O, whose good thews in brief cannot be told,
 The hartiest mate, that euer trod the mold
 If our farewell, that here lue in distresse,
 Auayl, farewell the rest teares do suppreffe

*A funerall song, vpon the deceas of
 Annes his mother.*

YEa, and a good cause why thus should I playn
 For what is hee, can quietly sustayn
 So great a grief, with mouth as styll, as stone?
 My loue, my lyfe, of ioye my ieeuell is gone
 This harty zeale if any wight disprooue,
 As womans work, whom feeble minde doth mooue:
 Hee neither knowes the mighty natures laws
 Nor touching elders deeds hath seen old saws
 Martius, to vanquish Rome, was set on fire
 But vanquisht fell, at moothers boon, his ire.
 Into Hesperian land Sertonus fled,
 Of parent aye cheef care had in his hed.
 Dear weight on shoulders Sicil brethren bore,

While Etnaes gyant spouted flames full fore
Not more of Tyndars ymps hath Sparta spoke,
Than Arge of charged necks with parents yoke
Nor onely them thus dyd foretyme entreat
Then, was the noorffe also in honour great.
Calet the Phrygian from amid fireflame
Rescued, who gaue to Latine stronds the name.
Acca, in dubble sence Lupa ycleaped,
To Romane Calendars a feast hath heaped
His Capra Ioue among the sterres hath pight
In welkin clere yet lo she shineth bryght
Hyades as gratefully Lya did place,
Whom, in primetide, supports the Bulls fayr face
And should not I expresse my inward wo,
When you, most louyng dam, so soon hence go
I, in your frutefull woomb conceyued, born was,
Whyle wanderyng moon ten moonths did ouerpasse.
Mee, brought to light, your tender arms sustaynd.
And, with my lips, your milky paps I straynd
You mee embraced, in bosom soft you mee
Cherished, as I your onely chylde had bee
Of yssue fayr with noomers were you blest
Yet I, the bestbeloued of all the rest
Good luck, certayn forereadyng moothers haue,
And you of mee a speciall iudgement gaue
Then, when firm pafe I fixed on the ground
When tounge can cease to break the lisyng sound
You mee streightway did too the Muses send,
Ne suffered long a loyteryng lyfe to spend,
What gayn the wooll, what gayn the wed had braught,
It was his meed, that me there dayly taught
When with Minerue I had acquaintance woon.
And Phebus seemd to loue mee, as his soon
Browns hold I bad at parents heft, farewell
And gladly there in schools I gan to dwell
Where Granta gues the ladies nyne such place,
That they reioyse to see theyr bliffull case
With ioyes at hert, in this pernasse I bode,
Whyle, through his signes, fve tymes great Titan glode

And twyfe as long, by that fayr foord, whereas
Swanfeeder Temms no furdre couife can paffe
O, what defire had you, therwhile, of mee?
Mid doutfull dreeds, what ioyes were wont to bee?
Now linnen clothes, wrought with thofe fyngers fyne,
Now other thynges of yours dyd you make myne
Tyll your laft thredes gan Clotho to vntwyne,
And of your dayes the date extreem affygne
Hearyng the chaunce, your neybour made much mone
A dearworth dame, they thought theyr comfort gone
Kinfwomen wept your charge, the maydens wept
Your daughters wept, whom you fo well had kept
But my good fyre gaue, with foft woords, releef
And clokes, with outward chere, his inward greef
Lefte, by his care, your ficknes fould augment,
And on his cafe your thoughtfull hert be bent
You, not forgetting yet a mootheris mood,
When at the dore dardthirling death there flood,
Did faye Adeew, dear fpoufe, my race is roon
Wher fo he bee, I haue left you a foon,
And Nicolas you naamd, and naamd agayn
With other fpeech, afpiring heauenly raigñ.
When into ayre your fprite departed fled,
And left the corps a cold in lukewarm bed
Ah, could you thus, deare mother, leaue vs all?
Now, fould you lue that yet, before your fall,
My fongs you might haue foong, haue heard my voyce,
And in commodities of your own reioyce
My fifters yet vnwedded who fhall guide?
With whose good leffons fhall they bee applyed?
Haue, mother, monumentes of our fore fmart
No coftly tomb, areard with curious art
Nor Maufolean maffe, hoong in the ayre
Nor loftie fteeples, that will once appayre
But wayful verfe, and doolfull fong accept
By verfe, the names of auncient peres be kept.
By verfe, lues Hercules by verfe, Achil
Hector, Ene, by verfe, be famous ftill
Such former yeres, fuch death hath chaunced thee

Cloſde, with good end, good life is woont to bee
 But now, my ſacred parent, fare you well.
 God ſhall cauſe vs agayn together dwell
 What time this vniuerfall globe ſhall hear
 Of the laſt troomp the rynging voyce great fear
 To foome, to ſuch as you a heavenly chear
 Til then, repoſde reſt you in gentle ſleep.
 While hee, whom to you are bequeathd, you keep

*Vpon the death of lord Mautrauers,
 out of doctor Haddons latine*

THenoble Henry, he, that was the lord Mautrauers named
 Heyr to the houſe of thArundels, ſo long a time now famed
 Who from Fitzalens doth recount diſcent of worthy race,
 Fitzalens, earls of hye eſtate, men of a goodly grace
 Whom his renowned father had ſeen flouriſh, and excell,
 In arms, in arts, in witt, in ſkill, in ſpeaking wonders well
 Whoſe yeres, to timely vertue had, and manly grauenefſe caught
 With ſoden ruine is downfalln, and into aſhes braught
 While glory his coragious hert enflames to trauail great
 And, in his youthly breſt ther raigns an ouerferuent heat
 The pereleſſe princeſſe, Mary quene, her meſſage to preſent,
 This Britan lord, as one moſte meet, to Ceſars broother ſent
 On courſing ſteeds hee rids the waye in ſhip hee fleeteth faſt
 To royall Ceſars court he comes, the payns, and perils paſt
 His charge enioynd perfourmeth hee, attaiend exceeding prayſe
 His name, and fame ſo fully ſpred, it dures for afterdayes
 But lo, a feruent ſeuer doth, amid his triumphs, fall.
 And, with hertgripyng greef, conſumes his tender lyms and all
 O ruſfull youth, thy helth too far forgot, and too much heed
 To countrie, and too parentyeuen why makeſt thou ſuch ſpeed?
 O, ſtaye your ſelf your country ſo to ſerue dothe right require,
 That often ſerue you may and then, at length, ſucceed your fire
 But thee perchaunce it likes, thy life the price of praife to paye
 Nor deth doeſt dread, where honor ſhines, as bright as ſonny day.

Certeſſe no greater glory could, than this, to thee betide
Though Ioue, fix hundied yeres, had made thy fatall thread
abide

Of iourneys, and of trauails huge the cauſe thy country
was

Thy funerall to honour, forth great Cefais court gan paſſe
And, thus, O thus (good lord) this ympt, of heuen moſt worthy
wight

His happy life with bliffull death concluded hath aright
When, in fourt yere quene Maries raign proceeded and
what day,

Was laſt of Iulie moneth, the ſame his laſt took him awaye
From yeres twiſe ten if you in count wil but one yere
abate

The very age then ſhall you finde of lord Mautrauers fate
Likewiſe, was Titus Cefar hence withdrawn, in his prime
yeres

Likewiſe, the yong prince Edward went and diuers other
peres

Father, forbear thy wofull tears, ceaſe, England, too
lament

Fates fauour none, the enmie death to all alike is bent
The onely mean, that now remains, with eloquence full fine
Hath Shelly vſed, in ſetting forth this barons name diuine
Your Haddon eke, who erſt in your life time, bore you
good hart,

Preſenteth you this monument, of woonted zeal ſome part.
And now farewell. of Engliſh youth moſt choſen gem,
farewell

A worthyer wight, ſaue Edward, did in England neuer
dwell

Vpon the ſayd lord Mautrauers death

Mee thought, of late when lord Mautrauers dyed,
Our common weal, thus, by her ſelf ſhee cryed.
Oft haue I wept for mine, ſo layd a ſleep,
Yet neuer had I iuſter cauſe to weep.

[The three last of Grimald's poems also occur in the Second and early subsequent editions of this work, of which editions they form the concluding verses of all]

The death of Zoroas, an Egyptian Astronomer, in first fight, that Alexander had with the Persians

Now clattering arms, now ragyng broyls of warr
 Gan passe the noyes of taratantars clang¹ [darts,
 Shrowded with shafts, the heuen with clowd of
 Couered, the ayre against fulfatted bulls,
 As forceth kindled ire the Lions keen
 Whose greedy gutts the gnawing hoonger pricks
 So Macedoins against the Persians fare
 Now corpes hide the purpurde soyl with blood
 Large slaughter, on ech side but Perfes more
 Moyst feelds bebledd² their herts, and noombers bate
 Fainted while they gwe back, and fall to flight
 The lightning Macedon, by swoords, by gleaus,
 By bands, and trowps, of fotemen with his gaide,
 Speeds to Darie but him, his nearest kyn,
 Oxate preferues, with horsen on a plump
 Before his carr that none the charge could gwe
 Heregrunts, heregrones, echwhere strong youth is spent
 Shaking her bloody hands, Bellone, among
 The Perfes, soweth all kindes³ of cruel death
 With throte ycutt, hee roores hee lyeth along,
 His entrails with a launce through girded quite
 Him down⁴ the club, him beats⁵ farstryking bowe,
 And him the flyng, and him the shynand⁶ swoord
 Hee dieth, hee is all dedd, hee pants, he rests
 Right ouer stood, in snowwhite armour braue,
 The Memphite Zoroas, a cooning clerk
 To whom the heauen lay open, as his book :
 And in celestiaall bodyes hee could tell
 The moouyng, meetyng, light, aspect, eclyps,

¹ of dredfull trumpets clang
² kynde ⁴ smites

³ Moyst feelds be bledd
⁵ wounds ⁶ shynyng

And influence, and constellations all
 What earthly chaunces wold betide what yere
 Of plenty storde, what signe forwarned derth
 How winter gendreth snow what temperature
 In the primetide dothe season well the soyl
 Why soomer burns why autum hath ripe grapes
 Whether the circle, quadrate may becom¹
 Whether our tunes heuens harmony can yeeld.
 Of fowr begynns, among them selues how great
 Proportion is what swaye the erring lightes
 Dothe send in course gayn that first moooung heauen,
 What grees, one from an other distant bee
 What sterr² dothe lett the hurtfull fire to rage,
 Or him more mylde what opposition maikes³
 What fire doth qualifie Mauorfes fire
 What house echone doth seek what planet raigns
 Within this hemisphere, or that small things
 I speak holl⁴ heauen hee closeth in his brest.
 This sage then, in the starrs had spied the fates
 Threatned him death, without delaye and fithe
 Hee saw, hee could not fatall order change
 Forward hee preast, in battayl that hee might
 Meet with the ruler of the Macedoins
 Of his right hand desirous to be slayn,
 The boldest beurn, and worthiest in the feeld:
 And, as a wight now weary of his life,
 And seeking death in first front of his rage,
 Cooms desperatly to Alfanders⁵ face.
 At him, with darts, one after other, throwes
 With reckles woords, and clamour him prouokes.
 And sayth, Nectanabs bastard, shameful slain
 Of mothers bed why lovest thou thy strokes,
 Cowards emong? Turn thee to mee, in case
 Manhod ther bee so much left in thy hert.
 Coom fight with mee that on my helmet wear
 Apolloes laurel, both for learnings laude,
 And eke for Martiall prayse that, in my shield,
 The seuenfold sophie of Minerue contein
 A match, more meet, fir king, than any here

¹ become² starre³ makes⁴ whole⁵ Alexanders

The noble prince amoued, takes ruthe vpon
 The wilfull wight and, with soft woords, ayen,
 O monstrous man (quod he) whatso thou art,
 I praye thee, lyue ne do not, with thy death
 This lodge of lore, the Muses mansion marr
 That treasure house this hand shall neuer spovl
 My swoord shall neuer bruze that skylfull brayn,
 Longgatherd heapes of science soon to spyll
 O, how faire frutes may you to mortall men
 From wisdoms garden, giue? How many may,
 By you, the wyser, and the better proue?
 What error, what mad moode, what phrenzey¹ thee
 Persuades to bee downsent to deep Auern
 Where no artes flourish, nor no knowledge vails?
 For all these sawes, when thus the fouerein sayde,
 Alighted Zoroas with swoord vntheathed,
 The carelesse king there smote, aboue the greaue,
 At thopenyng of his quishes wounded him
 So, that the blood down reyled on the ground.
 The Macedon, perceyung hurt, gan gnash:
 But yet his minde he bent, in any wyse,
 Hym to forbear fet spurrs vnto his steed,
 And turnd away lest anger of the smart
 Should cause reuenger hand deal balefull blowes.
 But of the Macedonian chieftanes knights
 One, Meleager, could not bear this fight
 But ran vpon the sayd Egyptian renk²
 And cut him in both kneez hee fell to ground.
 Wherewith a hole route came of fouldious stern,
 And all in pecces hewed the silly seg
 But happily the foll³ fled to the sterres
 Where, vnder him, he hath full sight of all,
 Wherat hee gazed here, with reaching looke.
 The Persians wayld such sapience to forgo
 The veyfonic, the Macedonians wisht,
 Hee wold haue lyued kyng Alifander self
 Deemd him a man, vnmeet to dye at all
 Who woon lyke prafe, for conquest of his ire,
 As for stout men in feild that daye subdeewd:

¹ phrensy² renk³ soule

Who princes taught, how to discern a man,
 That in his hed so rare a iewell beares
 But ouer all, those same Camenes, those same
 Diuine Camenes, whose honoi he procurde
 As tender parent dothe his daughters weal
 Lamented and, for thanks, all that they can,
 Do cherisn him deceast, and set hym free
 From derk obliuion of deuouryng death

Marcus Tullius Ciceroes *death.*

Herefore, when restlesse rage of wynde, and waue
 Hee saw By fates, alas calld for (quod hee)
 Is haplesse Cicero sayl on, shape course
 To the next shore, and bryng me to my death
 Perdie these thanks, reskued from ciuil swoord,
 Wilt thou, my countrey, paye? I see mine end.
 So powrs diuine, so bid the gods aboue,
 In cite faued that Consul Marcus shend.
 Speakyng nomore, but drawyng from deep hert
 Great grones, euen at the name of Room¹ reherst
 His yies,² and cheeks, with showrs of teares, hee washt.
 And (though a route in dayly daungers worn)
 With forced face, the shipmen held theyr teares:
 And, striuyng long the seas rough floods to passe,
 In angry wyndes, and stormy stowrs made waye
 And at the last, safe anchord in the rode.
 Came heauy Cicero a land with payn,
 His faynted lym the aged fire dothe draw.
 And, round about their master, flood his band
 Nor greatly with theyr own hard hap dismayd,
 Nor plighted sayth, proue in sharp time to break:
 Soom swoords prepare soom theyr deare lord assist.
 In littour layd, they lead hym vnkouth wayes
 If so deceaue Antonius cruell gleaus³
 They might, and threats of folowing routs escape.
 Thus lo, that Iulie went, that Tullius,
 Of royall robe, and sacred Senate prince.

¹ Rome² eyes³ gleanes

When hee afar the men approche espyeth,
 And of his fone the enignes dothe aknow
 And, with drawn swoord, Popilius threatnyng death
 Whose life, and holl estate, in hazard once,
 Hee had preferued when Room as yet to free
 Herd hym, and at his thundryng voyce amazde
 Herennius eek, more eyger than the rest,
 Present enflamde with furie, him purseews
 What might hee doo? Should hee vse in defense
 Disarmed hands? or pardon ask, for meed?
 Should hee with woords attempt to turn the wiath
 Of tharmed knyght, whose safeguard hee had wrought?
 No, age, forbids, and fixt within deep brest
 His countreys loue, and falling Rooms image
 The charret turn, sayth hee, let loose the rayns
 Roon to the vndeferued death mee, lo,
 Hath Phebus fowl, as messenger, forwarnd.
 And Ioue desires a new heauensman to make
 Brutus, and Cassius soules, lue you in blisse
 In case yet all the fates gaynstrue vs not,
 Neyther shall wee perchaunce dye vnreuenged
 Now haue I liued, O Room, ynough for mee
 My passed lyfe nought suffreth mee to dout
 Noyfom obliuion of the lothesom death
 Sleae mee yet all thoffspring to coom shall knowe
 And this deceas shall bring eternall lyfe
 Yea and (onlesse I fayl, and all in vain
 Room, I foomtyme thy Augur chofen was)
 Not euermore shall frendly fortune thee
 Fauour, Antonius once the day shall coom
 When her deare wights, by cruell spight, thus slayn,
 Victorious Room shall at thy hands require
 Mee likes, therwhyle, go see the hoped heauen
 Speech had he left and therwith hee, good man
 His throte preparte, and held his hed vnmoued,
 His hastyng too¹ those fates the very knyghts
 Bee lothe to see and, rage rebated, when
 They his bare neck beheld, and his hore heyres
 Scant could they hold the teares, that forth gan burst

And almost fell from bloody hands the swords
 Onely the stern Herennius, with grym look,
 Daftards, why stand you styll he sayth and streight,
 Swaps of the hed, with his presumptuous yron.
 Ne with that slaughter yet is hee not fild
 Fowl shame on shame to heap is his delyte
 Wherefore the hands also doth hee of smyte,
 Which durst Antonius life so luely paynt
 Him, yeldyng strayned goste, from welkin hye,
 With lothly chere, lord Phebus gan behold
 And in black clowd, they saye, long hid his hed.
 The latine Muses, and the Grayes, they wept :
 And, for his fall, eternally shall weep
 And lo, hertperfyng Pitho (straunge to tell)
 Who had to him suffisde bothe sence, and woords,
 When so he spake and drest, with nectar foote,
 That flowyng tounge when his wyndpype disclosde,
 Fled with her fleeyng frend and (out alas)
 Hath left the erth, ne wil nomoie return
 Popilus flyeth, therwhyle and, leauyng there
 The senslesse flock, a gryzely sight doth bear
 Vnto Antonius boord, with mischief fed.

Of M T Cicero

FOr Tullie, late, a toomb I gan prepare
 When Cynthie, thus, bad mee my labour spare
 Such maner things becom the ded, quoth hee
 But Tullie lues, and styll alyue shall bee

N. G.

VNCERTAIN AVCTOVR.¹

*The complaint of a louer with fute to
his loue for pitee*



F euer wofull man might moue your hartes to ruthe,
Good ladies here this woful plaint, whose deth shal
try his truth

And rightfull iudges be on this his true report •
If he deserue a louers name among the faithfull fort
Foue hundred times the sonne hath lodged him in
the West

Since in my hart I harbred first of all the
goodlyest gest

Whose worthinesse to shew my wittes are all to faint
And I lack cunnyng of the scoles, in colours her to paynt

But this I briefly say in wordes of egall weight
So void of vice was neuer none, nor with such vertues freyght
And for her beauties prayse, no wight, that with her warres
For, where she comes, she shewes her self as sonne among ye
starres

But Lord, thou wast to blame, to frame such parfitenesse
And puttes no pitie in her hart, my sorowes to redresse

For yf ye knew the paynes, and panges, that I haue past
A wonder would it be to you, how that my life had last.

When all the Goddes agreed, that Cupide with his bow
Should shote his arrowes from her eies, on me his might to show
I knew it was in vain my force to trust vpon

And well I wist, it was no shame, to yelde to such a one

Then did I me submit with humble hart, and minde,
To be her man for euermore • as by the Goddes affinde

And since that day, no wo, wherwith loue might torment,
Could moue me from this faithfull band or make me once

Yet haue I felt full oft the hottest of his fire: [repent

The bitter teares, the scalding fighes, the burning hote desyre
And with a fodain fight the trembling of the hart
And how the blood doth come, and go, to succour euery part
When that a pleasant loke hath lift me in the ayer
A frowne hath made me fall as fast into a depe despayer
And when that I, er this, my tale could well by haite
And that my tong had learned it, so that no worde might start:
The sight of her hath set my wittes in such a stay.
That to be lord of all the world, one word I could not say,
And many a fodayn cramp my hart hath pinched so
That for the time my senses all felt neither weale, nor wo
Yet saw I neuer thing, that might my minde content.
But wisht it hers, and at her will, if she could so consent
Nor neuer heard of wo that did her will displease
But wisht the same vnto my self, so it might do her ease.
Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked face.
Vnlesse it did resemble her, or some part of her grace
No distance yet of place could vs so farre deuide
But that my hert, and my good will did stull with her abide.
Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortunes powre,
To put that swete out of my thought, one minute of an howre.
No rage of drenching sea, nor woodenesse of the winde,
Nor cannons with their thundryng cracks could puther from my minde
For when bothe sea and land asunder hath vs set
My hole delite was onely then, my self alone to get.
And thitherward to loke, as nere as I could gesse
Whereas I thought, that shee was then, yat might my woredresse
Full oft it did me good, that waies to take my winde.
So pleasant ayre in no place els, me thought I could not finde.
I saying to my self, my life is yonder waye.
And by the winde I haue here sent, a thousand fighes a daye.
And sayd vnto the funne, great gifts are geuen thee
For thou mayst see mine earthly blisse, where euer that she bee.
Thou seest in euery place, wold God I had thy might
And I the ruler of my selfe, then should she know no night.
And thus from wish to wishe my wits haue been at strife:
And wantyng all that I haue wisht, thus haue I led my life.
But long it can not last, that in such wo remaines

No force for that for death is swete to him, that feles such
paines

Yet most of all me greues when I am in my graue,
That she shall purchase by my death a cruell name to haue

Wherefore all you that heare this plaint, or shall it see
Wish, that it may so perce her hert, that she may pitie mee

For and it were her will for bothe it were the best,
To saue my life, to kepe her name, and set my hert at rest

*Of the death of master Deuerox¹
the lord Ferres sonne*

WHo iustly may reioyce in ought vnder the skye [dye
As life, or lands as frends, or frutes which only lue to
Or who dothenot well knowall worldly works are vaine?
And geueth nought but to the lendes, to take the same againe
For though it lift some vp as wee long vpward all
Such is the sort of slipper welth all things do rise to fall
Thuncertentie is such experience teacheth so
That what things men do couet most, them soneft they forgo
Lo Deuorox where he lieth whose life men heeld so deare
That now his death is forowed so, that pitie it is to heare
His birth of auncient blood his parents of great fame
And yet in vertue faire before the formost of the same
His king, and countrie bothe he serued to so great gaine
That with the Brutes record doth rest, and euer shall remaine
No man in warre so mete, an enteprise to take
No man in peace that pleasurd more of enmies frends to make
A Cato for his counsell his head was surely such
Ne Theseus friendship was so great, but Deuorox was as much
A graffe of so small grothe so much good frute to bring
Is seldome heard, or neuer sene it is so rare a thing
A man sent vs from God, his life did well declare
And now sent for by god again, to teach vs what we are
Death, and the graue, that shall accompany all that lue,
Hath brought him heuen, though somewhat sone, which life could
God graunt well all, that shall professe as he profest [neuer geue
To lue so well, to dye no worfe and send his soule good rest.

They of the meane estate are happiest.

IF right be rackt, and ouerronne
 And power take part with open wrong
 If fear by force do yelde to soone,
 The lack is like to last to long
 If God for goodes shalbe vnplaced
 If right for riches lose his shape.
 If world for wisdom be embraced:
 The gesse is great, much hurt may happe
 Among good things, I proue and finde,
 The quiet life dothe most abound
 And iure to the contented minde
 There is no riches may be found
 For riches hates to be content
 Rule is enemy to quietnesse
 Power is most part impacient
 And seldom likes to lue in pease
 I hard a herdman once compare
 That quite nightes he had mo slept
 And had mo mery daies to spare
 Then he, which ought the beastes, he kept.
 I would not haue it thought hereby
 The dolphin swimme I meane to teach.
 Nor yet to learne the Fawcon flie.
 I rowe not so farre past my reache.
 But as my part aboue the rest,
 Is well to wish and well to will
 So till my breath shall fail my brest,
 I will not cease to wish you styll

Comparison of lyfe and death.

THe lyfe is long, that lothsumly doth last
 The dolefull dayes draw slowly to theyr date:
 The present panges, and paynfull plagues forepast

Yelde grieve aye grene to stabliff this estate.
So that I fele, in this great storme, and strife,
The death is fwete that endeth fuch a life

Yet by the froke of this ftrange ouerthrow,
At which conflict in thraldom I was thruft
The Lord be prayfed I am well taught to know,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he muft
And by the way vpon how feble force
His term doth ftand, till death doth end his courfe

The pleafant yeres that feme, fo fwifte that runne
The mery dayes to end, fo faft that flete
The ioyfull nightes, of which day daweth fo foone
The happy howers, which mo do miffe, then mete,
Doe all confume as fnowe againft the funne
And death makes end of all, that life begunne

Since death fhall dure, tyll all the world be waft
What meaneth man to drede death then fo fore?
As man might make, that life fhould alway laft
Without regard, the lord hath led before
The daunce of death, which all muft runne on row
Though how, or when, the lord alone doth know

If man would minde, what burdens life doth bring
What greuouſ crimes to god he doth commit
What plagues, what panges, what perilles therby ſpring
With no fure hower in all his dayes to fit
He would fure think, as with great cauſe I do
The day of death were better of the two

Death is a port, wherby we paſſe to ioy
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in pain
Death is fo dere, it ceaſeth all annoy
Life is fo leude, that all it yeldes is vayn
And as by life to bondage man is braught:
Euen ſo likewise by death was fredome wraught.

Wherefore with Paul let all men wiſh, and pray
To be diſſolude of this foule fleſhy maſſe
Or at the leaſt be armed againſt the day
That they be found good fouldiers, preſt to paſſe
From life to death from death to life agayn
To ſuch a life, as euer ſhall remain

*The tale of Pygmalion with conclusion vpon
the beautye of his loue*

IN Grece somtime there dwelt a man of worthy fame
 To graue in stone his connyng was Pygmalion was his name
 To make his fame endure, when death had him bereft
 He thought it good, of his owne handesome filed work were left
 In secret studie then such work he gan deuise,
 As might his conning best commend, and please the lokers eyes
 A courser faire he thought to graue, barbd for the field
 And on his back a semely knight, well armed with speare and
 Orels some foule, or fish to graue he did deuise [shield.
 And still, within his wandering thoughtes, new fantasies did aryse.
 Thus varied he in mynde, what enterpryse to take
 Till fanfy moued his learned hand a woman fayre to make
 Whereon he stayde, and thought such parfitte fourm to frame
 Whereby he might amaze all Greece, and winne immortall name
 Of Yuone white he made so faire a woman than
 That nature scornd her perfitnesse so taught by craft of man.
 Wellshaped were her lyms, full cumly was her face
 Eche litle vayn most liuely coucht, eche part had semely grace.
 Twixt nature, and Pygmalion, there might appeare great stryfe
 So semely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothyng but life
 His curious eye beheld his own deuised work
 And, gasyng oft thereon, he found much venome there to lurke
 For all the featurde shape so dyd his fanfie moue
 That, with his idoll, whom he made, Pygmalion fell in loue.
 To whom he honour gaue, and deckt with garlandes swete,
 And did adourn with iewels niche, as is for louers mete.
 Somtimes on it he fawnd some time in rage would crye :
 It was a wonder to beholde, how fanfy bearded his eye.
 Since that this ymage dum enflamde so wyse a man
 My dere, alas since I you loue, what wonder is it than ?
 In whom hath nature set the glory of her name [frame.
 And brake her mould, in great dyspayre, your like she could not

*The louer sheweth his wofull state,
and prayeth pitye*

LYke as the lark within the marlians foote
With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay.
So syng I now, seyng none other boote,
My renderyng song, and to your wyll obey
Your vertue mountes aboue my force so hye
And with your beautie seased I am so sure
That their auails resistance none in me,
But patiently your pleasure to endure
For on your wyll my fanfy shall attend
My lyfe, my death, I put both in your choyce
And rather had this lyfe by you to end,
Than lyue, by other alwayes to reioyce
And if your crueltie doe thirst my blood
Then let it forth, if it may doe you good

*Vpon consideracion of the state of this lyfe
he wisheth death*

THE lenger lyfe, the more offence
The more offence, the greater payn
The greater payn, the lesse defence
The lesse defence, the lesser gayn
The losse of gayn long yll doth trye
Wherefore come death, and let me dye
The shorter life, lesse count I fynde
The lesse account, the sooner made
The count soon made, the meryer minde.
The mery minde doth thought euade
Short lyfe in truth this thing doth trye
Wherefore come death, and let me dye
Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care, the flood of lyfe,

The flood of lyfe, the ioyfull fare,
 The ioyfull fare, the end of strife
 The end of strife, that thing wishe I
 Wherefore come death, and let me dye

*The louer that once disdained loue is now
 become subiect beyng caught
 in his snare*

TO this my song geue eare, who list :
 And mine intent iudge, as you wyll.
 The tyme is cume, that I haue mist,
 The thyng, wheron I hoped styll,
 And from the top of all my trust,
 Mythap hath throwen me in the dust

The time hath been, and that of late :
 My hart and I might leape at large
 And was not shut within the gate
 Of loues desyre nor toke no charge
 Of any thyng, that dyd pertain
 As touching loue in any payn.

My thought was free, my hart was light
 I marked not, who lost, who saught.
 I playde by day, I slept by night.
 I forced not, who wept, who laught.
 My thought from all such thinges was free :
 And I my self at libertee

I toke no hede to tauntes, nor toyes :
 As leefe to see them frowne as smile
 Where fortune laught I scorned their ioyes :
 I found their fraudes and euery wile.
 And to my self oft times I smiled.
 To see, how loue had them begiled.

Thus in the net of my conceit
 I masked styll among the fort
 Of such as fed vpon the bayt,
 That Cupide laide for his disport.

And euer as I saw them caught
 I them beheld, and thereat laught
 Till at the length when Cupide spied
 My scornfull will and spitefull vse
 And how I past not who was tied
 So that my self might still liue lose.
 He set himself to lye in wait
 And in my way he threw a bait

Such one, as nature neuer made.
 I dare well say saue she alone
 Such one she was as would inuade
 A hart, more hard then marble stone
 Such one she is, I know, it right,
 Her nature made to shew her might.

Then as a man euen in a maze,
 When vse of reason is away
 So I began to stare, and gaze.
 And sodeinly, without delay,
 Or euer I had the wit to loke
 I swalowed vp both bayt, and hoke

Which daily greues me more and more
 By sondry fortes of carefull wo
 And none aloue may salue the fore,
 But onely she, that hurt me so
 In whom my life doth now consist,
 To saue or slay me as she list

But seing now that I am caught
 And bounde so fast, I cannot flee.
 Be ye by mine ensample taught,
 That in your fantasies fele you free
 Despise not them, that louers are.
 Lest you be caught within his snare

Of Fortune, and Fame

THe plage is great, where fortune frownes
 One mischief bringes a thousand woes
 Where trumpets geue their warlike sownes.

The weake sustaine sharp ouerthrowes
 No better life they taste, and fele
 That subiect are to fortunes whele

Her happy chance may last no time
 Her pleasure threatneth paines to come
 She is the fall of those, that clime
 And yet her whele auanceth some
 No force, where that she hates, or loues
 Her fickle minde so oft remoues

She geues no gift, but craues as fast.
 She soone repentes a thankful dede.
 She turneth after euery blast
 She helps them oft, that haue no nede
 Where power dwelles, and riches rest
 False fortune is a common guest,

Yet some affirm, and proue by skylle
 Fortune is not as fleyng Fame,
 She neither can do good, nor yll
 She hath no fourme, yet beares a name
 Then we but strue agaynst the streames
 To frame such toyes on fantasies dreames

If she haue shape, or name alone
 If she do rule, or beare no sway.
 If she haue bodie, hefe, or none
 Be she a sprite I cannot say.
 But well I wot, some cause there is:
 That causeth wo, and sendeth blisse

The cause of thinges I will not blame
 Lest I offend the prince of peas¹
 But I may chide, and braule with Fame
 To make her crye, and neuer cease
 To blow the trump within her eares
 That may appease my wofull teares

Against wicked tonges.

Thyll tonges, which clap at euery winde:
 Ye flea the quick, and eke the dead defame:
 Those that lue well, som faute in them ye finde.

Ye take no thought, in flaundring¹ theyr good name
 Ye put iust men oft times to open shame
 Ye ryng so loude, ye found vnto the skyes
 And yet in prooffe ye sowe nothyng, but lyes

Ye make great warre, where peace hath been of long,
 Ye bring rich realmes to ruine, and decay
 Ye pluck down right ye doe enhaunce the wrong
 Ye turne swete myrth to wo, and welaway
 Of mischiefes all ye are the grounde, I say.
 Happy is he, that liues on such a fort
 That nedes not feare such tonges of false report

[The following poem was, in the Second and later editions, transferred further on, to p 215, with a fresh heading *The louer dreading to moue his sute for dout of denial, accuseth all women of disdain and ficklenesse* See p 215 for the answer]

Not to trust to much but beware by others calamities

TO walke on doubtfull ground, where danger is vnseen
 Doth double men that carelesse be in depe dispaire I wene,
 For as the blynde doth feare, what footing he shall fynde
 So doth the wise before he speak, mistrust the strangers mynde
 For he that blontly runnes, may light among the breers,
 And so be put vnto his plunge where danger least apperes
 The bird that felly foole, doth warn vs to beware,
 Who lighteth not on euery rushe,² he dreadeth so the snare
 The mouse that shonnes the trap, doth shew what harme doth ly
 Within the swete betraying bait, that oft disceiues the eye
 The fish auoides the hoke, though hunger byds him bite,
 And houcreth still about the worme, whereon is his delyte
 Yf birdes and beastes can see, where their vndoing lies [eyes
 How should a mischief scape our heades, yat haue both wit and
 What madnesse may be more, then plow the barreyn field
 Or any frutefull wordes to sow, to eares that are vnwyld.
 They here and then muslyke, they like and than they lothe,
 Thei hate, thei loue, thei skorn, thei praise, yea sure thei can do
 both

We see what falles they haue, that clyme on trees vnknowne:
 As they that truste to rotten bowes, must nedes be ouerthrowne.
 A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much more,

¹ sclandring

² bush

Than for to plain where is no falue, for to recure the fore
 Wherefore my grief I hide, within a holow hart
 Vntill the smoke thereof be spied, by flaming of the smart.

*Hell tormenteth not the damned ghostes so
 sore as vnkindnesse the louer*

THe restlesse rage of depe deuouryng hell,
 The blasing brandes, that neuer do consume,
 The roryng route, in Plutoes den that dwell
 The fiery breath, that from those ymps doth fume
 The dropsy dryeth, that Tantale in the flood
 Endureth aye, all hopelesse of relief
 He hungersteruen, where frute is ready food
 So wretchedly his soule doth suffer grief
 The luer gnawne of gylefull Prometheus,
 Which Vultures fell with strayned talant tyre
 The labour lost of wearyed Sisiphus
 These hellish houndes, with paines of quenchlesse fyre,
 Can not so fore the filly foules torment,
 As her vntruth my hart hath alltorent.¹

Of the mutabilitie of the world.

BY fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to fynde [minde
 Such fanfies, as my carefull thought had brought into my
 And when eche one was gone to rest, full soft in bed to lye
 I would haue slept but then the watch did folow still myne eye
 And sodemly I saw a sea of wofull sorowes prest
 Whose wicked wayes of sharp repulse bred mine vnquiet rest.
 I saw this world and how it went, eche state in his degree:
 And that from wealth ygraunted is, both lyfe, and libertee.
 I saw, how enuy it did rayne, and beare the greatest price
 Yet greater poyson is not found within the Cockatrice
 I saw also, how that disdayn oft times to forge my wo,
 Gaue me the cup of bitter swete, to pledge my mortall fo

¹ all to rent.

I saw also, how that desire to rest no place could finde
 But styll constrainde in endlesse pain to folow natures kynde
 I saw also most straunge of all how nature did forsake [snake
 The blood, that in her womb was wrought as doth ye lothed
 I saw how fanfisy would retayn no lenger then her lust
 And as the winde how she doth change and is not for to trust
 I saw, how stedfastnesse did fly with winges of often change
 A fleyng bridle,¹ but seldom seen, her nature is so strange
 I saw, how pleasant times did passe, as flowers doe in the mede
 To day that ryseth red as rose to morow falleth ded
 I saw, my tyme how it did runne, as sand out of the glasse
 Euen as eche hower appointed is from tyme, and tyde to passe.
 I saw the yeares, that I had spent, and losse of all my gayn
 And how the sport of youthfull playes my foly dyd retayn
 I saw, how that the litle ant in fomer still dothe runne
 To seke her foode, wherby to lue in winter for to come
 I saw eke vertue, how she fat the threde of life to spinne
 Which sheweth the end of euery work, before it doth beginne
 And when all these I thus beheld with many mo pardy
 In me, me thought, eche one had wrought aparite proparty
 And then I said, vnto my self a lesson this shalbe
 For other that shall after come, for to beware by me
 Thus, all the night I did deuise, which way I might constrain.
 To fourme a plot, that wit might work these branches in my brain

*Harpalus complaynt of Phillidaes loue be-
 stowed on Corin, who loued her not
 and denied him, that loued her.*

Phylda was a fayer² mayde,
 And fresh as any flowre
 Whom Harpalus the herdman prayed
 To be his paramour
 Harpalus and eke Corin
 Were herdmen both yfere
 And Phillida could twist and spin
 And therto sing full clere

¹A flying bird

²fayre

But Phillida was all to coy
For Harpelus to winne
For Corin was her onely ioye,
Who forst her not a pynne

How often would she flowers twine
How often garlandes make
Of Couflippes and of Colombine,
And all for Corins sake

But Corin he had haukes to lure
And forced more the field
Of louers lawe he toke no cure
For once he was begilde

Harpalus preualed nought
His labour all was lost
For he was fardest from her thought
And yet he loued her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane
And drye as clot of clay
His fleshe it was consumed cleane
His colour gone away

His beard it had not long be shaue,
His heare hong all vnkempt
A man moste fitte euen for the graue
Whom spitefull loue had spent.

His eyes were red and all forewatched
His face besprent with teares
It semde vnhap had him long hatched.
In middes of his dispayres

His clothes were blacke and also bare
As one forlorne was he
Vpon his heade alwaies he ware,
A wreath of wilow tree

His beastes he kept vpon the hyll,
And he fate in the dale
And thus with fighes and forowes thryll,
He gan to tell his tale

O Harpelus thus would he say,¹
Vnhappiest vnder sunne
The cause of thine vnhappy day

¹O Harpalus (thus would he say.)

By loue was first begone.

For thou wentest first my fute to seeke

A Tygrie to make tame

That sets not by thy loue a leke

But makes thy grefe her game

As easye it were, for to conuert

The fiost into the flame

As for to turne a froward hert

Whom thou so fain wouldst frame

Corin he lueth carelesse

He leapes among the leaues

He eates the frutes of thy redresse

Thou reapes he takes the sheaues

My beastes a while your fode refrayne

And herken your herdmans founde

Whom spitefull loue alas hath flaine

Throughgirt with many a wounde.

Oh happy be ye beastes wilde

That here your pasture takes

I fe that ye be not begylde

Of these your faythfull face ¹

The Hart he fedeth by the Hynde

The Bucke hard by the Doo,

The Turtle Doue is not vnkinde

To him that loues her so

The Ewe she hath by her the Ramme

The yong Cow hath the Bulle

The calf with many a lusty lamme

Do feede their honger full.

But wellaway that nature wrought

Thee Phillida so faire

For I may say that I haue bought

Thy beauty all to deare

What reason is it that cruelty

With beauty should haue part

Or els that such great tyranny

Should dwell in womans hart.

I see therefore to shape my death

She cruelly is prest

¹ Of these your faithfull makes.

To thend that I may want my breathe
My dayes been at the best

O Cupide graunt this my request
And do not stoppe thine eares
That she may fele within her brest
The paynes of my dispayres

Of Corin that is carelesse
That she may craue her fee
As I haue done in great distresse
That loued her faythfully

But fins that I shall die her slaue
Her slaue and eke her thrall
Write you my frendes, vpon my graue
This chance that is befall

Here lieth vnhappy Harpelus
Whom cruell loue hath slayne
By¹ Phillida vniustly thus
Murdred with false disdaine,

Vpon Sir Iames Wilfordes death.

LO here the end of man the cruell sisters three
The web of Wilfords life vnethe had half ysponne,
When rash vpon misdede they all accorded bee
To breke vertues course er^s half the race were runne
And trip him on his way that els had won the game
And holden highest place within the house of fame

But yet though he be gone, though fence with him be past
Which trode the euen steppes that leaden to renowne
We that remaine aliue ne suffer shall to waste
The fame of his deserts, so shall he lose but sowne
The thing shall aye remaine, aye kept as freshe in store
As if his eares shold ring of that he wrought before

Waile not therefore his want sith he so left the stage
Of care and wretched life, with ioye and clap of hands
Who plaie the lenger partes may well haue greater age
But few so well may passe the gulfe of fortunes sandes
So triedly did he treade ay prest at vertues beck

¹ Whom

² Hath murdred with disdaine.

³ ere

That fortune found no place to geue him once a check
 The fates haue rid him hence, who shall not after go,
 Though earthed be his corps, yet flourish shall his fame,
 A gladfome thing it is that er he step vs fro,
 Such mirrours he vs left our life therby to frame,
 Wherefore his praife shall last aye freshe in Brittons fight,
 Till funne shall cease to shine, and lende the earth his light

Of the wretchednes of this world

WHo list to liue vpright, and holde him self content,
 Shall se such wonders in this world, as neuer erst was sent.
 Such gropyng for the swete, such tastyng of the fower
 Such wandryng here for worldly welth that lost is in one houre
 And as the good or badde gette vp in hys degre,
 So wades the world in right or wrong it may none other be
 And loke what lawes they make, ech man must them obey,
 And yoke himself with pacient hart to driue and draw yat way
 For¹ such as long ago, great rulers were affinde
 Both lues and lawes are now forgot and worne clene out of
 minde
 So that by this I se, no state on earth may last
 But as their times appointed be, to rise and fall as fast
 The goodes that gotten be, by good and iust desart,
 Yet vse them so that neady handes may helpe to spende the
 part
 For loke what heape thou hordst, of rusty golde in store,
 Thine enemies shall waste the same, that neuer swat therfore

The repentant sinner in durance and aduersitie

VNto the luyng Lord for pardon do I pray,
 From whom I graunt euen from the shell, I haue run sty
 astray.
 And other lues there none (my death shall well declare)
 On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty folkes do fare.
 But thee O Lorde alone, I haue offended so,

That this small scourge is much to scant for mine offence I
know

I ranne without returne, the way the world lieth best
And what I ought most to regard, that I respected lest
The throng wherein I thrust, hath throwen me in such case
That Lorde my soule is fore beset without thy greater grace
My giltes are growen so great, my power doth so appayre
That with great force they argue oft, and mercy much dispayre
But then with fayth I flee to thy prepared store
Where there lieth help for euery hurt, and salue for euery sore
My losse time to lament, my vaine waies to bewaile,
No day no night no place no houre no moment I shal faile
My soule shall neuer cease with an assured faith
To knock, to craue, to call, to cry to thee for helpe which fayth
Knocke and it shalbe heard, but aske and geuen it is
And all that like to kepe this course, of mercy shall not misse
For when I call to minde how the one wandryng shepe,
Did bring more ioye with his returne, then all the flocke did kepe
It yeldes full hope and trust my strayed and wandryng ghost
Shalbe receiued and held more dere then those were neuer lost
O Lord my hope beholde, and for my helpe make haste
To pardon the forpassed race that carelesse I haue past.
And but the day draw neare that death must pay the det,
For lone¹ of life which thou hast lent and time of payment set.
From this sharpe shower me shilde which threatened is at hand,
Wherby thou shalt great power declare and I the storme with-
stand

Not my will lord but thyne, fulfild be in ech case, [place
To whose gret wil and mighty power al powers shal once geue
My fayth my hope my trust, my God and eke my guide
Stretch forth thy hand to saue the soule, what so the body bide.
Refuse not to receiue that thou so dere hast bought,
For but by thee alone I know all safety in vaine is sought.
I know and knowledge eke albeit very late,
That thou it is I ought to loue and dreade in ech estate
And with repentant hart do laude thee Lord on hye,
That hast so gently set me straight, that erst walkt so awry
Now graunt me grace my God to stand thine strong in sprite,
And let ye world then work such wayes, as to the world semes
mete

*The louer here telleth of his diuers ioyes and
aduerfities in loue and lastly
of his ladies death.*

SYthe fyingng gladdeth oft the hartes
Of them that fele the panges of loue
And for the while doth ease their fmartes
My felf I fhall the fame way proue
And though that loue hath fmit the froke,
Wherby is loft my libertie
Which by no meanes I may reuoke
Yet fhall I fmg, how pleafantly
Ny twenty yeres of youth I paf
Which all in libertie I fpent.
And fo from fyrft vnto the laft,
Er aught I knew, what louing ment.
And after fhall I fmg the wo,
The payne, the greefe, the deadly fmart.
When loue this lyfe did ouerthrowe,
That hydden lyes within my hart
And then, the ioyes, that I did feele
When fortune lifted after this,
And fet me hye vpon her whele
And changed my wo to pleafant bliffe,
And fo the fodeyn fall agayne
From all the ioyes, that I was in
All you, that lift to heare of payne,
Geue eare, for now I doe beginne
Lo, fyrft of all, when loue began,
With hote defyres my heart to burne
Me thought, his might auailde not than
From libertie my heart to turne
For I was free and dyd not knowe,
How much his might mannes hert may greue,
I had profest to be his fo
His law, I thought not to beleue
I went vntyed in lufly leas,

I had my wifh alwayes at will
Ther was no wo, might me difpleafe
Of pleafant ioyes I had my fill

No paynfull thought dyd paffe my hart
I fpilt no teare to wet my brest
I knew no forow, figh, nor fmart
My greateft grefe was quyet ref.

I brake no flepe, I toffed not
Nor dyd delyte to fit alone
I felt no change of colde, and hote
Nor nought a nightes could make me mone

For all was ioy that I did fele
And of voide wandering I was free
I had no clogge tied at my hele.

This was my life at libertie

That yet me thinkes it is a bliffe,
To thinke vpon that pleafure paff.
But forthwithall I finde the miffe,
For that it might no lenger laft

Thofe dayes I fpent at my defire,
Without wo or aduerfitie
Till that my hart was fet a fire,
With loue, with wrath, and ieloufie.

For on a day (alas the while)
Lo, hear my harme how it began:
The blinded Lord, the God of guile
Had lift to end my fredome than

And through mine eye into my hart,
All fodenly I felt it glide
He shot his sharped fiery dart,
So hard, that yet vnder my fide

The head (alas) dothe full remaine
And yet fince could I neuer know,
The way to wring it out againe:
Yet was it nye three yere ago

This foden ftroke made me agaft.
And it began to vex me fore
But yet I thought, it would haue paff,
As other fuch had done before

But it did not that (wo is me)
 So depe imprinted in my thought,
 The stroke abode and yet I see,
 Me thyntes my harme how it was wrought
 Kinde taught me streight that this was loue
 And I perceued it perfectlye
 Yet thought I thus Nought shall me moue
 I will not thrall my libertie

And diuers waies I did affay,
 By flight, by force, by frend, by fo,
 This fyre thought to put away
 I was so lothe for to forgo

My libertie that me was leuer,
 Then bondage was, where I heard faie
 Who once was bounde, was sure neuer
 Without great paine to scape away

But what for that, there is no choyce,
 For my mishap was shapen so.
 That those my dayes that did reioyce,
 Should turne my blisse to bitter wo

For with that stroke my blisse toke ende
 In stede wherof forthwith I caught,
 Hotte burnyng fighes, that fins haue brend,
 My wretched hart almost to naught

And fins that day, O Lord my life,
 The misery that it hath felt
 That nought hath had, but wo and strife,
 And hotte desires my hart to melt

O Lord how sodain was the change
 From such a pleasant liberty?
 The very thraldome femed strange
 But yet there was no remedy

But I must yeld, and geue vp all,
 And make my guide my chist¹ fo
 And in this wise became I thrall
 To loue and happe would haue it so

I suffred wrong and helde my peace,
 I gaue my teares good leaue to ronne
 And neuer would seke for redresse,

But hopt to lue as I begonne

For what it was that might me ease,

He lued not that might it know

Thus dranke I all mine owne diseafe.

And all alone bewailde my wo

There was no fight that might mee please,

I fled from them that did reioyce

And oft alone my hart to ease,

I would bewayle with wofull voyce

My life, my state, my miserie,

And curse my felfe and all my dayes

Thus wrought I with my fantasie,

And fought my helpe none other waies.

Saue sometime to my felfe alone,

When farre of was my helpe God wot

Lowde would I cry My life is gone,

My dere, if that ye helpe me not.

Then wisht I streight, that death might end

These bitter panges, and all this grief

For nought, methought, might it amend

Thus in dispaire to haue relief,

I lingred forth tyll I was brought

With pining in so piteous case

That all, that saw me, sayd, methought

Lo, death is painted in his face.

I went no where but by the way

I saw some sight before mine eyes

That made me sigh, and oft times say

My life, alas I thee despyse

This lasted well a yere, and more.

Which no wight knew, but onely I.

So that my life was nere forlore.

And I dispaired vtterly

Tyll on a day, as fortune would

(For that, that shalbe, nedes must fall)

I sat me down, as though I should

Haue ended then my lyfe and all

And as I sat to wryte my plaint,

Meaning to shew my great vnrest

With quaking hand, and hart full faint,
Amid my plaintes, among the rest,

I wrote with ynk, and bitter teares
I am not myne, I am not mine
Behold my lyfe, away that weares
And if I dye the losse is thyne

Herewith a litle hope I caught
That for a whyle my life did stay
But in effect, all was for naught.
Thus liued I styll tyll on a day,

As I sat staring on those eyes
I meane, those eyes, that first me bound ¹
My inward thought tho cryed Aryse
Lo, mercy where it may be found

And therewithall I drew me nere
With feble hart, and at a braide,
(But it was softly in her eare)
Mercy, Madame, was all, I sayd

But wo was me, when it was tolde
For therewithall fainted my breath
And I sate still for to beholde,
And heare the iudgement of my death

But Loue nor Hap would not consent,
To end me then, but welaway
There gaue me blisse that I repent
To thinke I lue to see this day.

For after this I playned still
So long, and in so piteous wise:
That I my wish had at my will
Graunted, as I would it deuise

But Lord who euer heard, or knew
Of halfe the ioye that I felt than?
Or who can thinke it may be true,
That so much blisse had euer man?

Lo, fortune thus fet me aloft.
And more my sorowes to releue,
Of pleasant ioyes I tasted oft.
As much as loue or happe might geue
The sorowes olde, I felt before

¹ Those shining eyes, that first me bound

About my hart, were driuen thence
And for eche greefe, I felt afore,
I had a blisse in recompence

Then thought I all the time well spent.
That I in plaint had spent so long
So was I with my life content
That to my self I sayd among

Sins thou art ridde of all thine yll
To showe thy ioyes fet forth thy voyce
And sins thou hast thy wish at will
My happy hart, reioyce, reioyce.

Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo,
Then by my song may well be tolde.
And thinkyng on my passed wo,
My blisse did double many folde

And thus I thought with mannes blood,
Such blisse might not be bought to deare.
In such estate my ioyes then stode
That of a change I had no feare

But why sing I so long of blisse?
It lasteth not, that will away,
Let me therfore bewaile the misse
And sing the cause of my decay

Yet all this while there liued none,
That led his life more pleasantly
Nor vnder hap there was not one,
Me thought, so well at ease, as I

But O blinde ioye, who may thee trust?
For no estate thou canst assure?
Thy faithfull vowes proue all vnjust
Thy faire behestes be full vnure

Good proufe by me that but of late
Not fully twenty dayes ago.
Which thought my life was in such state:
That nought might worke my hart thus wo.

Yet hath the enemy of my ease,
Mishappe I meane, that wretched wight¹
Now when my life did mooste me please:
Deused me such cruel spight.

¹ Cruell mishappe, that wretched wight

That from the hiest place of all,
As to the pleafyng of my thought,
Downe to the deepeft am I fall,
And to my helpe auaieth nought,

Lo, thus are all my ioyes gone ¹
And I am brought from happineffe,
Continually to waile, and mone.
Lo, fuch is fortunes ftableneffe

In welth I thought fuch furetie,
That pleafure fhould haue ended neuer
But now (alas) aduerfitie,
Doth make my fying ceafe for euer

O brittle ioye, O fliying bliffe,²
O fraile pleafure, O welth vnftable ³
Who feles thee moft, he fhall not miffe
At length to be made miferable

For all muft end as doth my bliffe.
There is none other certentie
And at the end the worft is his,
That moft hath knownen prosperitie

For he that neuer bliffe affaied,
May well away with wretchedneffe
But he fhall finde that hath it fayd,
A paine to part from pleafantneffe

As I doe now, for er I knew
What pleafure was I felt no gnefe,
Like vnto this, and it is true,
That bliffe hath brought me all this mifchiefe

But yet I haue not fongen, how
This mifchiefe came but I intend
With wofull voice to finge it now
And therewithall I make an end

But Lord, now that it is begoon,
I feele, my fprites are vexed fore
Oh, geue me breath till this be done
And after let me lue no more.

Alas, the enemy of my⁴ life,

¹ Lo, thus are all my ioyes quite gone.

² O brittle ioye, O welth vnftable,

³ O fraile pleafure, O fliying bliffe

[The alternation of the rhyme shows that the first edition is the correct

4 this

The ender of all pleasantnesse
Alas, he bringeth all this strife,
And causeth all this wretchednesse

For in the middes of all the welth,
That brought my hart to happinesse
This wicked death he came by stelthe,
And robde me of my ioyfulnesse

He came, when that I little thought
Of ought, that might me vexe so fore
And sodenly he brought to nought
My pleasantnesse for euermore,

He flew my ioye (alas, the wretch)
He flew my ioye, or I was ware
And now (alas) no might may stretch
To set an end to my great care

For by this cursed deadly stroke,
My blisse is lost, and I forlore
And no help may the losse reuoke
For lost it is for euermore

And closed vp are those faire eyes,
That gaue me first the signe of grace
My faire swete foes, myne enemies,
And earth dothe hide her pleasant face

The loke which did my life vpholde
And all my sorowes did confounde
With which more blisse then may be tolde :
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground

But cease, for I will sing no more,
Since that my harme hath no redresse.
But as a wretche for euermore,
My life will waste with wretchednesse

And ending thys my wofull song,
Now that it ended is and past
I wold my life were but as long.
And that this word might be my last

For lothsome is that life (men saye)
That liketh not the lurers minde
Lo, thus I seke myne owne decaye,
And will, till that I may it finde

Of his loue named White

FVll faire and white she is, and White by name
 Whose white doth strue, the lillies white to staine
 Who may contemne the blast of blacke defame
 Who in darke night, can bring day bright againe
 The ruddy rose inpreaseth, with cleare heew,
 In lips, and chekes, right orient to behold:
 That the nere gaser may that bewty reew
 And fele disparst in limmes the chilling cold
 For White, all white his bloodlesse face wil be
 The asfhy pale so alter will his cheare.
 But I that do possesse in full degree
 The harty loue of this my hart so deare
 So oft to me as she presents her face,
 For ioye do fele my hart spring from his place.

Of the louers vnquiet state.

WHat thing is that which I bothe haue and lacke,
 With good will graunted yet it is denyed
 How may I be receued and put aback.
 Alway doing and yet vnoccupied,
 Most slow in that which I haue most applied,
 Still thus to seke, and lese all that I winne
 And that was ready¹ is newest to begyn.

In riches finde I wilfull pouertie,
 In great pleasure liue I in heaunesse,
 In much freedome I lacke my libertie,
 Thus am I bothe in ioye and in distresse
 And in few wordes, if that I shall be plaine,
 In Paradise I suffer all this paine.

Where good will is some profe will appere

IT is no fire that geues no heate,
 Though it appeare neuer so hotte
 And they that runne and can not sweate,
 Are very leane and dry God wot

A perfect leche applieth his wittes,
To gather herbes of all degrees
And feuers with their feruent fittes,
Be cured with their contraries

New wine will searck to finde a vent,
Although the caske be neuer¹ so strong
And wit will walke when will is bent,
Although the way be neuer so long

The rabbets runne vnder the rockes,
The snayles do clime the highest towers
Gunpowder cleaues the sturdy blockes,
A feruent will all thing deuowers

When witte with will and diligent
Apply them selues, and match as mates,
There can no want of resident,
From force defende the castell gates.

Forgetfulnesse makes² little haste,
And slouth delites to lye full soft
That telleth the deaf, his tale doth waste,
And is full drye that craues full oft.

*Verses written on the picture
of Sir Iames Wilford.³*

A Las that euer death such vertues should forlet,
As compast was within his corps, who picture is here set
Or that it euer laye in any fortunes might, [wight
Through depe disdaine his life to traine⁴ yat was so worthy a
For sith he first began in armour to be clad,
A worthier champion then he was yet Englande neuer had
And though recure be past, his life to haue againe,
Yet would I wish his worthinesse in wrytyng to remaine
That men to minde might call how farre he did excell,
At all assayes to wynne the praise,⁵ which were to long to tell.
And eke the restlesse race that he full oft hath runne,
In painfull plight from place to place, where seruice wast to doon⁶
Then should men well perceiue, my tale to be of trouth,
And he to be the worthiest wight that euer nature wrought

¹ set
⁴ end

² make

³ Verses written on the picture of sir Iames Wilford knight
⁵ fame

⁶ dou

*The ladye praieth the retorne of her louer
abidyng on the seas*

Hall I thus euer long, and be no whit the neare,
And shal I styll complayn to thee, the which me will not here?
Alas say nay, say nay, and be no more so dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and say that thou wilt come
Wherby my hart may thinke, although I see not thee,
That thou wilt come thy word so fware, if thou a lues man be
The roaryng hugy waues, they threaten my pore ghost,
And tosse thee vp and downe the seas, in daunger to be lost
Shall they not make me feare that they haue swalowed thee,
But as thou art most sure aloue so wilt thou come to me
Wherby I shall go see thy shippe ride on the strande
And thinke and say low where he comes, and sure here will he land
And then I shall lift vp to thee my little hande,
And thou shalt thinke thine hert in ease, in helth to se me stand
And if thou come in dede (as Christ the send to do,)
Those armes whiche misse thee now¹ shall then embrace thee to
Ech vaine to euery ioynt, the luely blood shall spred, [dead
Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth show full pale and
But if thou slip thy trouth and do not come at all,
As minutes in the clocke do strike so call for death I shall
To please bothe thy false hart, and rid my self from wo,
That rather had to dye in trouth then lue forsaken so.

The meane estate is best.

He doutfull man hath feuers strange
And constant hope is oft diseased,
Dispaire can not but brede a change,
Nor fletyng hartes can not be pleasde
Of all these badde, the best I thinke,
Is well to hope, though fortune shrinke.

Desired thinges are not ay prest,
Nor thinges denide left all vnought,
Nor new thinges to be loued best,

Nor all offers to be fet at nought,
Where faithfull hart hath bene refusde,
The chosers wit was there abusde

The woful shyppe of carefull sprite,
Fletyng on seas of wellyng teares,
With sayles of wishes broken quite,
Hangyng on waues of dolefull feares,
By surge of sighes at wrecke nere hand,
May fast no anker holde on land

What helps the dyall to the blinde,
Or els the clock without it sound,
Or who by dreames dothe hope to finde,
The hidden gold within the ground
Shalbe as free from cares and feares,
As he that holds a wolfe by the eares

And how much mad is he that thinke
To clime to heauen by the beames,
What ioye alas, hath he that winks,
At Titan or his golden stremes,
His ioyes not subiect to reasons lawes,
That ioyeth more then he hath cause

For as the Phenix that climeth hye,
The sonne lightly in ashes burneth,
Againe, the Faulcon so quicke of eye,
Sone on the ground the net masheth.
Experience therfore the mean assurance,
Prefers before the doutfull pleafance.

*The louer thinks no payne to great, wherby
he may obtaine his lady*

With that the way to welth is woe,
And after paynes¹ pleasure prest,
Whie should I than dispaire so.
Ay bewailling mine vnrest,
Or let to lede my hiefe in paine,
So worthy a lady to obtayne

The fisher man doth count no care,
 I'o cast hys nets to wracke or wast,
 And in reward of eche mans share,
 A gogen gift is much imbraft,
 Sould¹ I than grudge it griepe or gall.
 That loke at length to whelm a whall

The pore man ploweth his ground for graine,
 And soweth his feede increafe to craue,
 And for thexpence of all hys paine
 Oft holdes it hap his feede to saue,
 These pacient paines my part do shew,
 To long for loue er that I know

And take no skorne to scape from skill,
 To spende my spirites to spare my speche,
 To win for welth the want of will
 And thus for rest to rage I reche,
 Running my race as rect vpright
 Till teares of truth appease my plight

And plant my plant within her brest,
 Who doubtles may restore againe,
 My harmes to helth my ruthe to rest.
 That laced is within her chayne,
 For eaist ne are the grieues so gret
 As is the ioy when loue is met

For who couets so high to clim,
 As doth the birde that pitfoll toke,
 Or who delightes so swift to swim,
 As doth the fishe that scapes the hoke,
 If these had neuer entred woe
 How mought they haue reioyed so

But yet alas ye louers all,
 That here me ioy thus lesse reioyce,
 Iudge not amys whatso befall
 In me there lieth no power of choyse
 It is but hope that doth me moue
 Who standerd bearer is to loue.

On whose ensigne when I beholde,
 I se the shadowe of her shape,
 Within my faith so fast I folde

Through dread I die, through hope I scape,
 Thus ease and wo full oft I finde,
 What will you more she knoweth my minde

*Of a new married Student*¹

A Student at his book so plapt,
 That welth he might haue wonne
 From boke to wife did flete in haste,
 From wealth to wo to runne
 Now, who hath played a feater cast,
 Since iuglyng first begoon?
 In knittyng of him selfe so fast,
 Him selfe he hath vndoon

¶ *The meane estate is to be accompted the best.*

WHo craftly castes to stere his boate
 and safely skoures the flattering flood
 He cutteth not the greatest waues
 for why that way were nothing good
 Ne fleteth on the crooked shore
 lest harme him happe awayting left.
 But wines away between them both,
 as who would say the meane is best.
 Who waiteth on the golden meane,
 he put in point of sickernes
 Hides not his head in fluttshe coates,
 ne shroudes himself in filthines
 Ne sittes aloft in hye estate,
 where hatefull hartes enuie his chance
 But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine,
 ne proudly doth himself auance
 The highest tree in all the woode
 is rifest rent with blustyrng windes
 The higher hall the greater fall
 such chance haue proude and lofty mindes,

¹ *Of a new married student that played fast or loose*

When Iupiter from hie doth threat
 with mortall mace and dint of thunder
 The highest hilles ben batrid eft
 when they stand still that stoden vnder
 The man whose head with wit is fraught
 in welth will feare a worfer tide
 When fortune failes dispaireth nought
 but constantly doth stil abide
 For he that fendeth grisely stormes
 with whisking windes and bitter blastes
 And fowlth with haile the winters face
 and frotes the soile with hory frostes
 Euen he adawth the force of colde
 the spring in sendes with fomer hote
 The same full oft to stormy hartes
 is cause of bale of ioye the roote
 Not always il though so be now
 when cloudes ben driuen then rides the racke
 Phebus the fresh ne shoteth still
 sometime he harpes his muse to wake
 Stand stif therfore pluck vp thy hart
 lose not thy port though fortune faile
 Againe whan wind doth serue at will
 take hede to hye to hoyse thy saile

¶ *The louer refused lamenteth his estate*

I Lent my loue to losse and gaged my life in vaine,
 If hate for loue and death for life of louers be the gaine
 And curse I may by course the place eke time and howre
 That nature first in me did forme to be a lues creature
 Sith that I must absent my selfe so secretly
 In place desert where neuer man my secretes shall discrye
 In dolling¹ of my dayes among the beastes so brute
 Who with their tonges may not bewray the secretes of my fute
 Nor I in like to them may once to moue my minde
 But gafe on them and they on me as bestes are wont of kinde

¹ dolling

Thus ranging as refuse to reche some place of rest,
 All ruff of heare, my nayles vnnocht, as to such semeth best.
 Than wander by theyr wittes, deformed so to be,
 That men may say, such one may curse the time he first gan se,
 The beauty of her face, her shape in such degree,
 As god himself may not discerne, one place mended to be
 Nor place it in lyke place, my fanly for to please,
 Who would become a heardmans hyre one how re to haue of ease
 Wherby I might restore, to me some stedfastnes,
 That hauemo thoughts kept in my head then life may long disges.
 As oft to throw me downe vpon the earth so cold,
 Wheras with teares most rufully, my sorowes do vnfold
 And in beholding them, I chiefly call to mynd,
 What woman could find in her heart, such bondage for to bynd
 Then rashly furth I yede, to cast me from that care,
 Lyke as the byrd for foode doth flye and lyghteth in the snare.
 From whence I may not meue, vntil my race be roon,
 So trayned is my truth through her, yat thinkes my life well woon.
 Thus tosse I too and fro, in hope to haue reliefe,
 But in the fine I fynd not so, it doubleth but my grief
 Wherefore I will my want, a warning for to be,
 Vnto all men, wishing that they, a myrrour make of me.

*The felicitie of a mind imbracing vertue,
 that beholdeth the wretched desyres
 of the worlde.*

WHen dredful swelling seas, through boisterous windy
 blastes [sayle and mastes
 So tosse the shippes, that al for nought, serues ancor
 Who takes not pleasure then, safely on shore to rest,
 And see with dreade and depe despayre, how shipmen are distrest
 Not that we pleasure take, when others felen smart,
 Our gladnes groweth to see their harmes, and yet to feleno parte.
 Delyght we take also, well ranged in aray,
 When armies meete to see the fight, yet sicke be from the fray
 But yet among the rest, no ioy may match with this,

Tafpayre vnto the temple hye, where wisdom troned is
 Defended with the saws of hory heades expert, [peruert
 Which clere it kepe from errorrs myft, that myght the truth
 From whence thou mayest loke down, and fee as vnder
 foote, [their roote
 Mans wandring wil and doutful life, from whence they take
 How some by wit contend by prowes some to rife
 Riches and rule to gaine and hold is all that men deuife
 O miserable mindes O hertes in folly drent
 Why fe you not what blindnesse in thys wretched life is fpend
 Body deuoyde of grefe mynde free from care and dreede
 Is all and some that nature craues wherwith our life to feede
 So that for natures turne few thinges may well suffice
 Dolour and grief clene to expell and some delight furprice
 Yea and it falleth oft that nature more contente
 Is with the leffe, then when the more to caufe delight is fpend

All worldly pleasures fade.¹

THe winter with his grieſly ſtormes no lenger dare abyde,
 The trees haue leues, ye bowes don ſpred, new changed is
 ye yere
 The pleaſant graſſe, with luſty grene, the earth hath newly dyde.²
 The water brokes are cleane fonke down, the pleaſant bankes
 apere [place
 The ſpring is come, the goodly nymphes now daunce in euery
 Thus hath the yere moſt pleaſantly of late ychangde his face
 Hope for no immortalitie, for welth will weare away,
 As we may learne by euery yere, yea howres of euery day.
 For Zepharus doth mollifye the colde and blustering windes
 The ſomersdrought doth take away ye ſpryng out of our minds.
 And yet the ſomer cannot laſt, but once muſt ſtep aſyde,
 Then Autumn thinkes to kepe hys place, but Autumn cannot
 bide [corn,
 For when he hath brought furth his fruits and ſtuft ye barns with
 The winter eates and empties all, and thus is Autumn worne

¹ *vade* ² The pleaſant graſſe, with luſty grene, the earth hath newly dyde.

The trees haue leues, the bowes don ſpred, new changed is the yere.

[The rhyme in couplets ſhows that the Second edition is here the correct reading.]

Then hory frostes possesse the place, then tempestes work much
 harm, [so warm
 Then rage of stormesdone make al colde which somer had made
 Wherefore let no man put his trust in that, that will decay,
 For slipper welth will not cuntinue, plesure will weare away.
 For when that we haue lost our lyfe, and lye vnder a stone,
 What are we then, we are but earth, t'en is our pleasure gon.
 No man can tell what god almight of euery wight doth cast,
 No man can say to day I liue, till morne my lyfe shall last
 For when thou shalt before thy iudge stand to receiue thy
 dome, [become.
 What sentence Minos dothe pronounce that must of thee
 Then shall not noble flock and blud redcme the from his
 handes, [bandes
 Nor furred talke with eloquence shal lowse thee from his
 Nor yet thy lyfe vprightly lead, can help thee out of hell,
 For who descendeth downe so depe, must there abyde and
 Diana could not thence deliuer chaste Hypolitus, [dwell
 Nor Theseus could not call to life his frende Periothous.¹

A complaint of the losse of libertie by loue.

IN sekynge rest vnrest I finde,
 I finde that welth is cause of wo
 Wo worth the time that I inclinde,
 To fixe in minde her beauty so
 That day be darkened as the night,
 Let furious rage it cleane deuour
 Ne sunne nor moone therin geue light,
 But it consume with storme² and shower
 Let no small birdes straine forth their voyce,
 With pleasant tunes ne yet no beast
 Finde cause wherat he may reioyce,
 That day when chaunced mine vnrest.
 Wherin alas from me was raught,
 Mine owne free choyse and quiet minde.
 My life my death in balance braught
 And reason rasde through barke and rinde.

¹ Periothous² screams

And I as yet in flower of age,
 Bothe witte and will did still aduaunce
 Ay to resist that burnyng rage
 But when I darte then did I glaunce

Nothing to me did seme so hye,
 In minde I could it straight attaine:
 Fanfy perswaded me therby,
 Loue to esteeme a thing most vaine.

But as the birde vpon the brier
 Dothe pricke and proyne her without care.
 Not knowyng alas pore sole how nere¹
 She is vnto the fowlers snare,

So I amid deceitfull trust,
 Did not mistrust such wofull happe:
 Till cruell loue er that I wist
 Had caught me in his carefull trappe

Then did I fele and partly know,
 How little force in me did raigne.
 So sone to yelde to ouerthrow,
 So fraile to flit from ioye to paine

For when in welth will did me leade
 Of libertie to hoyse my faile
 To hale at shete and cast my leade,
 I thought free choise wold still preuaile

In whose calme streames I sayld so farre
 No ragyng storme had in respect.
 Vntyll I rayfde a goodly starre,
 Wherto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in doolfull wise,
 My tackle failde my compasse brake
 Through hote desires such stormes did rise,
 That sterne and toppe went all to wrake.

Oh cruell happe oh fatall chaunce,
 O Fortune why wert thou vnkinde.
 Without regard thus in a traunce,
 To reue fro me my ioyfull minde

Where I was free now must I serue,
 Where I was lofe now am I bounde
 In death my life I do preferue,
 As one through gurt with many a wound.

A praise of his Ladye.

Gue place you Ladies and begon.¹
 Boast not your felues at all
 For here at hande appon her brest
 Whose face will staine you all

The vertue of her luely lokes,
 Excels the precious stone
 I wishe to haue none other bokes
 To read or loke vpon

In eche of her two cristall eyes.
 Smileth a naked boye
 It would you all in harte suffise
 To see that lampe of ioye

I thinke nature hath lost the moulde,
 Where she her shape did take
 Or els I doubt if nature could,
 So faire a creature make

She may be well comparde
 Vnto the Phenix kinde
 Whose like was neuer sene or heard,
 That any man can finde.

In life she is Diana chaste,
 In trouth Penelopey
 In word and eke in dede stedfast,
 What will you more we fey

If all the world were fought so farre.
 Who could finde such a wight
 Her beauty twinkleth like a starre,
 Within the frosty night.

Her rosiall colour comes and goes,
 With such a comely grace.
 More redier to then doth the rose,
 Within her luely face.

At Bacchus feast none shall her mete,
 Ne at no wanton play
 Nor gasyng in an open strete,
 Nor gaddyng as a stray.

The modeſt mirth that ſhe dothe vie,
Is mixt with ſhamefaſtneſſe
All vice ſhe dothe wholly reſuſe,
And hateth ydleneſſe

O lord it is a world to ſee,
How vertue can repaire
And decke in her ſuch honeſtie,
Whom nature made ſo fayre

Truely ſhe dothe as farre excede
Our women now adayes
As dothe the Ieliſoure a wede,
And more a thouſande wayes

How might I do to get a graſſe.
Of this vnſpotted tree
For all the reſt are plaine but chaſſe,
Which ſeme good corne to be

This gift alone I ſhall her geue
When death doth what he can
Her honeſt fame ſhall euer lue,
Within the mouth of man.

The pore eſtate to be holden for beſt

EXperience now doth ſhew what God vs taught before,
Deſired pompe is vaine, and ſeldom dothe it laſt [fore.
Who climbeth to raigne with kinges, may rue his fatefull
A las the wofull ende that comes with care full faſt,
Reiect him dothe renowne his pompe full lowe is caſte.
Deceiued is the birde by ſwetenefſe of the call
Expell that pleaſant taſte, wherein is bitter gall.

Such as with oten cakes in pore eſtate abides,
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with mirth they roſt,
More eaſe fele they then thoſe, that from their height downe
Exceſſe doth brede their wo, they faile in ſcillas coſt, [ſlides
Remainyng in the ſtormes till ſhypp and all be loſt.
Serue God therfore thou pore, for lo, thou lueſt in reſt,
Eſchue the golden hall, thy thatched houſe is beſt.¹

¹ Eſchue the golden hall, thy thatched houſe is beſt

[The final capital in the laſt line, in the ſecond edition, complete the author's name—EDWARD SOMERSET]

The complaint of Thestylis amid the desert wodde.

Thestilis is a fely man, when loue did him forsake, [make.
 In mourning wise, amid ye woods thus gan his plaint to
 Ah wofull man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mone
 And pyne away with carefull thoughts, vnto thy loue vnknownen
 Thy lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honor so
 That ay to her thou wer a fiend, and to thy self a foe
 Ye louers that haue lost your heartes desyred choyse,
 Lament with me my cruell happe, and help my trembling voyce
 Was neuer man that stode so great in fortunes grace
 Nor with his swete alas to deare posselt so high a place
 As I whose simple hart aye thought him selfe full sure,
 But now I se hyc springyng tides they may not aye endure
 She knowes my giltelesse hart, and yet she lets it pine,
 Of her vntrue professed loue so feble is the twine
 What wonder is it than, if I berent my heeres,¹
 And crauyng death continually do bathe my selfe in teares,
 When Cresus king of Lide was cast in cruell bandes,
 And yelded goodes and life also into his enemies handes.
 What tong could tell hys wo yet was hys griet much lesse
 Then mine for I haue lost my loue which might my wo redresse.
 Ye woodes that shroud my limes giue now your holow sound,
 That ye may helpe me to bewaile the cares that me confound.
 Ye ruers rest a while and stay the streames that runne,
 Rew Thestylis most woful man that liued vnder sunne.²
 Transport my sighes ye windes vnto my pleasant foe,
 My trickling teares shall witnesse bear of this my cruell woe
 O happy man wer I if all the goddes agreed
 That now the fustlers three should cut in twaine my fatall threde
 Till life with loue shall ende I here resigne my³ ioy
 Thy pleasant swete I now lament whose lack breeds myne anoy
 Farewell my deare therefore farewell to me well knowne
 If that I die it shalbe sayd that thou hast flaine thine owne.

¹ heeres,² liues under the sunne³ al

[In the second and later editions, the poem at p. 189, entitled "*A comfort to the complainant of Thestylis*," was transposed here, with the heading of *An answer of comfort*]

¶ *The louer praieth pity showing that
nature hath taught his dog as it were
to sue for the same by kissing
his ladies handes.*

Nature that taught my filly dog got wat.
Euen for my sake to like where I do loue,
Inforced him wheras my lady sat
With humble fute before her falling flat.
As in his forte he might her play and moue
To rue vpon his lord and not forgete
The stedfast faith he beareth her and loue,
Kissing her hand whom she could not remoue.
Away that would for frowning nor for threte
As though he would haue sayd in my behoue.
Pity my lord your slaue that doth remaine
Left by his death you gittles slay vs twaine.

Of his ring sent to his lady.

Since thou my ring mayst goe where I ne may
Sincethou mayst speake where I must hold my peace
Say vnto her that is my lues stay.
Grauen the² within which I do here expresse
That sooner shall the sonne not shine by day,
And with the raine the floodes shall waxen lesse.
Sooner the tree the hunter shall bewray,
Then I for change or choyce of other loue,
Do euer seke my fanfy to remoue.

The changeable state of louers.

For that a restles head must somewhat haue in vre
Wherwith it may acquaynted be, as falcon is with lure.
Fanfy doth me awake out of my drowfy slepe,

In seeing how the little mouse, at night begyns to crepe
 So the desyrous man, that longes to catch hys pray,
 In spyng how to watch hys tyme, lyeth lurking styll by day.
 In hop yng for to haue, and fearyng for to fynde
 The salue that should recure his fore, and soroweth but the mynde,
 Such is the guyse of loue, and the vncertain state
 That some should haue theyr hoped happe, and other hard estate
 That some should seme to ioy in that they neuer had,
 And some agayn shall frown as fast, where causeles they be sad
 Such trades do louers vse when they be most at large,
 That gyde the sterewhen they themselues lye fettred in ye barge
 The grenes of my youth cannot therof expresse
 The proces, for by prose vnknownen, all this is but by gesse
 Wherefore I hold it best, in tyme to hold my peace,
 But wanton will it cannot hold, or make my pen to cease
 A pen of no auayle, a frutles labour eke,
 My troubled head with fancies fraught, doth payn it self to seke
 And if perhappes my wordes of none auayle do pricke,
 Such as do fele the hidden harmes, I would not they shold kicke
 As causeles me to blame which thinketh them no harme,
 Although I seme by others fyre, sometime my self to warme
 Which clerely I denye, as gyltles of that cryme,
 And though wrong demde I be thern, truth it will trye in tyme.

A praise of Audley.

When Audley had runne out his race and ended wer his
 days, [praise.
 His fame stept forth and bad me write of him some worthy
 What life he lad, what actes he did his vertues and good name,
 Wherto I calde for true report, as witnes of the same
 Wel born he was wel bent by kinde, whose mind did neuer swarue
 A skilfull head, a valiant hert, a ready hand to serue
 Brought vp and trained in feats of war long time beyond the
 seas [please.
 Cald home again to serue his prince whom styll he fought to
 What tornay was there he refusde, what seruice did he shone,
 Where he was not nor his aduice, what great exploit was done,

My mirth and ioyes are fled,
 And I a man in wo
 Desirous to be dedde,
 My mischiefe to forgo

I burne and am a colde,
 I frise amids the fire
 I see she doth withholde
 That is my most desire

I see my helpe at hand,
 I see my life also
 I see where she dothe stande
 That is my deadly foe.

I see how she dothe see,
 And yet she will be blinde
 I se in helpyng me
 She sekes and will not finde

I see how she doth wry,
 When I begyn to mone
 I see when I come nie,
 How faine she wold be gone

I see what will ye more
 She will me gladly kyll
 And you shall see therfore
 That she shall haue her will

I can not lue with stones
 It is to hard a fode.
 I will be dead at once
 To do my Lady good.

The Picture of a louer

BEhold my picture here well portrayed for the nones,
 With hart consumed and fallyng fleshe, lo here the very
 bones

Whose cruell chaunce alas and desteny is such,
 Onely because I put my trust in some folke all to much.
 For since the time that I did enter in this pine,
 I neuer saw the rising sunne but with my weepyng eyen.

¹ behold the very bones.

Nor yet I neuer heard so fwete a voice or founde,
 But that to me it did encrease the dolour of my wounde.
 Nor in so softe a bedde, alas I neuer laye,
 But that it semed hard to me or euer it was daye
 Yet in this body bare that nought but life retaines,
 The strength wherof clene past away the care yet still
 remaines

Like as the cole in flame dothe spende it selfe you se,
 To vaine and wretched cinder dust till it consumed be
 So dothe this hope of mine inforce my feruent sute,
 To make me for to gape in vaine, whilst other eate the frute
 And shall do till the death do geue me such a grace,
 To rid this fillye wofull sprite¹ out of this dolefull case
 And then wold God were writte in stone or els in leade,
 This Epitaphe vpon my graue, to shew why I am deade
 Here lieth the louer loe, who for the loue he aught,
 Aliue vnto his ladye dere, his death therby he caught.
 And in a shielde of blacke, loe here his armes appears,
 With weping eies as you may see, well poudred all with teares
 Loe here you may beholde, aloft vpon his brest,
 A womans hand straining the hart of him that loued her best.
 Wherefore all you that se this corps for loue that starues,
 Example make vnto you all, that thankelesse louers sarues.

Of the death of Phillips.

BEwaile with me all ye that haue profest,
 Of musicke tharte by touche of coarde or winde
 Laye downe your lutes and let your gutterns rest,
 Phillips is dead whose like you can not finde
 Of musicke much exceedyng all the rest,
 Muses therfore of force now must you wrest.
 Your pleasant notes into an other sounde,
 The string is broke, the lute is dispossess,
 The hand is colde, the bodye in the grounde
 The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore,
 Phillips her frende that can her touche no more.

*That all thing sometime finde ease of their
paine, saue onely the louer.*

See there is no fort,
Of thinges that lue in gnefe:
Which at sometime may not resort,
Wheras they haue reliefe
The stricken dere¹ by kinde,
Of death that standes in awe
For his recure an herbe can finde,
The arrow to withdrawe
The chafed dere² hath soile,
To coole him in his het³:
The asse⁴ after his wery toyle,
In stable is vp fet
The conye⁵ hath his caue,
The little birde his nest
From heate and colde them selues to saue,
At all times as they lyst
The owle⁶ with feble sight,
Lieth lurkyng in the leaues
The sparrow⁷ in the frosty nyght,
May shroude her in the eaues.
But wo to me alas,
In sunne nor yet in shade.
I can not finde a restyng place,
My burden to vnlade.
But day by day still beares,
The burden on my backe.
With weping eyen and watry teares,
To holde my hope abacke
All thinges I see haue place,
Wherin they bowe or bende.
Saue this alas my wofull case,
Which no where findeth ende.

1 Dere

2 Dere

3 heat

4 Asse

5 Cony

6 Owle

7 Sparrow

*Th[e] assault of Cupide vpon the fort where
the louers hart lay wounded
and how he was taken*

When Cupide scaled first the fort,
Wherin my hart lay wounded fore
The battry was of such a fort

That I must yelde or dye therfore

There saw I loue vpon the wall,

How he his banner did display

Alarme alarme he gan to call,

And bad his fouldiours kepe aray

The armes the which that Cupide bare

Were pearced harts with teares besprent

In siluer and fable to declare

The stedfast loue he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest,

In colours like to white and blacke

With powder and with pellets prest,

To bring the fort to spoile and sacke

Good will the master of the shot,

Stode in the rampyre braue and proud

For spence of powder he spared not,

Affault assault to crye aloude

There might you heare the cannons rore

Eche pece discharged a louers loke

Which had the power to rent, and tore

In any place whereas they toke

And euen with the trumpets sowne,

The scalyng ladders were vp set

And beauty walked vp and downe

With bow in hand and arrowes whet.

Then first desinc began to scale,

And shrowded him vnder his taige

As on the worthiest of them all,

And aptest for to geue the charge.

Then pushed souldiers wih then pikes

And holbarders with handy strokes

The hargabushe in fleshe it lightes
And dims the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is the souldiers vse,
When shot and powder guns to want:
I hanged vp my flagge of truce,
And pleaded for my lues graunt.

When fanfy thus had made her breach
And beauty entred with her bande
With bag and baggage felye wretch,
I yelded into beauties hand.

Then beawty had¹ to blowe retrete.
And euery foldiour to retire
And mercy wilde with speide to fet.^{2, 3, 4}
Me captiue bound as prisoner

Madame (quoth I) sith that thys day,
Hath serued you at all assaies
I yeld to you without delay,
Here of the fortresse all the kaies

And sith that I haue ben the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye
Nedes must you with your handy warke,
Or salue my fore or let me dye.

The aged louer renounceth loue

S Lothe that I did loue,
In youth that I thought swete
As time requires for my behoue

Me thinkes they are not mete,

My lustes they do me leeuē,
My fanfies all be fledde

And tract of time begins to weaue,
Gray heares vpon my hedde

For age with stelyng steppes,
Hath clawed me with his cowche⁵
And lusty life away she leapes,

¹ bad

² So also in the Second Edition

³ And merr y mylde with speide to set, 1559.

⁴ And mercy milde with speide to set 1574. [This is probably the true reading.]

⁵ crowch.

As there had bene none fuch.

My muse dothe not delight

Me as she did before

My hand and pen are not in plight,

As they haue bene of yore

For reason me denies,

This youthly, idle rime

And day by day to me she cries,

Leaue of these toyes in time

The wrinckles in my brow,

The furrowes in my face

Say limpyng age will hedge him now

Where youth must geue him place.

The harbinger of death,

To me I see him ride

The cough, the colde, the gaspyng breath,

Dothe bid me to prouide,

A pikeax and a spade

And eke a throwdyng shete,

A house of claye for to be made,

For such a gift most mete

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,

That knols the careful knell

And bids me leue my wofull warke,

Er nature me compell

My keepers knit the knot,

That youth did laugh to scorne.

Of me that clene shalbe forgot,

As I had not ben borne

Thus must I youth geue vp,

Whose badge I long did weare.

To them I yelde the wanton cup

That better may it beare

Loe here the bared scull,

By whose balde signe I know.

That stoupyng age away shall pull,

Which youthfull yeres did sowe.

For beauty with her bande

These croked cares hath wrought:

And shipped me into the lande,
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,
Haue ye none other trust
As ye of claye were cast by kinde,
So shall ye waste to dust.

Of the ladie Wentworthes death.

TO lue to dye, and dye to lue againe,
With good renowne of fame well led before
Here lieth she that learned had the lore,
Whom if the perfect vertues wolden daime.
To be set forth with foile of worldly grace,
Was noble borne and matcht in noble race,
Lord Wentworthes wife, nor wanted to attain
In natures giftes her praise among the rest,
But that that gaue her praise aboue the best
Not fame her wedlocks chastnes durst distain
Wherein with child deliuaryng of her wombe,
Thuntimely birth hath brought them both in tombe
So left she life by death to lue again.

*The louer accusing hys loue for
her vnfaithfulnesse, purposeth
to lue in libertie.*

THe smoky sighes the bitter teares,
That I in vaine haue wasted
The broken slepes, the wo and feares,
That long in me haue lasted
The loue and all I owe to thee,
Here I renounce and make me free.

Which fredome I haue by thy guilt,
And not by my deseruing,
Since so vnconstantly thou wilt,

Not loue, but still be fwaruyng¹
 To leue me oft² which was thine owne,
 Without cause why as shalbe knowne

The frutes were faire the which did grow
 Within thy garden planted,
 The leaues were grene of euery bough
 And moysture nothing wanted,
 Yet or the blossoms gan to fall,
 The caterpillar wasted all.

Thy body was the garden place,
 And sugred wordes it beareth,
 The blossomes all thy faith it was,
 Which as the canker wereth.
 The caterpillar is the same,
 That hath wonne thee and lost thy name.

I meane thy louer loued now,
 By thy pretended folye,
 Which will proue lyke, thou shalt fynd how,
 Vnto a tree of holly
 That barke and bery beares alwayes,
 The one, byrdes feedes, the other slayes
 And right well mightest thou haue thy wish
 Of thy loue new acquaynted
 For thou art lyke vnto the dishe
 That Adrianus paynted
 Wherin wer grapes portrayed so fayre
 That fowles for foode did there repayre

But I am lyke the beaten fowle
 That from the net escaped,
 And thou art lyke the rauening owle
 That all the night hath waked.
 For none intent but to betray
 The sleping fowle before the day.

Thus hath thy loue been vnto me
 As pleasant and commodious,
 As was the fyre made on the sea
 By Naulus hate so odious.
 Therwith to trayn the grekish host
 From Troyes return where they wer lost.

*The louer for want of his desyre, sheweth
his death at hande.*

AS Cypres tree that rent is by the roote
As branch or flyppe bereft from whence it growes
As well sown feede for drought that can not sproute
As gaping ground that raineles can not clofe
As moules that want the earth to do them bote
As fishe on lande to whom no water flowes,
As Chameleon that lackes the ayer so fote
As flowers do fade when Phebus rareft showes
As salamandra repulsed from the fyre
So wanting my wishe I dye for my desyre.

*A happy end exceedeth all pleasures and
riches of the worlde.*

THe shynyng season here to some,
The glory in the worldes sight,
Renowned fame through fortune wonne
The glitteryng golde the eyes delight.
The sensuall life that semes so swete,
The hart with ioyfull dayes replete,
The thing wherto eche wight is thrall,
The happy ende exceedeth all

Against an vnstedfast woman

OTemerous tauntres that delightes in toyes
Tumbling cockboat tottryng to and fro,
Ianglyng iestres deprauers¹ of swete ioyes,
Ground of the graffe whence al my grief dothe
Sullen serpent enuironned with dispite,
That yll for good at all times doest requite.

*A praise of Petrarke and of Laura
his ladre*

Petrarke hed and prince of Poets all,
Whose luely gift of flowyng eloquence,
Wel may we feke, but finde not how or whence
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall,
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortall
Be to thy name, and to her excellence
Whose beauty lighted in thy time and sence
So to be fet forth as none other shall
Why hath not our pens rimes so perfit wrought¹
Ne why our time forth bringeth beauty such
To trye our wittes as golde is by the touche,
If to the stile the matter aided ought.
But therwas neuer Laura more then one,
And her had petrarke for his paragone

*That Petrark cannot be passed but
notwithstanding that Lawra
is far surpassed*

With petrarke to compare there may no wight,
Nor yet attain vnto so high a stile,
But yet I wote full well where is a file
To frame a learned man to praise aright
Of stature meane of semely forme and shap,
Eche line of iust proporsion to her height
Her colour freshe and mingled with such sleight.
As though the rose sate in the lilies lap
In wit and tong to shew what may be fed,
To euery dede she ioynes a parfite grace,
If Lawra hude she would her clene deface
For I dare say and lay my life to wed
That Momus could not if he downe discended,
Once iustly say lo this may be amended.

¹ Why hath not our pens, rimes so parfit wrought

Against a cruell woman.

CRuell and vnkind whom mercy cannot moue,¹
 Herbour of vnhappy where rigour rage doth raigne,²
 The³ ground of my griefe where pitie cannot proue
 To tickle to trust of all vntruth the traine,³
 Thou rigorous rocke that ruth cannot remoue
 Daungerous delph depe dungeon of disdaine
 The⁴ sacke of self will the chest of craft and change⁴
 What causeth the thus so causels [? causelesse] for to
 change

Ah piteles plante whome plaint cannot prouoke.
 Darke den of disceite that right doth still refuse,
 Causes vnkinde that carieth⁵ vnder cloke
 Cruelty and craft me onely to abuse,
 Statelie and stubberne withstanding cupides stroke,
 Thou merueilouse mate that makest men to muse,
 Solleyn by selfe will, most stony stiffe and straunge,
 What causeth thee thus causelesse for to chaunge

Slipper and secrete where surety can not sowe
 Net of newelty, neast of newfanglenesse, [flow,
 Spring of very⁷ spite, from whence whole fluddes do
 Thou caue and cage of care and craftinesse
 Waueryng willow that euery blast dothe blowe
 Graffe withouten grothe and cause of carefulnesse
 The⁸ heape of mishap of all my griefe the graunge
 What causeth thee thus causelesse for to chaunge

Hast thou forgote that I was thine infest,
 By force of loue haddest thou not hart at all,
 Sawest thou not other that for thy loue were left
 Knowest thou vnkinde, that nothing might⁹ befall
 From out my hart¹⁰ that could haue the bereft.
 What meanest thou then at ryot thus to raunge,
 And leauest thine owne that neuer thought to chaunge.

¹ Cruel vnkinde whom mercy cannot moue,

² Ground of my griefe where pitie cannot proue

³ Tickle to trust of all vntruth the traine,

⁴ Sacke of selfe will the chest of craft and change,

⁵ Den of disceite that right doth still refuse,

⁶ carieth 7 8 9 10 enough

¹⁰ From out of my hart

*The lower sheweth what he would haue if it were
graunted him to haue what he would wishe*

IF it were so that God would graunt me my request,
And that I might of earthly thinges haue yat I liked best.
I would not wishe to clime to princely hye astate,
Which slipper is and slides so oft, and hath so fickle fate
Nor yet to conquere realmes with cruell sworde in hande,
And so to shede the giltlesse bloude of such as would withstand
Nor I would not desire in worldly rule to raigne,
Whose frute is all vnquietnesse, and breakyng of the braine
Nor richesse in excesse of vertue so abhorde, [corde.
I would not craue which bredeth care and causeth all dis-
But my request should be more worth a thousand folde
That I might haue and her enioye that hath my hart in holde
Oh God what lusty life should we lue then for euer,
In pleasant ioy and perfect blisse, to length our lues together
With wordes of frendlye chere, and lokes of liuely loue,
To vtter all our hotte desires, which neuer should remoue
But grose and gredie wittes which grope but on the ground
Togathermuck of worldly goodes which oft do them confounde
Can not attaine to know the misteries deuine
Of perfite loue wherto hie wittes of knowledge do incline
A nigard of his gold suche ioye can neuer haue [slau
Which gettes with toile and kepes with care and is his money
As they enioy alwayes that taste loue in his kinde,
For they do holde continually a heauen in their minde
No worldly goodes could bring my hart so great an ease,
As for to finde or do the thing that might my ladye please
For by her onely loue my hart should haue all ioye,
And with the same put care away, and all that coulede annoy
As if that any thyng shold chance to make me sadde, [gladde
The touching of her corall lippes would straightaways make me
And when that in my heart I fele that dyd me greue
With one embracing of her armes she might me sone releue
And as the Angels all which sit in heauen hye
With prefence and the sight of god haue theyr felicitie.
So lykewyse I in earth, should haue all earthly blis,
With prefence of that paragon, my god in earth that is.

*The lady forsaken of her louer, prayeth his
returne, or the end of her own life*

TO loue, alas, who would not feare
That seeth my wofull state,
For he to whom my heart I beare
Doth me extremely hate,
And why therfore I cannot tell,
He will no lenger with me dwell.

Did you not sewe and long me serue
Ere I you graunted grace?
And will you this now from me swarue
That neuer did trespase?
Alas poore woman then alas,
A very lyfe here must I passe.

[Added in the Second edition.]

And shal my faith haue such refuse
In dede and shall it so,
Is ther no choise for me to chuse
But must I leue you so?
Alas poore woman then alas,
A weery life hence must I pas]

And is there now no remedy
But that you will forgeat her,
Ther was a tyme when that perdy
You would haue heard her better.
But now that time is gone and past,
And all your loue is but a blast.

And can you thus break your behest
In dede and can you so?
Did you not sweare you loude¹ me best,
And can you now say no?
Remember me poore wight in payne,
And for my sake turne once agayne

Alas poore Dido now I fele
Thy present paynful state,
When false Eneas did hym stele
From thee at Carthage gate.

And left thee fleapyng in thy bedde,
 Regarding not what he had sayd
 Was neuer woman thus betrayed,
 Nor man so false forsworne,
 His faith and trouth so strongly tayed,¹
 Vntruth hath alltorne
 And I haue leaue for my good will,
 To waile and wepe alone my fill.

But since it will not better be,
 My teares shall neuer blyn
 To moist the earth in such degree,
 That I may drowne therein
 That by my death all men may faye,
 Lo women are as true as they

By me all women may beware,
 That see my wofull smart,
 To feke true loue let them not spare,
 Before they fet their hart
 Or els they may become as I,
 Which for my truth am like to dye.

*The louer yelden into his ladies handes,
 prayeth mercie.*

IN fredome was my fantasie
 Abhorryng bondage of the minde,
 But now I yelde my libertie,
 And willingly my selfe I binde
 Truely to serue with all my hart,
 Whiles life doth last not to reuart.

Her beauty bounde me first of all
 And forst my will for to consent
 And I agree to be her thrall,
 For as she list I am content
 My will is hers in that I may,
 And where she biddes I will obey.

It lieth in her my wo or welth,
 She may do that she liketh best,

If that she list I haue my helth,
 If she list not in wo I rest
 Sins I am fast within her bandes,
 My wo and welth lieth in her handes

She can no lesse then pitie me,
 Sith that my faith to her is knowne,
 It were to much extremitie,
 With cruelty to vse her owne
 Alas a sinnefull enterprice,
 To slay that yeldes at her deuice

But I thinke not her hart so harde,
 Nor that she hath such cruell lust.
 I doubt nothing of her reward,
 For my desert but well I trust,
 As she hath beauty to allure,
 So hath she a hart that will recure

*That nature which worketh al thinges for our
 behofe, hath made women also for our
 comfort and delite*

AMong dame natures workes such perfite lawe is wrought,
 That things be ruled by course of kinde in order as they
 And serueth in their state, in such iust frame and forte, [ough^t
 That slender wits may iudge the same, and make therof report
 Beholde what secrete force the winde dothe easely shoue,
 Which guides the shippes amid the seas if he his bellowes blow.
 The waters waxen wilde where blustering blasts do rise,
 Yet seldome do they passe their bondes for nature that deuise
 The fire which boiles the leade and trieth out the golde
 Hath in his power both help and hurte if he his force vnfolde
 'The frost which kilt^h the fruite doth knit the brused bones.
 And is a medecin of kind prepared for the nones
 The earth in whose entrails the foode of man doth liue,
 At euery spring and fall of leafe what plesure doth she gree.
 The aier which life desires and is to helth so swete
 Of nature yeldes such liuely smelles that comforts euery sprete.
 The sonne through natures might doth draw away the dew,

And spredes ye flowers where he is wont his princely face to
 The Mone¹ which may be cald the lanterne of the night, [shew
 Is halfe a guide to traueling men such vertue hath her light,
 The sters not vertueleffe are bewtie to the eies,

A lodes man to the marner a signe of calmed skies
 The flowers and fruitefull trees to man doe tribute pay,

And when they haue their duety done by course they fade away.
 Eche beast both fishe and foule, doth offer lief² and all,

To norishe man and do him ease yea serue him at his call.
 The serpentes venemous, whose vglye shapes we hate, [state
 Are foueraigne salues for sondry sores, and nedefull in their
 Sith nature shewes her power, in eche thing thus at large,

Why should not man submit hymself to be in natures charge
 Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall,

The wyfest cannot slip her snare, for nature gouernes all
 Lo, nature gaue vs shape, lo nature fedes our lyues [strues

Then they are worse then mad I think, against her force yat
 Though some do vse to say, which can do nought but fayne,

Women were made for this intent, to put vs men to payne
 Yet sure I think they are a pleasure to the mynde,

A ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath assynde

*When aduersitie is once fallen, it is to
 late to beware*

TO my mishap alas I fynde
 That happy hap is daungerous:
 And fortune worketh but her kynd
 To make the ioyfull dolorous
 But all to late it comes to minde,
 To waile the want that makes me blinde,

Amid my mirth and pleasantnesse,
 Such chaunce is chaunced sodainly,
 That in dispaire without redresse,
 I finde my chiefest remedy

No new kinde of vnhappinesse,
 Should thus haue left me comfortlesse

Who wold haue thought that my request,

Should bring me forth such bitter frute :
 But now is hapt that I feard lest,
 And all this harme comes by my fute,
 For when I thought me happiest,
 Euen then hapt all my chiefe vnrest.

In better case was neuer none
 And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,
 My chiefe desire doth cause me mone,
 And to my harme my welth is hapt,
 There is no man but I alone,
 That hath such cause to sigh and mone.

Thus am I taught for to beware
 And trust no more such pleasant chance,
 My happy happe bred me this care,
 And brought my mirth to great mischance
 There is no man whom happe will spare,
 But when she list his welth is bare

*Of a louer that made his onelye God of
 his loue.*

AL you that frendship do professe,
 And of a frende present the place :
 Geue eare to me that did possesse,
 As frendly frutes as ye imbrace.
 And to declare the circumstaunce,
 There were them selues that did auance.
 To teache me truely how to take,
 A faithfull frende for vertues sake
 But I as one of little skill,
 To know what good might grow therby,
 Vnto my welth I had no will,
 Nor to my nede I had none eye,
 But as the childe dothe learne to go,
 So I in time did learne to know
 Of all good frutes the worlde brought forth,
 A faythfull frende is thing most worth
 Then with all care I sought to finde,

One worthy to receiue fuch trust :
 One onely that was riche in minde,
 One fecret, sober, wife, and iust
 Whom riches coulde not raife at all,
 Nor pouertie procure to fall
 And to be fhort in few wordes plaine,
 One fuch a frend I did attaine

And when I did enioy this welth,
 Who liued Lord in fuch a cafe,
 For to my frendes it was great helth,
 And to my foes a fowle deface,
 And to my felfe a thing fo riche
 As feke the worlde and finde none fuch¹
 Thus by this frende I fet fuch ftore,
 As by my felfe I fet no more

This frende fo much was my delight
 When care had clene orecome my hart,
 One thought of her rid care as quite,
 As neuer care had caufed my fmarte
 Thus ioyed I in my frende fo dere
 Was neuer frende fate man fo nere,
 I carde for her fo much alone,
 That other God I carde for none

But as it dothe to them befall,
 That to them felues respect haue none:
 So my fwete graffe is growen to gall,
 Where I sowed mirth I reaped mone
 This ydoll that I honorde fo,
 Is now transformed to my fo,
 That me moft pleased me moft paynes.
 And in difpaire my hart remaines

And for iust fcourge of fuch defart,
 Thre plagues I may my felfe affure,
 Firft of my frende to lofe my parte,
 And next my life may not endure,
 And laft of all the more to blame,
 My foule fhall fuffer for the fame,
 Wherefore ye frendes I warne you all,
 Sit fafte for feare of fuch a fall.

Vpon the death of sir Antony Denny.

DEath and the kyng did as it were contende,
 Which of them two bare Denny greatest loue,
 The king to shew his loue gan farre extende,
 Did him aduaunce his betters farre aboue
 Nere place, much welthe, great honour eke him gaue,
 To make it knowen what power great princes haue.

But when death came with his triumphant gift,
 From worldly cark he quite his wearied ghost,
 Free from the corps, and straight to heauen it lift,
 Now deme that can who did for Denny most.
 The king gaue welth but fadyng and vnfore,
 Death brought him blisse that euer shall endure.

A comparison of the louers paines.

LYke as the brake within the riders hande, [payne,
 Doth strayne the horse nye woode with greife of
 Not vsed before to come in such a bande,
 Strueth for grieffe, although godwot in vayne.
 To be as erst he was at libertie,
 But force of force dothe straine the contrary

Euen so since band dothe cause my deadly grieffe,
 That made me so my wofull chaunce lament,
 Like thing hath brought me into paine and mischiefe,
 Saue willingly to it I did assent
 To binde the thing in fredome which was free,
 That now full fore alas repenteth me.

Of a Rosemary braunche sente.

SVche grene to me as you haue sent,
 Such grene to you I sende agayn
 A flowring hart that wyll not feint,

For drede of hope or losse of gaine ·
 A stedfast thought all wholly bent,
 So that he maye your grace obtain :
 As you by prooffe haue alwaies fene,
 To lue your owne and alwayes grene

To his loue of his constant hart.

AS I haue bene so will I euer be,
 Vnto my death and lenger yf I might
 Haue I of loue the frendly lokyng eye,
 Haue I of fortune the fauour or the spite,¹
 I am of rock by prooffe as you may see
 Not made of waxe nor of no metall light,
 As leefe to dye, by chaunge as to deceaue,
 Or breake the promise made And so I leaue

Of the token which his loue sent him.

THe golden apple that the Troyan boy,
 Gaue to Venus the fayrest of the thre,
 Which was the cause of all the wrack of Troy,
 Was not receiued with a greater ioye,
 Then was the same (my loue) thou sent to me,
 It healed my fore it made my sorowes free,
 It gaue me hope it banisht mine annoy
 Thy happy hand full oft of me was blist,
 That can geue such aalue when that thou list.

Manhode auarileth not without good Fortune.

THo^r Cowerd oft whom deinty viandes fed,
 That boisted much his ladies eares to please,
 By helpe of them whom vnder him he led
 Hath reapt the palme that valiance could not cease.
 The vnexpert that shoores vnknown neare fought,
 Whom Neptune yet apaled not with feare ;

¹ Haue I of fortune fauour or despite ?

² ¶ He

In wandryng shippe on trustlesse seas hath tought,
 The skill to fele that time to long doth leare
 The sportyng knight that scorneth Cupides kinde,
 With fayned chere the payned cause to brede
 In game vnhides the leden sparkes of minde,
 And gaines the gole, where glowyng flames should spede,
 Thus I see proufe that trouth and manly hart,
 May not auayle, if fortune chaunce to start

That constancy of all vertues is most worthy.

THough in the waxe a perfect picture made,
 Dothe shew as fayre as in the marble stone,
 Yet do we see it is esteemed of none,
 Because that fire or force the forme dothe fade
 Wheras the marble holden is full dere,
 Since that endures the date of lenger dayes.
 Of Diamondes it is the greatest prayse,
 So long to last and alwayes one tappere
 Then if we do esteeme that thing for best,
 Which in perfection lengest time dothe last.
 And that most wayne that turnes with euery blast
 What iewell then with tonge can be exprest.
 Like to that hart where loue hath framed such fethe,
 That can not fade but by the force of dethe

[In the Second and subsequent editions, the following poem was transposed further back, see p 165, with the heading, *An answer of comfort*]

A comfort to the complaynt of Thestylis

THestylis thou fely man, why dost thou so complaine,
 If nedes thy loue will thee forsake, thy mourning is in
 vaine

For none can force the streames against their course to runne,
 Nor yet vnwillyng loue with teares or wailyng can be wonne
 Ceasethou therefore thy plaintes, let hope thy sorrowes ease, [scas
 The shipmen though their sailes be rent yet hope to scape the
 Though straunge she senic a while, yet thinke she will not chaunge

Good causes driue a ladies loue, sometime to seme full straunge
 No lower that hath wit, but can forsee such happe,
 That no wight can at wifh or will flepe in his ladies lappe
 Achilles for a time fayre Brifes did forgo, [do so
 Yet did they mete with ioye againe, then thinke thou maist
 Though he and louers al in loue sharpe stormes do finde,
 Dispaire not thou pore Thestilis though thy loue seme vnkinde
 Ah thinke her graffed loue can not so sone decay,
 Hie springes may cease from swelllyng styll, but neuer dry away
 Oft stormes of louers yre, do more their loue encrease
 As shynyng funne refrefhe the frutes when rainyng gins to cease
 When springes are waxen lowe, then, must they flow againe,
 So shall thy hart aduanced be, to pleasure out of paine
 When lacke of thy delight most bitter grieve apperes,
 Thinke on Etrafcus worthy loue that lasted thirty yeres,
 Which could not long atcheue his hartes desired choyse,
 Yet at the ende he founde rewarde that made him to reioyce
 Since he so long in hope with pacience did remaine,
 Can not thy feruent loue forbear thy loue a moneth or twaine
 Admit she munde to chaunge and nedes will thee forgo,
 Is there no mo may thee delight but she that paynes thee so?
 Thestilis draw to the towne and loue as thou hast done,
 In time thou knowest by faythfull loue as good as she is wonne
 And leaue the desert woodes and waylyng thus alone,
 And seke to salue thy fore els where, if all her loue be gonne.

The vncertaine state of a louer.

LYke as the rage of raine,
 Filles riuers with excesse,
 And as the drought againe,
 Dothe draw them lesse and lesse
 So I bothe fall and clyme,
 With no and yea sometime.

As they swell hye and hye,
 So dothe encrease my state,
 As they fall drye and drye
 So doth my wealth abate,

As yea is mixt with no,
So mirth is mixt with wo.

As nothing can endure,
That liues and lackes reliefe,
So nothing can stande sure,
Where chaunge dothe raigne as chiefe,
Wherefore I must intende,
To bowe when others bende.

And when they laugh to smile,
And when they wepe to wale,
And when they cull, begile,
And when they fight, assayle,
And thinke there is no chaunge,
Can make them seme to straunge

Oh most vnhappy slaue,
What man may leade this course,
To lacke he would faynest haue,
Or els to do much worse
These be rewardes for such,
As liue and loue to much.

*The louer in libertie smileth at them in
thralldome, that sometime scorned
his bondage*

AT libertie I sit and see,
Them that haue erst laught me to scorne:
Whipt with the whip that scourged me,
And now they banne that they were borne.

I see them sit full soberlye,
And thinke their earnest lokes to hide:
Now in them selues they can not spye,
That they or this in me haue spied

I see them fittyng all alone,
Markyng the steppes ech worde and loke:
And now they treade where I haue gone
The painfull pathe that I forfoke.

Now I see well I saw no whit,

When they saw well that now are blinde
 But happy hap hath made me quit,
 And iust iudgement hath them affinde

I see them wander all alone,
 And trede full fast in dredful dout.
 The selfe same pathe that I haue gone,
 Blessed be hap that brought me out

At libertie all this I see,
 And say no worde but erst among
 Smiling at them that laught at me,
 Lo such is hap marke well my song

*A comparison of his loue with the
 faithfull and painful loue
 of Troylus to Creside.*

Read how Troylus serued in Troy,
 A lady long and many a day,
 And how he bode so great anoy,
 For her as all the stories faye
 That halfe the paine had neuer man,
 Which had this wofull Troyan than
 His youth, his sport, his pleasant chere,
 His courtly state and company,
 In him so straungly altred were,
 With such a face of contrary
 That euery ioye became a wo,
 This poyson new had turned him so

And what men thought might most him ease
 And most that for his comfort stode,
 The same did most his minde displease,
 And set him most in furious mode
 For all his pleasure euer lay
 To thinke on her that was away

His chamber was his common walke,
 Wherin he kept him se[c]retely
 He made his bedde the place of talke

To heare his great extremitie
In nothing els had he delight,
But euen to be a martyr right

And now to call her by her name
And straight therewith to sigh and throbbe
And when his fanfyes might not frame,
Then into teares and so to sobbe,
All in extreames and thus he lyes
Making two fountayns of his eyes

As agues haue sharpe shifts of fittes
Of colde and heat successefully
So had his head like chaunge of wittes :
His pacience wrought so diuerfly
Now vp, now downe, now here, now there,
Like one that was he wist not where

And thus though he were Pryams sonne
And commen of the kinges hie bloude,
This care he had er he hei wonne.
Till shee that was his maistresse good,
And lothe to see her seruauent so,
Became Phisicion to his wo

And toke him to her handes and grace
And said she would her minde apply,
To helpe him in his wofull case,
If she might be his remedy
And thus they say to ease his smart,
She made him owner of her hart.

And truth it is except they lye,
From that day forth her study went,
To shew to loue him faithfully,
And his whole minde full to content.
So happy a man at last was he,
And eke so worthy a woman she

Lo lady then iudge you by this,
Mine ease and how my case dothe fall,
For fure betwene my life and his,
No difference there is at all
His care was great so was his paine,
And mine is not the left of twaine

For what he felt in seruice true
 For her whom that he loued fo,
 The same I fele as large for you,
 To whom I do my seruice owe,
 There was that time in him no payne,
 But now the same in me dothe raine ¹

Which if you can compare and waye,
 And how I stande in euery plight,
 Then this for you I dare well saye,
 Your hart must nedes remorse of right
 To graunt me grace and so to do,
 As Creside then did Troylus to

For well I wot you are as good
 And euen as faire as euer was shee,
 And commen of as worthy bloode,
 And haue in you as large pitie
 To tender me your owne true man,
 As she did him her seruauant than

Which gift I pray God for my iake,
 Full sone and shortly you me fende,
 So shall you make my sorowes flake,
 So shall you bring my wo to ende
 And set me in as happy case,
 As Troylus with his lady was

To leade a vertuous and honest life

Flee from the prefe and dwell with sothfastnes
 Suffise to thee thy good though it be small,
 For horde hath hate and climyng ticklenesse
 Praife hath enuy, and weall is blinde in all
 Fauour no more, then thee behoue shall
 Rede well thy self that others well canst rede
 And trouth shall the delruer it is no drede

Paine thee not eche croked to redresse
 In hope of her that turneth as a ball,
 Great rest standeth in htle busynesse,
 Beware also to spurne against a nall,

¹ raigne.

Strue not as doth a crocke against a wall,
 Deme first thy selfe, that demest others dede
 And trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede
 That the¹ is sent, receiue in boxomnesse,
 The wrestling of this world with² a fall
 Here is no home, here is but wildernesse
 Forth pilgrame forth beast out of thy stall,³
 Looke vp on high, giue thanks to god of all
 Weane well thy lust, and honest life ay leade,
 So trouth shall the deliuer, it is no drede

*The wounded louer determineth to make sute
 to his lady for his recure*

Sins Mars first moued warre or stirred men to strife, [life
 Was neuer seen so fearse a fight, I scarce could scape with
 Resist so long I did, till death approached so nye,
 To saue my selfe I thought it best, with spede away to fly
 In daunger still I fled, by flight I thought to scape
 From my dere foe, it vailed not, alas it was to late
 For venus from her campe brought Cupide with hys bronde,
 Who sayd now yelde, or els desire shall chace the in euerylonde
 Yet would I not strait yelde, till fanfy fierfly⁴ stroke, [yoke
 Who from my will did cut the raines and charged me with this
 Then all the dayes and nightes mine eare might heare the sound,
 What carefull sighes my heart would steale to fele it self so bound
 For though within my brest, thy care I worke he sayd,
 Why for good wyll didest thou behold her perfin⁵ iye⁵ displayde
 Alas the fishe is caught, through baite, that hides the hoke,
 Euen so her eye me trained hath, and tangled with her loke
 But or that it be long, my hart thou shalt be fame, [plaine
 To stay my life pray her furththrowe fwete lokes whan I com
 When that she shall deny, to doe me that good turne,
 Then shall she see to ashes gray, by flames my body burne
 Defearte of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
 For feare of nay I neuer fought, the way to frame my sute,
 Yet hap that what hap shall, delay I may to long,
 Affay I shall for I here⁶ say, the still man oft hath wrong

¹ thee² asketh
⁴ fiercely³ Forth pilgryme forth, forth beast out of thy stall,
⁵ eye⁶ heare

*The lower shewing of the continuall paines that
abide within his brest determineth to die be
cause he can not haue his redresse*

THe dolefull bell that still dothe ring,
The wofull knell of all my ioyes ·
The wretched hart dothe perce and wringe,
And filis mine eare with deadly noyes

The hongry vyper in my brest,
That on my hart dothe lye and gnawe .
Dothe dayly brede my new vnrest,
And deper sighes dothe cause me drawe
And though I force bothe hande and eye
On pleasant matter to attende
My sorowes to deceaue therby
And wretched life for to amende

Yet goeth the mill within my hart,
Which gryndeth nought but paine and wo
And turneth all my ioye to smart,
The euill come it yeldeth so

Though Venus smile with yeldyng eyes,
And swete musike doth play and singe
Yet doth my sprites fele none of these,
The clacke dothe at mine eare so ringe

As smallest sparckes vncared for,
To greatest flames dothe¹ sonest growe,
Euen so did this myne inwarde sore,
Begin in game and ende in wo

And now by vse so swift it goeth,
That nothing can mine eares so fil :
But that the clacke it ouergoeth,
And plucketh me backe into the myll².

But since the mill will nedes about,
The pinne wheron the whele dothe go,
I wyll assaye to strike it out,
And so the myll to ouerthrow

The power of loue ouer gods them selues.

FOr loue Appollo (his Godhead set aside)
 Was seruant to the kyng of Theffaley,
 Whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye,
 That bothe his harpe and sawtrei he deside
 And bagpipe solace of the rurall bride,
 Did puffle and blowe and on the holtes hy,
 His cattell kept with that rude melody
 And oft eke him that doth the heauens gyde,
 Hath loue transformed to shapen for him to base
 Transmuted thus sometime a swan is he,
 Leda taccoye, and est Europe to please,
 A milde white bull, vnwrinckled front and face,
 Suffreth her play tyll on his backe lepe she,
 Whom in great care he ferueth through the seas

[In the Second and later editions, the following poem was transposed further on,
 see p. 257.]

Of the fitteltye of craftye louers

SVch waierward waies haue some when folly stirres their
 braines [paynes
TO faine and plaine full oft of loue when lest they fele his
 And for to shew a grieve such craft haue they in store,
 That they can halt and lay a salve wheras they fele no fore
 As hounde vnto the fote, or dogge vnto the bow,
 So are they made to vent her out whom bent to loue they know
 That if I should discribe on¹ hundred of their driftes
 Two hundred witts beside mine owne I should put to their shifts
 No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his dere
 Nor shypman on the sea that more hath skill to guide the stere
 Nor beaten dogge to herd can warer chose his game,
 Nor scholeman to his fanfy can a scholer better frame
 Then one of these which haue olde Ouids art in vre,
 Can feke the wayes vnto their minde a woman to allure.
 As rounde about a hieue the bees do swarme alway, [pray
So rounde about yat house they prease wherin they feke their

And whom they so besege, it is a wonderous thing,
 What crafty engins to assault these wily warriours bring
 The eye as scout and watch to surre both to and fro, [and go,
 Doth serue to stale her here and there where she doth come
 The tonge doth plede for right as herauld of the hart
 And both the handes as oratours do serue to point theyr part
 So shewes the countinaunce then with these fowre to agree,
 As though in witnes with the rest it wold hers sworne be
 But if she then mistrust it would turne black to whyte, [bite
 For that the wooer lokes most smoth when he wold faiest
 Then wit as counsellor a help for this to fynde [minde
 Straight makes ye hand as secretayr forthwith to write his
 And so the letters straigh embassadours are made,
 To treate in hast for to procure her to a better trade
 Wherin if she do think all this is but a shewe,
 Or but a subtile masking cloke to hyde a craftye shrewe
 Then come they to the larme, then shew they in the fiede,
 Then muster they in colours strange that wayes to make her
 Then shoote they batrye of, then compasse they her in, [yeld
 At tilte and turney oft they strue this felly soule to win
 Then found they on their Lutes then strain they forth their songe,
 Then romble they with instrumentes to laye her quite a long
 Then borde they her with giftes then doe they woe¹ and
 watche, [catche
 Then night and day they labour hard this simple holde to
 As pathes within a woode, or turnes within a mase [wayes
 So then they shewe of wyles and craftes they can a thousand

[In the Second and later editions, the following poem was transposed back to among
 Surrey's poems with the new heading *An answer in the behalfe of a
 woman, of an uncertain author* see p 26¹

Of the dissembling louer

Girt in my guiltlesse gowne as I sit here and fow,
 I see that thynges are not in dede as to the outward show
 And who so list to loke and note thinges somewhat nere
 Shall fynd whei playnesse femes to haunt nothing but craft
 For with indifferent eyes my self can well discerne, [appere
 How some to guide a ship in stormes seke for to take the sterne.

Whose practise yf were proued in calme to stee a barge,
 Assuredly beleue it well it were to great a charge
 And some I see agayne fit styll and faye but small, [do all
 That could do ten tymes more than they that faye they can
 Whose goodly giftes are such the more they vnderstande,
 The more they seke to learne and knowe and take lesse charge
 And to declare more plain the tyme fletes not so fast [in hand
 But I can beare full well in minde the songe nowfounge and past
 The author wherof came wrapt in a craftye cloke
 With will to force a flamyng fire where he could raise no smoke
 If power and will had ioyned as it appeareth plaine,
 The truth norright had tanen no place their vertues had ben vain
 So that you may perceiue, and I may safely se,
 The innocent that gilty is, condemned should haue be.

The promise of a constant louer

AS Lawrell leaues that cease not to be grene,
 From parching funne, nor yet from winters thrette
 As hardened oke that feareth¹ no sworde so kene,
 As flint for toole in twaine that will not fette
 As fast as rocke or pillar surely set
 So fast am I to you and aye haue bene
 Assuredly whom I can not forget,
 For ioi, for paine, for torment nor for tene
 For losse, for gayne, for frownyng, nor for thret
 But euer one, yea bothe in calme and blast,
 Your faithfull frende, and will be to my last

*Against him that had slandered a gentlewoman
 with him selfe.*

False may he² be, and by the powers aboue,
 Neuer haue he good spede or lucke in loue
 That so can lye or spot the worthy fame,
 Of her for whom thou art to blame
 For chaste Diane that hunteth still the chase
 And all her maides that sue her in the race

¹ feareth

² om he

With faire bowes bent and arrowes by their side,
 Can faye that thou in this hast falsely lied ¹
 For neuer honge the bow vpon the wall,
 Of Dianes temple no nor neuer shall
 Of broken chaste the sacred vowe to spot,
 Of her whom thou doste charge so large I wot
 But if ought be wherof her blame may rise,
 It is in that she did not well aduise
 To marke the² right as now she dothe thee know,
 Falshe of thy dedes³ falshe of thy talke also.
 Lurker of kinde like serpent layd to bite,
 As poyson hid vnder the fuger white
 What daunger fuche? So was the house defilde,
 Of Collatiue so was the wife begilde
 So smarted she, and by a trayterous force,
 The Cartage quene so she fordid her corse
 So strangled was the R. so depe can auoyde,⁴
 Fye traytour fye, to thy shame be it sayd,
 Thou dunghyll crowe that crokest agaynst the rayne,
 Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe agayne
 Carrion for the⁵ and lothsome be thy voyce,
 Thy song is fowle I wery of thy noyce
 Thy blacke fethers, which are thy wearyng wede
 Wet them with teares and sorowe for thy dede
 And in darke caues, where yrkesome wormes do crepe,
 Lurke thou all daye, and flye when thou shouldest slepe
 And neuer light where luyng thing hath life,
 But eat and drinke where stinche and filthe is rise
 For she that is a fowle of fethers bryght,
 Admit she toke some pleasure in thy sight
 As fowle of slate sometimes delight to take,
 Fowle of meane sort then slight with them to make
 For play of winge or solace of their kinde.
 But not in sort as thou dost breke thy mynde
 Not for to treade with such foule fowle as thou,
 No no I swere and I dare it here auowe
 Thou neuer settest thy fote within her nest,
 Boast not so broade then to thine owne vnrest.
 But blushe for shame for in thy face it standes,

¹ lide ² thee ³ dede ⁴ So strangled was the Rodopean mude, ⁵ thee

And thou canst not vnspot it with thy handes
 For all the heauens against thee recorde beare,
 And all in earth against thee eke will sweare
 That thou in this art euen none other man,
 But as the iudges were to Susan than
 Forgers of that where to their lust them prickt,
 Bashe, blaser then the truth hath thee conuict.
 And she a woman of her worthy fame,
 Vnspotted standes, and thou hast caught the shame
 And there I pray to God that it may rest,
 False as thou art, as false as is the best,
 That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,
 In whom all trouth first floorist¹ and began
 And so hath stande till now the wretched part,
 Hath spotted vs of whose kinde one thou art.
 That all the shame that euer rose or may,
 Of shamefull dede on thee may light I saye
 And on thy kinde, and thus I wishe thee rather,
 That all thy fede may like be to their father
 Vntrue as thou, and forgers as thou art,
 So as all we be blamelesse of thy part
 And of thy dede And thus I do thee leaue,
 Still to be false, and falsely to deceaue

*A praise of maistresse Ryce*²

S Heard when Famewith thundryng voicedid sommon to appere
 The chiefe of natures children all that kinde had³ placed here
 To view what brute by vertue got their lues could iustly craue,
 And bade them shew what praise by truth they worthy were to haue
 Wherewith I saw how Venus came and put her selfe in place,
 And gaue her ladies leue at large to stand and pleade their case
 Eche one was calde by name arowe,⁴ in that assemble there,
 That hence are gone or here remaines in court or otherwhere.
 A solemne silence was proclaimde, the iudges sate and heard,
 What truth could tell or craft could fame, & who should be preferd.
 Then beauty slept before the barre, whose brest and neck was bare
 With heare trust vp and on her head a caule of gold she ware.

¹ first floorist

² *A praise of maistresse R*

³ hath

⁴ a row

Thus Cupides thrallles began to flock whose hongry eyes did say
 That she had stayned all the dames that present were that day
 Forer she spake with whispering words, the prease was filde through-
 And fanfy forced common voyce therat to geue a shoute [out
 Which cried to fame take forth thy trump, and found her praise on
 Thatgladsthehart of euery wight that her beholdes with eye [hie
 What stirre and rule (quod order than) do these rude people make,
 We holde her best that shall deserue a praise for vertues sake
 This sentence was no soner said but beauty therewith blusht,
 The audience ceased with the same, and euery thing was whusht¹
 Then finenesse thought by trainyng talke to win that beauty lost
 And whet her tonges² with ioly wordes, and spared for no cost
 Yet wantonneffe could not abide, but brake her tale in haste,
 And peuishe pride for pecockes plumes wold nedes be hieft plapt.
 And therwithall came curiouseffe and carped out of frame
 The audience laught to here the strife as they beheld the same
 Yet reason sone appeide the brute, her reuerence made and don
 She purchasid fauour for to speake and thus her tale begoon,
 Sins bountye shall the garland were and crowned be by fame,
 O happy iudges call for her for she deserues the same [fought
 Where temperance gouernes bewtyes flowers and glory is not
 And shamefast mekenes mastreth pride and vertue dwels in thought
 Byd her come forth and shew her face or els assent eche one,
 That true report shall graue her name in gold or marble stone.
 For all the world to rede at will what worthines doth rest,
 In perfect pure vnspotted life which she hath here posselt
 Then skill rose vp and fought the preace³ to find if yat he might
 A person of such honest name that men should praise of right.
 This one I saw full sadly fit and shrinke her self a side,
 Whose sober lokes did shew what gifts her wiesly⁴ grace did hide
 Lo here (quod skill, good people all) is Lucrece left alieue,
 And she shall most excepted be that lest for praise did strue
 No lenger faune could hold her peace, but blew a blast so hye,
 That made an eckow in the ayer and sowning through the sky.
 The voice was loude and thus it sayd come Rise⁵ with happydaies,
 Thy honest life hath wonne the fame and crowned thee with praes
 And when I heard my maistric name I thrust amids the throng
 And clapt my handes and wisht of god yat she might prosper long.

¹ The noise did cease, the hall was still, and every thing was whusht.

² tongue

³ prease

⁴ wiesly

⁵ R.

Of one uniuſſly defamed

Ne can cloſe in ſhort and cunning verſe,
 Thy worthy praife of bountie by deſart
 The hatefull ſpite and ſlaunder to reherſe
 Of them that ſee but know not what thou art,
 For kind by craft hath wrought thee ſo to eye.
 That no wight may thy wit and vertue ſpye
 But he haue other ſele then outward ſight,
 The lack whereof doth hate and ſpite to tye
 Thus kind thy craft is let of vertues light
 See how the outward ſhew the wittes may dull.
 Not of the wiſe but as the moſt entend,
 Minerua yet might neuer perce theu ſcull,
 That Circes cup and Cupides brand hath blend
 Whoſe ſonde affects now ſturred haue their braine,
 So dothe thy hap thy hue with colour ſtaine
 Beauty thy foe thy ſhape doubleth thy fore,
 To hide thy wit and ſhewe thy vertue vayne,
 Fell were thy fate, if wiſdome were not more.
 I meane by thee euen G by name,
 Whom ſtormy windes of enuy and diſdaine,
 Do toſſe with boiſteous blaſtes of wicked fame
 Where ſtedfaſtneſſe as chiefe in thee dothe raigne
 Pacience thy ſetled minde dothe guide and ſtere,
 Silence and ſhame with many reſteth there,
 Till time thy mother liſt them forth to call,
 Happy is he that may enioye them all

On the death of the late counteſſe of Pembroke

YEt once againe my muſe I pardon pray,
 Thine intermitted ſong if I repete
 Not in ſuch wiſe as when loue was my pay,
 My ioly wo with ioyfull verſe to treat
 But now 'vnthanke to our deſert be geuen,

Which merite not a heauens gift to kepe)
 Thou must with me bewaile that fate hath reuen,
 From earth a iewell laied in earth to slepe

A iewell, yea a gemme of womanhed,
 Whose perfect vertues linked as in chaine .
 So did adorne that humble wiuelyhed,
 As is not rife to finde the like againe

For wit and learnyng framed to obey,
 Her husbandes will that willed her to vse
 The loue he baie her chiefly as a staye,
 For all her frendes that would her furtherance chuse.

Well sayd therfore a heauens gift she was,
 Because the best are sonest hence bereft
 And though her selfe to heauen hence did passe,
 Her spoyle to earth from whence it came she left

And to vs teares hei absence to lament,
 And eke his chance that was her make by lawe
 Whose losse to lose so great an ornament,
 Let them esteeme which true loues knot can draw

That eche thing is hurt of it selfe.

WHy fearest thou thy outward foe,
 When thou thy selfe thy harme doste fede,
 Of grieve, or hurt, of paine, of¹ wo,
 Within eche thing is sownen a fede

So fine was neuer yet the cloth,
 No smith so harde his yron did beate
 But thone consumed was with mothe
 Thother with canker all to fret²

The knotty oke and wein³scot old,
 Within dothe eat the filly worme .
 Euen so a minde in enuy rold,
 Alwayes within it self doth burne

Thus euery thing that nature wrought,
 Within it self his hurt doth beare .
 No outward haime nede to be fought,
 Where enmies be within so neare.

¹ or² frette³ wein³scot

Of the choise of a wife

He flickeryng fame that flieth from eare to eare,
And aye her strength encreaseth with her flight
Geues first the cause why men to heare delight,
Of those whom she dothe note for beauty bright
And with this fame that flieth on so fast,
Fansy dothe hye when reason makes no haste

And yet not so content they wishe to see
And thereby knowe if fame haue sayd aright
More trustyng to the triall of their eye,
Then to the brute that goes of any wight
Wise in that poynt that lightly will not leeuē,
Vnwise to seke that may them after greue

Who knoweth not how sight may loue allure,
And kindle in the hart a hotte desire
The eye to worke that fame could not procure,
Of greater cause there commeth hotter fire.
For ere he wete him self he feleth warme,
The fame and eye the causers of his harme

Let fame not make her knowen whom I shall know,
Nor yet mine eye therein to be my guide
Sufficeth¹ me that vertue in her grow,
Whose simple life her fathers walles do hide
Content with this I leaue the rest to go,
And in such choise shall stande my welth and wo

Description of an vngodly worlde.

Who loues to liue in peace, and marketh euery change,
Shal hear such newes from time to time, as semeth
wonderous strange

Such fraude in frendly lokes, such frendshuppe all for gayne

¹ Sufficeth

Such cloked wrath in hatefull hartes, which worldly men retayne
 Such fayned flatteryng fayth, amongs both hye and low
 Such great deceite, fuch fubtell wittes, the pore to ouerthrowe
 Such spite in fugged tonges, fuch malice full of pride
 Such open wrong fuch great vntruth, which can not go vnfpied
 Such reſtleſſe fute for rouses, which bringeth men to care
 Such ſlidyng downe from ſlippry feates, yet can we not beware
 Such barkyng at the good, fuch bolſtrynge of the yll
 Such threatnyng of the wrathe of God, fuch vyce embraced ſtyll
 Such ſtriuyng for the beſt, fuch climyng to eſtate
 Such great diſſemblyng euery where, fuch loue all mixt with hate
 Such traynes to trap the ruſt, fuch prollong faults to pyke
 Such cruell wordes for ſpeakyng truth, who euer hearde the like
 Such ſtriſe for ſturryng ſtrawes, fuch diſcord dayly wrought,
 Such forged tales dulwits to blind, fuch matters made of nought,
 Such trifles tolde for trouth, fuch credityng of lyes,
 Such ſilence kept when ſoles do ſpeake, fuch laughyng at the wiſe
 Such plenty made ſo ſcarce, fuch cryng for redreſſe,
 Such feared ſignes of our decay, which tong dares not expreſſe
 Such chaunges lightly markt, fuch troubles ſtill apperes,
 Which neuer were before this time, no not this thouſand yeres
 Such bribyng for the purſe, which euer gapes for more,
 Such hordyng vp of worldly welth, fuch kepyng muck in ſtore
 Such folly founde in age, fuch will in tender youth,
 Such fundry fortes among great clarkes, and few yat ſpeake the
 truth
 Such falſhed vnder craft, and fuch vnſtedfaſt wayes,
 Was neuer ſene within mens hartes, as is found now adayes
 The cauſe and ground of this is our vnquiet minde,
 Which thinkes to take thoſe goods away which we muſt leue
 behinde
 Why do men ſeke to get which they cannot poſſeſſe,
 Or breke their ſlepes with carefull thoughtes and all for wretched
 nes
 Though one amonges a ſkore, hath welth and eaſe a while,
 A thouſand want which toyleth fore and trauaile many a mile.
 And ſome although they ſlepe, yet welth falles in their lap,
 Thus ſome be riche and ſome be pore as fortune geues the hap
 Wherefore I holde him wiſe which thinkes himſelf at eaſe,

And is content in simple state both god and man to please

For those that lue like gods and honored are to day,
Within short tyme their glory falles as flowers do fade away

Vncertain is their lifes¹ on whom this world will frowne,
For though they sit aboue ye staries a storm may strike them
downe

In welth who feares no fall may slide from ioy full sone,
There is no thing so sure on earth but changeth as the Mone

What pleasure hath the riche or ease more then the pore,
Although he haue a plesant house his trouble is the more

They bowe and speake him fayre, which seke to suck his blood,
And some do wishe his soule in hell and all to haue his good

The coueting of the goodes doth nought but dull the spinte,
And some men chaunce to taste the sower that gropeth for the
swete

The riche is still enured by those which eate his bred,
With fawning spech and flattering tales his eares are dayly fed.

In fine I see and proue the rich haue many foes,
He slepeth best and careth lest that litle hath to lose.

As time requireth now who would auoide much strife,
Were better lue in pore estate then leade a princes life

To passe those troublesome times I see but little choise,
But help to waile with those that wepe and laugh when they re-
ioise

For as we se to day our brother brought in care,
To morrow may we haue such chance to fall with him in snare,

Of this we may be sure, who thinkes to sit most fast,
Shal soonest fal like wethered leaues that cannot bide a blast

Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as lowe doth ronne,
When euery man hath played his part our pagent shall be donne

Who trustes this wretched world I hold him worse then mad,
Here is not one that fereth god the best is all to badde

For those yat seme as saintes are deuilles in their dedes :
Though yat the earth bringes forth some flowers it beareth many
wedes

I se no present help from mischief to preuaile,
But flee the seas of worldly cares or beare a quiet sayle

For who that medleth least shall saue him selfe from smart,
Who styrrs an oare in euery boat shal play a foolish part.

The despairyng louer lamenteth

WAlkyng the pathe of pensive thought
 I askt my hart how came this wo
 Thine eye (quod he) this care me brought.

Thy minde, thy witte, thy will also
 Enforceth me to loue her euer,
 This is the cause ioye shall I neuer

And as I walkt as one dismayde,
 Thinkyng that wrong this wo me lent
 Right, sent me worde by wrath, which sayd
 This iust iudgement to thee is sent
 Neuer to dye, but dyng euer,
 Till breath thee faile, ioy shalt thou neu

Sithe right doth iudge this wo tendure,
 Of health, of wealth, of remedy
 As I haue done so be she sure,
 Of fayth and trowth vntill I dye
 And as this payne cloke shall I euer,
 So inwardly ioye shall I neuer

Gripyng of gripes greue not so fore,
 Nor serpentis styng causeth such smarte
 Nothing on earth may payne me more,
 Then sight that perst my wofull hart
 Drowned with cares styll to perseuer,
 Come death betimes, ioye shall I neuer

O libertie why doest thou swarue,
 And steale away thus all at ones
 And I in pryson like to sterue,
 For lacke of fode do gnaw on bones.
 My hope and trust in thee was euer,
 Now thou art gone ioye shall I neuer.

But styll as one all desperate,
 To leade my life in miserie
 Sith feare from hope hath lockt the gate,
 Where pity shoud graunt remedye
 Dispaire this lotte assignes me euer,
 To lue in payne Ioye shall I neuer.

[FROM this point—fol 87 in the Second edition—forward, that edition varies materially from the earliest impression not only in the addition of Thirty nine new Songs and Sonnets, but also in the transposition of the poems from pp 61 and 197, and in arranging in a different order, the nine poems by *Uncertain Authors* yet remaining of the First text

The exact order in the revised impression will be seen from the following first lines, those of the new poems are shown in *Italic type* the poems themselves will be found at pp 227 271

Procrin that some tyme serued Cephalus see p 213
Lyke the Phenix a birde most rare see p 214

The soules that lacked grace

Lo dead he liues, that whilome liued here

What harder is then stone, what more then water soft

O lingring make Vlisses dere, thy wife lo sendes to thee

You that in play peruse my plaint, and reade in rime the smart

It was the day in whiche the sunne i' priuie of his light

The Sunne when he hath set his rays

The secret flame that vnder all the soles hot

The bird that so sometime he'll within my net

Not like a little bird that's to be won

I that Vlysses yet so late spent

Thou Cupide God of loue, whom Venus thralles do serue

Complaine we may much is amisse

Do all your dedes by good aduise

Who list to lead a quiet life

A kinde of coal is as men say

Your borrowd meane to moue your mone, of fume withouten flame

Lo here lieth G vnder the grounde

If that thy wicked wife had spon the thred

From worldly wo the mede of misbeliefe.

Stay gentle frend that passeth by

A Man may liue thrise Nestors life

The vertue of Vlisses wife

To false report and flying fame.

Whom fansy forced first to loue

To walke on doubtfull ground, where danger is vnseen

To trust the fayned face, to rue on forced teares

Ah loue how wayward is his wit what panges do perce his death.

The blinded boy that bendes the bow

I wold I found not as I fele

No soy haue I, but liue in heauennesse

The wisest way, thy bote, in waue and wunde to giue

Who so that wisely weyes the profite and the price

Some men would thinke of right to haue

Such wayward waies haue some when folly sturres their braines

Vaine is the fleting welth.

Do way your phisike I faint no more

A cruell Tiger all with teeth bebled

Ah libertie now haue I learned to know

Holding my peace alas how loud I crye

I sely Haw whose hope is past

Adieu desert, how art thou spent

In Bayes I boast whose braunch I beare

Whil' n I thus had the sorrowe to blame

In court as I liked the leaue of a lady dame

Ye are to young to be put to rest

I am well thou foster hart mildears of fardned stile

As I see you dimes, who n' t' d' y' g' b' u' t' d' e' l' t' t'

Alas when shall I soy

Then follow the *Ten Songes by Nicholay G[rimald]*, as distinguished on pp 96-125 and these complete the revised Text

After which, come *the Table* [if first lines], and the Colophon.]

An epitaph of master Henry Williams.

From worldly wo the mede of misbeliefe,
 From cause of care that leadeth to lament,
 From vaine delight the grounde of greater gnefe,
 From feare from¹ frendes, from matter to repent,
 From painfull panges last forow that is sent.
 From drede of death sithe death dothe set vs free,
 With it the better pleased should we be

This lothsome life where likyng we do finde,
 Thence creaser of our crimes dothe vs berue,
 Our blisse that alway ought to be in minde
 This wyly wolde whiles here we breath alue
 And fleshe our fayned fo, do stufely² strue.
 To flatter vs assuryng here the ioye,
 Where we alas do finde but great annoy

Vntolde heapes though we haue of worldly welth,
 Though we possesse the sea and frutefull grounde,
 Strength, beauty, knowledge, and vnharmed helth,
 Though at our³ wishe all pleasure do abound.
 It were but vaine, no frendship can be founde,
 When death assaulteth with his dredfull dart.
 No raunsome can stay the homehastyng hart.

And sithe thou hast⁴ cut the lues line in twaine,
 Of Henry, sonne to sir Iohn Williams knight,
 Whose manly hart and prowes none coulde stayne
 Whose godly life to vertue was our light,
 Whose worthy fame shall florishe long by right
 Though in this life so cruell mightest though⁵ be,
 His spirit in heauen shall triumph ouer thee.

[See another Epitaph on master Henry Williams, at p 248]

[An answer to the following poem will be found at p 249]

Against a gentlewoman by whom he was refused.

TO false report and flying fame,
 While erst⁶ my minde gaue credite light,
 Beleuyng that her bolstred name
 Had stulle to shew that praise did hight.

I finde well now I did mistake,
 Vpon report my g[r]ounde to make.
 I hearde it sayd such one was she,
 As rare to finde as parragon,
 Of lowly cheare of heart so free,
 As her for bounty could passe none
 Such one so faire though forme and face,
 Were meane to passe in seconde place

I sought it neare thinkyng to finde,¹
 Report and dede both to agree
 But chaunge had tride her futeell minde,
 Of force I was enforced to see,
 That she in dede was nothing so,
 Which made my will my hart forgo

For she is such as geason none,
 And what she most may boist to be:
 I finde her matches mo then one,
 What nede she so to deale with me?
 Ha fiering face with scornefull harte,
 So yll rewarde for good desert?

I will repent that I haue done,
 To ende so well the losse is small,
 I lost her loue, that lesse hath wonne,
 To vaunt she had me as her thrall.
 What though a gyllot² sent that note,
 By cocke and pye I meant it not.

*An epitaphe written by W. G. to be set
 vpon his owne graue³*

Here lieth G vnder the grounde,
 Emong⁴ the greedy wormes
 Which in his life time neuer founde,
 But stric and sturdy stormes

And namely through a wicked wife,
 As to the worlde apperes.

¹ I sought it neare, and thinkyng to finde

² gillot

³ An epitaph made by W. G. lying on his death bed, to be set vpon
 his owne tombe

She was the shortnyng of his life
 By many daies and yeres
 He might haue liued long god wot,
 His yeres they were but yong
 Of wicked wiues this is the lot,
 To kill with spitefull tong
 Whose memory shall still remaine,
 In wrytyng here with me
 That men may know whom she hath flame.
 And say this fame is she.

An aunswere

IF that thy wicked wife had spon the thred,
 And were the weauer of thy wo
 Then art thou double happy to be dead,
 As happily dispatched so
 If rage did causelesse cause thee to complaine,
 And mad moode mouer of thy mone
 If frensy forced on thy testy braine
 Then blist is she to liue alone
 So, whether were the ground of others grieve,
 Because so doutfull was the dome
 Now death hath brought your payne a right reliefe,
 And blessed be ye bothe become
 She that she lues no lenger bounde to beare
 The rule of such a frowarde hed
 Thou that thou luest no lenger faine to feare
 The restlesse ramp that thou hadst wedde
 Be thou as glad therfore that thou art gone,
 As she is glad she dothe abide
 For so ye be a sonder, all is one
 A badder match can not betide.

Against women either good or badde.

A Man may liue thrise Nestors life,
 Thrise wander out Vlisses race
 Yet neuer finde Vlisses wife

Such chaunge hath chanced in this case
 Lesse age will serue than Paris had,
 Small peyn (if none be small inough)
 To finde good store of Helenes trade
 Such sap the rote dothe yelde the bough.

For one good wife Vlisses flew
 A worthy knot of gentle blood
 For one yll wife Grece ouerthrew
 The towne of Troy Sith bad and good
 Bring mischiefe Lord, let be thy will,
 To kepe me free from either yll

An answere.

THe vertue of Vlysses wife
 Dothe lue, though she hath ceast her race,
 And farre surmountes old Nestors life
 But now in moe than then it was
 Such change is chanced in this case

Ladies now lue in other trade
 Farre other Helenes now we see,
 Than she whom Troyan Paris had
 As vertue fedes the roote, so be
 The sap and frute¹ of bough and tree

Vlisses rage, not his good wife,
 Spilt gentle blood. Not Helenes face,
 But Paris eye did rayse the strife,
 That did the Troyan buildyngs race
 Thus sithe ne good, ne bad do yll,
 Them all, O Lord, maintain my will,
 To serue with all my force and skyll

*The louer praieth his seruice to be accepted
 and his defaultes pardoned*

PROCRYN that some tyme serued Cephalus,
 With hart as true as any louer might,
 Yet her betyd in louyng this vnright.

That as in hart with loue surprised thus,
 She on a daye to see this Cephalus,
 Where he was wont to shiowde him in the shade,
 When of his huntyng he an ende had made
 Within the woddess with dredfull fote she stalketh,¹
 So busily loue in her hedde it walketh
 That she to sene him may her not restrayne
 This Cephalus that heard one shake the leaues,
 Vprist all egre thrustyng after pray,
 With darte in hande him list no further daye,
 To see his loue but flew her in the greues,
 That ment to him but perfect loue alway

So curious bene alas the rites all,
 Of mighty loue that vnnethes may I thinke,
 In his high seruice how to loke or winke,
 Thus I complaine that wre[t]chedest am of all.
 To you my loue and fouerayne lady dere,
 That may myne hart with death or life stere
 As ye best list That ye vouchsafe in all
 Mine humble seruice And if that me misfall,
 By negligence, or els for lacke of witte,
 That of your mercy you do pardon it,
 And thinke that loue made Procris shake the leaues,
 When with vnright she slayne was in the greues

Description and praise of his loue

LYke the Phenix a bride most rare in sight
 With golde and purple that nature hath drest ²
 Such she me semes in whom I most delight,
 If I might speake for enuy at the least
 Nature I thinke first wrought her in despite,
 Of rose and lillye that sommer bringeth first,
 In beauty fure excedyng all the rest,
 Vnder the bent of her browes iustly pight
 As polisht Diamondes, or Saphires at the least ³
 Her glistryng lightes the daikenesse of the night.

¹ Within the woods with dredfull foote forth stalketh

² That nature hath with gold and purple drest.

³ As Diamondes, or Saphires at the least:

Whose little mouth and chinne like all the rest
 Her ruddy lippes excede the corall quite
 Her yuery teeth where none exceeds the rest
 Faultlesse she is from fote vnto the waste
 Her body small and straight as mast vpright
 Her armes long in iust proporcion cast,
 Her handes depaint with veines all blew and white.
 What shall I say for that is not in sight?
 The hidden partes I iudge them by the rest.
 And if I were the forman of the quest,
 To geue a verdite of her beauty bright,
 Forgeue me Phebus, thou shouldst be dispoſſest,
 Which doest vsurpe my ladies place of right.
 Here will I cease lest enuy cause dispite
 But nature when she wought so fayre a wight,
 In this her worke she surely did entende,
 To frame a thing that God could not amende

*An answere to a song before imprinted begin-
 nyng To walke on doutfull grounde¹*

TO trust the fayned face, to rue on forced teares,
 To credit finely forged tales, wherein there oft appears
 And breathes as from the brest a smoke of kindled smart,
 Where onely lurkes a depe deceit within the hollow hart,
 Betrayes the simple soule, whom plaine deceitlesse minde.
 Taught not to feare that in it self it self did neuer finde
 Not euery tricklyng teare doth argue inward paine.
 Not euery sigh dothe surely shewe the sigher not to fayne
 Not euery smoke dothe proue a presence of the fire
 Not euery glistring geues the golde, that gredy folke desire
 Not euery waillyng word is drawn out of the depe.
 Not grieve for want of graunted grace enforceth all to wepe
 Oft malice makes the minde to shed the boyled brne.
 And enuies humor oft vnclades by conduites of the eyen
 Oft craft can cause the man to make a femyng show
 Of hart with dolour all distreined, where grieve did neuer grow
 As cursed Crocodile most cruelly can toll²

¹ *An answere* [This poem, in the Second edition, follows the one referred to in the heading See p 136.]

² tole

With truthleffe teares, vnto his death, the silly pityng soule

Blame neuer those therfore, that wisely can beware
The guillfull¹ man that suttly sayth him selfe to dread the snare.

Blame not the stopped eares against the Syrenes song
Blame not the mind not moued with mone of falsheds flowing
tong

If guile do guide your wit by filence so to speake,
By craft to craue and faine by fraude the cause yat you wold
breake

Great harme your futtle soule shall suffer for the same
And mighty loue will wreke the wrong so cloked with his name.

But we, whom you haue warnde, this lesson learne by you
To know the tree before we clime, to trust no rotten bowe,

To view the limed bushe, to loke afore we light,
To shunne the perillous bayted hoke, and vse a further fight.

As do the moufe, the birde, the fishe, by sample fitly show,
That wyly wittes and ginnes of men do worke the simples wo

So, simple fithe we are, and you so futtle be,
God help the moufe, the birde, ye fishe, and vs your sleights
to fle.

*Other Songes and Sonettes written by
the earle of Surrey.*

[In the Second and revised edition, the first, third, and fourth of these additional poems were transposed, as stated at p 26, and the second as at p 30]

The constant louer lamenteth



Yns fortunes wrath enuieth the welth,
Wherein I raygned by the fight
Of that that fed mine eyes by stelth,
With fower fwete, dreade, and delight.
Let not my grieve moue you to mone,
For I will wepe and wayle alone
 Spite draue me into Bonias raigne,
Where hory frostes the frutes do bite,
When hilles were spred and euery playne
With stormy winters mantle white.
And yet my deare such was my heate,
When others frefe then did I fwete
 And now though on the funne I driue,
Whose feruent flame all thinges decaies,
His beames in brightnesse may not strue,
With light of your fwete golden rayes,
Nor from my brest this heate remoue,
The frosen thoughtes grauen by loue
 Ne may the waues of the salt floode,
Quenche that your beauty set on fire,
For though mine eyes forbere the fode¹
That did releue the hote desire
Such as I was such will I be,
Your owne, what would ye more of me.

¹foode

[This poem, in the Second edition, was incorporated, as stated at p 30]

*A praise of sir Thomas Wyate th[e] elder
for his excellent learning.¹*

IN the rude age when knowledge was not rife,
If Ioue in Create and other were that taught,
Artes to conuert to profite of our life,
Wende after death to haue their temples fought.
If vertue yet no voyde vnthankfull time,
Failed of some to blast her endles fame,
A goodly meane both to deterre from crime
And to her steppes our sequele to enflame,
In dayes of truth if wyates frendes then wayle,
The only det that dead of quick may claime
That rare wit spent employd to our auaile
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues taine
His huely face their brestes how did it freat,
Whose cindres yet with enuye they do eate

¶ *A song written by the earle of Suriey by a
lady that refused to daunce with him*

The beast can chose hys fere according to his minde,
And eke can shew a frendly chere like to their beastly kinde
A Lion saw I late as white as any snow,
Which semed well to lead the race his port the same did shew
Vpon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
For full me thought he semed well of noble blood to be.
And as he praunced before, full seking for a make,
As who wold say there is none here I trow will me forsake.
I might perceiue² a wolfe as white as whales bone,
A fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I neuer none
Saue that her lokes were coy, and froward eke her grace,
Vnto the which this gentle beast gan him aduance apace.
And with a beck full low he bowed at her feete,

¹ *Of the same* [as, in the Second edition, it comes after two poems on the death of Sir T Wyatt. See p 30.]

² *perceiue*

In humble wife as who would say I am to farre vnmete,
 But such a scornfull chere wherwith she him rewarded,
 Was neuer sene I trow the like to such as well deserued
 With that she start aside welnere a fote or twaine,
 And vnto him thus gan she say with spite and great disdain
 Lyon she sayd if thou hadst knowen my mind before,
 Thou hadst not spent thy trauail thus nor al thy paine forlore
 Do way I let the wete thou shalt not play with me, [the
 Go range about where thou mayst finde some meter fere for
 With that he bet his taile, his eyes began to flame,
 I might perceiue hys noble hart much moued by the same
 Yet saw I him refraine and eke his wrath aswage,
 And vnto her thus gan he say when he was past his rage.
 Cruell, you do me wrong to set me thus so light,
 Without desert for my good will to shew me such despight.
 How can ye thus entreat a Lion of the race,
 That with his pawes a crowned king deuoured in the place.
 Whose nature is to pray vpon no simple food,
 As long as he may suck the fleshe, and drink of noble blood
 If you be faire and fresh, am I not of your hue?
 And for my vaunt I dare well say my blood is not vntrue
 For you your self haue heard it is not long agoe,
 Sith that for loue one of the race did end his life in woe
 In tower strong and hie for his assured truthe,
 Where as¹ in teares he spent his breath, alas the more the ruthe,
 This gentle beast likewise: whom nothing could remoue,
 But willingly to lese his life for losse of his true loue.
 Other there be whose lues doe lingre still in paine,
 Against their willes preserued ar that would haue died faine
 But now I doe perceue that nought it moueth you,
 My good entent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kind so true
 But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,
 As other some full many yeres to trace by craft ye made
 And thus behold our kyndes how that we differ farre
 I seke my foes. and you your frendes do threaten still with warre.
 I fawne where I am fled you slay that sekes to you,
 I can deuour no yelding pray you kill where you subdue
 My kinde is to desire the honoure of the field
 And you with blood to flake your thirst on such as to you yeld

¹ where as² This gentle beast so dyed

Wherefore I would you wist that for your coyed lokes,
 I am no man that will be trapt nor tangled with such hokes
 And though some lust to loue where blamefull well they might
 And to such beasts of currant sort that should¹ haue trouail bright
 I will obserue the law that nature gaue to me,
 To conquer such as will resist and let the rest goe fre
 And as a faucon free that foreth in the ayre,
 Which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stale doth care,
 While that I liue and breath such shall my custome be,
 In wildnes of the woodes to seke my pray where pleseth me
 Where many one shal ruse,² that neuer made offense
 This your refuse against my power shall bode them ne³ defence
 And for reuenge therof I vow and sweare therto,
 I⁴ thousand spoiles I shall commit I neuer thought to do.
 And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,
 I shall be glad to fede on that that would haue fed on me
 And thus farewell vnkinde to whom I bent and bow,
 I would ye wist the ship is safe that bare his sailes so low
 Sith that a lions hart is for a wolfe no pray,
 With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple shepe I say
 With more dispite and ire than I can now expresse, [gesse
 Which to my pain, though I reframe the cause you may wel
 As for because my self was auctor of the game,
 It bootes me not that for my wrath I should disturbe the same

*The faithfull louer declareth his paines and his
 uncertein iores, and with only hope recom-
 forteth somewhat his wofull heart*

IF care do cause men cry, why do not I complaine?
 If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not my paine?
 Since that amongst them all I dare well say is none,
 So farre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more cause to mone
 For all thynges haung life sometime haue quiet rest

The bering affe, the drawing oxe, and euery other beast
 The peasant and the post, that serue¹ at al assayes,
 The shyp boy and the galley flaue haue time to take their ease,
 Saue I alas whom care of force doth so constraîne
 To waile the day and wake the night continually in paine,
 From pensiuenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,
 From teares to painfull plaint againe and thus my life it wears
 No thing vnder the funne that I can here or se,
 But moueth me for to bewaile my cruell destenie
 For wher men do reioyce since that I can not so,
 I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my woe
 And when I heare the found of song or instrument,
 Me thinke eche tune there dolefull is and helpes me to lament
 And if I se some haue their most desired sight,
 Alas think I eche man hath weal saue I most wofull wight
 Then as the stricken dere withdrawes him selfe alone,
 So do I seke some secrete place where I may make my mone.
 There do my flowing eyes shew forth my melting hart,
 So yat the stremes of those two welles right wel declare my smart
 And in those cares so colde I force my selfe a heate,
 As sick men in their shaking fittes procure them self to sweate,
 With thoughtes that for the time do much appease my paine
 But yet they cause a farther fere² and brede my woe agayne
 Me thinke within my thought I se right plaine appere,
 My hartes delight my sorowes leche mine earthly goddesse here
 With euery fondry grace that I haue sene her haue,
 Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint and graue
 And in my thought I roll her bewties to and fro,
 Her laughing chere her louely looke my hart that perced so
 Her strangenes when I sued her seruant for to be,
 And what she sayd and how she smiled when that she pitied me
 Then comes a sodaine feare that rueth all my rest
 Lest absence cause forgetfulnes to sink within hei brest.
 For when I thinke how far this earth doth vs deuide
 Alas me semes loue throwes me downe I fele how that I slide,
 But then I thinke againe why should I thus mistrust,
 So swete a wight so sad and wise that is so true and iust
 For loth she was to loue, and waiching is she not.

¹ serues² farther feare

The farther of the more desirde thus louers tie their knot
 So in dispaire and hope plunged am I both vp an doune
 As is the ship with wind and waue when Neptune list to froune
 But as the watry showers delaye the raging winde,
 So doth good hope clene put away dispayre out of my minde
 And biddes me for to serue and suffer pacientlie,
 For what wot I the after weale that fortune willes to me
 For those that care do knowe and tasted haue of trouble,
 When passed is their woful paine eche ioy shall seme them double.
 And bitter sendes she now to make me tast the better,
 The plesant swete when that it comes to make it seme the sweter
 And so determine I to serue vntill my brethe¹
 Ye rather dye a thousand times then once to false my feithe²
 And if my feble corps through weight of wofull smart
 Do fayle or faint my will it is that still she kepe my hart
 And when thys carcas here to earth shalbe refarde,
 I do bequeth my weried ghost to serue her afterwarde

¹ breath

² faith

*Other Songes and Sonettes written by
for Thomas Wiat the elder*

[These six poems were transposed, in the Second edition, to Wyatt's poems,
see p. 82.]

Of his loue called Anna.



Hat word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turned and made in twaine:
It is mine Anna god it wot
The only causer of my paine
My loue that medeth with disdaine
Yet is it loued what will you more,
It is my salue, and eke my fore

That pleasure is mixed with euery paine.



Enemous thornes¹ that are so sharp and kene,
Beare flowers we se full fresh and faire of hue.
Poison is also put in medicine
And vnto man his helth doth oft renue
The fier that all thinges eke consumeth cleane
May hurt and heale then if that this be true
I trust sometime my harme may be my health
Sins euery woe is ioyned with some wealth.

A riddle of a gift giuen by a Ladie.



Lady gaue me a gift she had not,
And I receyued her gift which I toke not,
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not,
And I receiued it, albeit, I could not,
If she gūe it me, I force not,

¹ thornes

And if she take it againe she cares not
Conster what this is and tell not,
For I am fast sworne I may not

That speaking or profering bringes alway speding

SPeake thou and spede where will or power ought helpthe¹
Where power dothe want will must be wonne by welth
For nede will spede, where will workes not his kinde,
And gayne, thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee finde
For sute and golde, what do not they obtaine,
Of good and bad the triers are these twaine.

*He ruleth not though he raigne ouer realmes that
is subiect to his owne lustes*

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruell wyll, and see thou kepe thee free
From the foule yoke of sensuall bondage,
For though thy empyre stretch to Indian sea,
And for thy feare trembleth the fardest Thylee,
If thy desire haue ouer thee the power,
Subiect then art thou and no gouernour

If to be noble and high thy minde be meued,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginnyng
For he that hath eche starre in heauen fixed,
And geues the Moone her hornes and her eclipsyng
Alike hath made the noble in his workyng,
So that wretched no way thou may bee,
Except foule lust and vice do conquere thee

All were it so thou had a flood of golde,
Vnto thy thirst yet should it not suffice
And though with Indian stones a thousande folde,
More precious then can thy selfe deuise,
Ycharged were thy backe thy countise
And busyc bytyng yet should neuer let,
Thy wretchid life ne² do thy death profet.

¹ helpth

² life, ne

*Whether libertie by losse or life,
or life in prision and thraldome
be to be preferred.*

LYke as the birde within the cage enclosed,
The dore vnsparrd, her foe the hawke without,
Twixt death and prision piteously oppressed,
Whether for to chose standeth in doubt,
Lo, so do I, which seke to bryng about,
Which should be best by determinacion,
By losse of life libertie, or lyfe by pryson

O mischiefe by mischiefe to be redressed
Where payne is best there lieth but little pleasure
By shourt death better to be deliuered,
Than bide in paynesfull life, thraldome, and dolore.¹
Small is the pleasure where much payne we suffer
Rather therfore to chuse me thinketh wisdom,
By losse of life libertye, then life by prision

And yet me thinkes although I lue and suffer,
I do but wait a time and fortunes chance ·
Oft many thinges do happen in one houre
That which oppressed² me now may me aduance
In time is trust which by deathes greuance
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason,
By death to chuse libertie, and not life by pryson

But death were deliuerance where life lengthes paine
Of these two euyls let se now chuse the best
This birde to deliuer that here dothe playne,
What saye ye louers? whiche shall be the best?
In cage thraldome, or by the hawke opprest
And whiche to chuse make plaine conclusion,
By losse of life libertie, or life by pryson

¹ doler² opprest

FINIS.

Imprinted at London in flete strete
within Temple barre, at the sygne of the
hand and starre, by Richard Tottel
the fift day of Iune.

An. 1557.

*Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendum solum*

THIRTY-NINE ADDITIONAL POEMS,
BY
UNCERTAIN AUTHORS,
FIRST FOUND IN THE SECOND EDITION, 31 JULY 1557.

[Two Poems of the First edition come in here in a different order see p. 209.]

*The louer declareth his paines to exceede
far the paines of hell.*



He foules that lacked grace,
Which lye in bitter paine
Are not in such a place,
As foolish folke do faine
Tormented all with fire,
And boile in leade againe
With serpents full of ire,
Stong oft with deadly paine

Then cast in frofen pittes
To freze there certaine howers.
And for their painfull fittes,
Apointed tormentours
No no it is not so,
Their sorow is not such
And yet they haue of wo,
I dare say twife as much
Which comes because they lack
The sight of the godhed,
And be from that kept back
Where with are aungels fed
This thing know I by loue
Through absence crueltie,
Which makes me for to proue
Hell pain before I dye.
There is no tong can tell
My thousand part of care

Ther may no fire in hell,
 With my desire compare
 No boyling leade can pas
 My scalding fighes in hete ·
 Nor snake that euer was,
 With stinging can so frete
 A true and tender hert,
 As my thoughtes dayly doe,
 So that I know but smart,
 And that which longes thereto
 O Cupid Venus son,
 As thou hast showed thy might
 And hast this conquest woon,
 Now end the fame aright
 And as I am thy slaue,
 Contented with all this
 So helpe me soone to haue
 My perfect earthly blisse.

Of the death of sir Thomas Wiate the elder

TO dead he liues, that whilome liued here,
 Among the dead that quick go on the ground
 Though he be dead, yet doth he quick apere,
 By luely name that death cannot confound
 His life for ay of fame the trump shall found
 Though he be dead, yet liues he here alieue
 Thus can no death from Wiate, life depriue.

That length of time consumeth all thinges

WHat harder is then stone, what more then water soft?
 Yet with soft water drops, hard stones be perfed soft¹
 What geues so strong impulse,
 That stone we may withstand?
 What geues more weake repulse,
 Then water prest with hand?
 Yet weke though water be,

¹ oft. 1559, 1574, &c.

It holoweth hardest flint
By prooffe wherof we fee,
Time geues the greatest dint

*The beginning of the epistle of Penelope
to Vlisses, made into verse*

Lingring make Vlisses deere, thy wife lo fendes to thee,
Her drury plaint write not againe, but come thy selfe
to me
Our hatefull scourge that womans foe proud Troy now is
fordon [won
We bye it derer, though Priam flaine, and all his kingdome
O that the raging furies great that lechers bane had wrought,
When first with ship he forowed seas, and Lacedemon fought,
In desert bed my shuering coase then shold not haue fought
rest,
Nor take in grieve the cherefull sunne so slowly fall to west
And whiles I cast long running nightes, how best I might
begile,
No distaff should my widowish hand haue weary made the
while [dede
When dread I not more daungers great then are befall in
Loue is a carefull thing God wot, and passing full of drede

*The louer asketh pardon of his passed
folle in loue*

You that in play peruse my plaint, and reade in rime the
smart, [my hart
Which in my youth with fighes full cold I harbourd in
Know ye that loue in that fraile age, draue me to that dis-
tresse
When I was halfe an other man, then I am now to gesse
Then for this worke of waucring words where I now rage
now rew
Toft in the toyes of troublous loue, as care or comfort grew.

I trust with you that loues affaires by prooffe haue put in vre.
 Not onely pardon in my plaint, but pitie to procure
 For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I be,
 And where to long loue made me blinde, to late shame
 makes me fe [past,
 Thus of my fault shame in the fruite, and for my youth thus
 Repentance is my recompence, and this I learne at last
 Looke what the world hath most in price, as sure it is to kepe,
 As is the dreame which fanfie driues, while fence and reason
 flepe

*The louer sheweth that he was stricken by loue
 on good friday*

IT was the day on which the sunne depriued of his light,
 To rewe Christs death amid his course gaue place vnto ye
 night
 When I amid mine ease did fall to such distemperate fits,
 That for the face that hath my heart I was bereft my wits
 I had the bayte, the hooke and all, and wist not loues pretence,
 But farde as one that fearde none yll, nor forst for no defence,
 Thus dwelling in most quiet state, I fell into this plight,
 And that day gan my secret fighes, when all folke wept in sight
 For loue that vewed me voide of care, approcht to take his pray,
 And stept by stelh from eye to hart, so open lay the way,
 And straight at eyes brake out in teares, so salt that did declare,
 By token of their bitter taste that they were forge of care,
 Now vaunt thee loue which fleest a maid defense with vertues rare.
 And wounded hast a wight vnwise, vnweaponed and vnware.

*The louer describeth his whole state vnto his
 loue, and promising her his faithfull good
 will. assureth himself of hers again*

HE Sunne when he had spred his raies,
 And shewde his face ten thousand waies,
 Ten thousand things do then begin,

To shew the life that they are in
The heauen shewes luely art and hue,
Of fundry shapes and colours new,
And laughs vpon the earth anone
The earth as cold as any stone,
Wet in the teares of her own kinde
Gins then to take a ioyfull minde
For well she feeles that out and out,
The funne doth warme her round about
And dries her children tenderly,
And shewes them forth full orderly
The mountaines hye and how they stand,
The vales and the great maine land
The trees, the herbes, the towers strong,
The castels and the riuers long
And euen for ioyn thus of this heate,
She sheweth forth her pleasures great
And sleepest no more but sendeth forth
Her clergions her own dere worth
To mount and flye vp to the ayre,
Where then they sing in order fayre.
And tell in song full merely,
How they haue slept full quietly,
That night about their mothers sides
And when they haue song more besides,
Then fall they to their mothers breastes,
Where els they fede or take their restes.
The hunter then foundes out his horne,
And rangeth straite through wood and corne.
On hilles then shew the Ewe and Lambe,
And euery yong one with his dambe
Then louers walke and tell their tale,
Both of their blisse and of their bale
And how they serue, and how they do,
And how their lady loues them to
Then tune the birdes their armonie
Then flocke the foule in companie
Then euery thing doth pleasure finde,
In that that comfortes all their kinde

No dreames do drench them of the night,
 Of foes that would them flea or bite
 As Houndes to hunte them at the taile,
 Or men force them through hill and dale
 The shepe then dreames not of the Woulf,
 The shipman forces not the goulf
 The Lambe thinkes not the butchers knife,
 Should then bereue him of his life
 For when the Sunne doth once run in,
 Then all their gladnes doth begin
 And then their skips, and then their play
 So falles their fadnes then away
 And thus all thinges haue comforting,
 In that that doth them comfort bring
 Saue I alas, whom neither funne,
 Nor ought that God hath wrought and don,
 May comfort ought, as though I ware
 A thing not made for comfort here.
 For beyng absent from your fighte,
 Which are my ioy and whole delight
 My comfort and my pleasure to,
 How can I ioy how should I do?
 May sick men laugh that rore for paine?
 Ioy they in song that do complaine?
 Are martirs in their tormentes glad?
 Do pleasures please them that are mad?
 Then how may I in comfort be,
 That lacke the thing should comfort me.
 The blind man oft that lackes his sight,
 Complaines not most the lacke of light
 But those that knewe their perfectnes,
 And then do misse ther blissfulnes,
 In martirs tunes they sing and waile,
 The want of that which doth them faile.
 And hereof comes that in my braines,
 So many fanfies worke my paines
 For when I waygne your worthynes,
 Your wisdome and your gentlnes,
 Your vertues and your fundry grace

And munde the countenaunce of your face,
And how that you are she alone,
To whom I must both plaine and mone
Whom I do loue and must do still
Whom I embrace and ay so wil,
To serue and please you as I can,
As nay a wofull faithful man
And finde my selfe so far you fro
God knowes what torment, and what wo,
My rufull hart doth then imbrace
The blood then chaungeth in my face
My fynnewes dull, in dompes I stand
No life I fele in fote nor hand,
As pale as any clout and ded,
Lo sodenly the blood orespred,
And gon againe it nill so bide
And thus from life to death I slide
As colde sometymes as any stone
And then againe as hote anone
Thus comes and goes my fundry fits,
To geue me fundri fortes of wits
Till that a sigh becomes my frende,
And then to all this wo doth ende
And sure I thinke that sigh doth roon,
From me to you where ay you woon,
For well I finde it easeth me,
And certes much it pleaseth me.
To think that it doth come to you,
As would to God it could so do
For then I know you would soone finde,
By sent and fauour of the winde.
That euen a martirs sigh it is,
Whose ioy you are and all his blis.
His comfort and his pleasure eke,
And euen the same that he doth seke
The same that he doth wishe and craue,
The same that he doth trust to haue.
To tender you in all he may,
And all your likinges to obey,

As farre as in his powre shall lye .
 Till death shall daite him for to dye
 But wealeaway mine owne most best,
 My ioy, my comfort, and my rest
 The causer of my wo and finart,
 And yet the pleafer of my hait
 And she that on the earth aboue :
 Is euen the worthiest for to loue
 Heare now my plaint, heare now my wo,
 Heare now his paine that loues you so,
 And if your hart do pitie beare,
 Pitie the cause that you shall heare
 A dolefull foe in all this doubt,
 Who leaues me not but sekcs me out,
 Of wretched forme and lothsome face,
 While I stand in this wofull case
 Comes forth and takes me by the hand,
 And saies frende haike and vnderstand.
 I see well by thy port and chere,
 And by thy lokes and thy manere,
 And by thy sadnes as thou goest,
 And by the sighes that thou outthrowest .
 That thou art stuffed full of wo,
 The cause I thinke I do well know.
 A fantafer thou art of some,
 By whom thy wits are ouercome
 But hast thou red old pamphlets ought ?
 Or hast thou known how bokes haue taught
 That loue doth vse to such as thou,
 When they do thinke them safe enow
 And certain of their ladies grace .
 Hast thou not fene oft times the case,
 That sodenly there hap hath turnde,
 As thinges in flame consumde and burnde ?
 Some by disceite forsaken right.
 Some likewise changed of fanfy light.
 And some by absence sone forgot.
 The lottes in loue, why knowest thou not ?
 And tho that she be now thine own :

And knowes the well as may be knowne.
And thinkes the to be such a one,
As she likes best to be her own
Thinkes thou that others haue not grace,
To shew and plain their wofull case
And chose her for their lady now,
And swere her trouth as well as thow
And what if she do alter minde?
Where is the loue that thou wouldest finde?
Absence my frende workes wonders oft.
Now brings full low that lay full loft
Now turnes the minde now to and fro,
And where art thou if it were so?
If absence (quod I) be marueilous,
I finde her not so dangerous
For she may not remoue me fro,
The poore good will that I do owe
To her, whom vnneth I loue and shall
And chosen haue aboue them all,
To serue and be her own as far,
As any man may offer her
And will her serue, and will her loue,
As lowly as it shall behoue.
And dye her own if fate be so
Thus shall my hart nay part her fro,
And witnes shall my good will be,
That absence takes her not from me
But that my loue doth still encrease,
To minde her full and neuer cease
And what I feele to be in me,
The same good will I think hath she.
As firme and fast to biden ay,
Till death depart vs both away.
And as I haue my tale thus told,
Steps vnto me with countenance bold
A stedfast frende a counsellour,
And namde is Hope my comfortour
And stoutly then he speakes and saies.
Thou hast sayde trouth withouten naves,

For I assure thee euen by othe,
 And thei on take my hand and trothe,
 That she is one the worthiest,
 The truest and the faithfulest,
 The gentlest and the meekest of minde :
 That here or earth a man may finde,
 And if that loue and trouth were gone,
 In her it might be found alone
 For in her minde no thought there is,
 But how she may be true iwis
 And tenders thee and all thy heale,
 And wiseth both thy health and weale
 And loues thee euen as farforth than,
 As any woman may a man,
 And is thine own and so she saies,
 And cares for thee ten thousand waies
 On thee she speakes, on thee she thinkes,
 With thee she eates, with thee she drinks,
 With thee she talkes, with thee she mones,
 With thee she fighes, with thee she grones,
 With thee she saies farewell mine own
 When thou God knowes full farre art gon
 And euen to tell thee all aright,
 To thee she saies full oft good night
 And names thee oft, her owne most dere,
 Her comfort weale and al her cheere
 And telles her pelow al the tale,
 How thou hast dcon her wo and bale,
 And how she longes and plaines for the,
 And saies why art thou so from me ?
 Am I not she that loues the best ?
 Do I not wishe thine ease and rest ?
 Seke I not how I may the please ?
 Why art thou then so from thine ease ?
 If I be she for whom thou carest,
 For whom in tormentes so thou farest :
 Alas thou knowest to finde me here,
 Where I remaine thine owne most dere
 Thine own most true thine owne most iust,

Thine own that loues the styl and must.
Thine own that cares alone for the,
As thou I thinke doſt care for me.
And euen the woman ſhe alone,
That is full bent to be thine owne
What wilt thou more? what canſt thou craue?
Since ſhe is as thou wouldeſt her haue
Then ſet this driuell out of dore,
That in thy braines ſuch tales doth poore
Of abſence and of chaunges ſtraunge,
Send him to thoſe that vie to chaunge.
For ſhe is none I the auowe,
And well thou maieſt beleue me now
When hope hath thus his reaſon ſaid,
Lord how I fele me well apaide
A new blood then orespredes my bones,
That al in ioſy I ſtand at ones
My handes I throw to heuen aboue,
And humbly thank the god of loue
That of his grace I ſhould beſtow,
My loue ſo well as I it owe.
And al the planets as they ſtand,
I thanke them to with hart and hand.
That their aspectes ſo frendly were,
That I ſhould ſo my good will bere,
To you that are the worthieſt,
The faireſt and the gentilleſt
And beſt can ſay, and beſt can do,
That longes me thinkes a woman to
And therefore are moſt worthy far,
To be beloued as you ar
And ſo ſaies hope in all his tale,
Wherby he eaſeth all my bale
For I beleue and thinke it true,
That he doth ſpeake or ſay of you.
And thus contented lo I ſtand,
With that that hope beares me in hand:
That I am yours and ſhall ſo be,
Which hope I kepe full ſure in me.

As he that all my comfort is,
 On you alone which are my blis
 My pleasure chief which most I finde,
 And euen the whole ioy of my minde
 And shall so be vntill the death,
 Shall make me yeld vp life and breath
 Thou good mine own, lo beare my trust.
 Lo here my truth and seruice iust
 Lo in what case for you I stand
 Lo how you haue me in your hand
 And if you can requite a man,
 Requite me as you finde me than

*Of the troubled common welth restored to quiet
 by the mighty power of god.*

THe secret flame that made all Troy so hot,
 Long did it lurke within the wooden horse
 The machine huge Troyans suspected not,
 The guiles of Grekes, nor of their hidden force
 Till in their beds their armed foes them met,
 And slew them there, and Troy on fire set

Then rose the rore of treason round about,
 And children could of treason call and cry,
 Wiues wroung their hands, ye hole fired town throughout,
 When yat they saw their husbands slain them by
 And to the Gods and to the skies they shrighr,
 Vengeance to take for treason of that night

Then was the name of Sinon spred and blowne,
 And wherunto his filed tale did tend
 The secret startes and metinges then were knowne,
 Of Troyan traitours tending to this end
 And euery man could say as in that case :
 Treason in Anthenor and Eneas

But all to long such wisdome was in flore,
 To late came out the name of traitour than,
 When that their king the aultar lay before
 Slain there alas, that worthy noble man.

Illum on flame, the matrons crying out,
And all the firetes in fireames of blood about.

But such was fate, or such was simple trust,
That king and all should thus to ruine roon,
For if our stories certain be and iust
There were that saw such mischief should be doon
And warning gaue which compted were in fort,
As sad deuines in matter but of sport

Such was the time and so in state it floode,
Troy trembled not so careles were the men.
They brake ye wals, they toke this hors for good,
They demed Grekes gone, they thought al surety the
When treason start and set the town on fire,
And stroied Troians and gaue Grekes their desire

Like to our time, wherein hath broken out,
The hidden harme that we suspected least.
Wombd within our walles and realme about,
As Grekes in Troy were in the Grekish beast,
Whose tempest great of harmes and of armes,
We thought not on, till it did noyse our harmes.

Then felt we well the pillar of our welth,
How fore it shoke, then saw we euen at hand,
Ruin how she rusht to confound our helth,
Our realme and vs with force of mighty band.
And then we heard how treason loud did rore:
Mine is the rule, and raigne I will therefore.

Of treason marke the nature and the kinde,
A face it beares of all humilitie.
Truth is the cloke, and frendship of the minde,
And depe it goes, and worketh secretly,
Like to a mine that creepes so nye the wall,
Till out breakes sulphure, and oreturneth all

But he on hye that secretly beholdes
The state of thinges and times hath in his hand,
And pluckes in plages, and them again vnfoldes
And hath apointed realmes to fall and stand
He in the midst of all this sturre and rout,
Can bend his browes, and moue him self about
As who should say, and are ye minded so?

And thus to those, and whom you know I loue.
 Am I such one as none of you do know?
 Or know ye not that I sit here aboue,
 And in my handes do hold your welth and wo,
 To raise you now, and now to ouerthrow?

Then thinke that I, as I haue set you all,
 In places where your honours lay and fame
 So now my selfe shall giue you eche your fall,
 Where eche of you shall haue your worthy shame.
 And in their handes I will your fall shalbe,
 Whose fall in yours you fought so fore to see

Whose wisdom hee as he the same foresaw,
 So is it wrought, such lo his iustice is
 He is the Lord of man and of his law,
 Praise therefore now his mighty name in this,
 And make accompt that this our ease doth stand:
 As Israell free, from wicked Pharaos hand.

*The louer to his loue hauing forsaken him,
 and betaken her self to an other.*

THe bird that sometime built within my brest,
 And there as then chief succour did receiue.
Hath now els where built her another nest,
 And of the old hath taken quite her leaue
 To you mine ofte that harbour mine old guest,
 Of such a one, as I can now conceiue
 Sith that in change her choise doth chiefe consist,
 The hauke may check, that now comes fair to fist¹

*The louer sheweth that in dissembling his loue
 openly he kepeth secret his secret good will*

NOt like a God came Iupiter to woo,
 When he the faire Europa sought vnto
An other forme his godly wisdom toke,

Such in effect as writeth Ouides boke
 As on the earth no liuing wight can tell,
 That mighty Ioue did loue the quene so well
 For had he come in golden garmentes bright,
 Or so as men mought haue starde on the sight.
 Spred had it bene both through earth and ayre,
 That Ioue loued the lady Europa fayre
 And then had some bene angry at the hart,
 And some againe as ielous for their part
 Both which to stop, this ientle god toke minde,
 To shape him selfe into a brutish kinde,
 To such a kinde as hid what state he was,
 And yet did bring him what he sought to passe
 To both their ioyes, to both their comfort soon,
 Though knowen to none, til al the thing was don
 In which attempt if I the like assay,
 To you to whom I do my selfe bewray
 Let it suffice that I do feke to be,
 Not counted yours, and yet for to be he

*The louer disceiued by his loue repenteth
 him of the true loue he bare her*

That Vlysses yeres haue spent,
 To finde Penelope
 Finde well what folly I haue ment,
 To feke that was not so
 Since Troylous case hath caused me,
 From Cressed for to go
 And to bewaile Vlysses truth,
 In seas and stormy skies,
 Of wanton will and raging youth,
 Which we haue tossed fore.
 From Sicilla to Canbdis clues,
 Vpon the drowning shore
 Where I sought hauen, there found I hap,
 From daunger vnto death
 Much like the Moufe that treades the trap,

In hope to finde her foode,
And bites the bread that stops her breath,
So in like case I stooode

Till now repentance hasteth him
To further me so fast.
That where I sanke, there now I swim,
And haue both streame and winde.
And lucke as good if it may last,
As any man may finde

That where I perished, safe I passe,
And find no perill there
But stedy stone, no ground of glasse,
Now am I sure to faue,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anker hold I haue

*The louer hauing enioyed his loue, humbly thanketh
the god of loue: and auowing his heart onely
to her faithfully promiseth,
utterly to forsake all other*

THou Cupide God of loue, whom Venus thralles do serue,
I yeld thee thanks vpon my knees, as thou dost well deserue,
By thee my wished ioyes haue shaken of despaire,
And all my storming dayes be past, and weather waxeth faire,
By thee I haue receiued a thousand times more ioy,
Than euer Paris did possesse, when Helen was in Troy.
By thee haue I that hope, for which I longde so fore,
And when I thinke vpon the same, my hart doth leap therefore
By thee my heapy doubtles and trembling feares are fled,
And now my wits yat troubled wer, with pleasant thoughts are fed
For dread is banisht cleane, wherein I stooode full oft,
And doubt to speake that lay full low, is lifted now aloft.
With armes bespred abroad, with opende handes and hart,
I haue enioyed the fruite of hope, reward for all my smart.
The seale and signe of loue, the key of trouth and trust,
The pledge of pure good will haue I, which makes the louers iust

Such grace sins I haue found, to one I me betake,
 The rest of Venus derlinges all, I vtterly forsake
 And to performe this vow, I bid mine eyes beware,
 That they no straungers do salute, nor on their beauties stare
 My wits I warn ye all from this time forth take hede,
 That ye no wanton toyes deuise my fanfies newe to fede
 Mine eares be ye shut¹ vp, and heare no womans voyce,
 That may procure me once to smile, or make my hart reioyce.
 My fete full slow be ye and lame when ye should moue,
 To bring my body any where to seke an other loue,
 Let all the Gods aboue, and wicked sprites below,
 And euery wight in earth acuse and curse me where I go
 If I do false my faith in any point or case,
 A fodein vengeance fall on me, I aske no better grace.
 Away then fily rime present mine earnest faith,
 Vnto my lady where she is, and marke thou what she faith
 And if she welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,
 Spring thou for ioi, thy master hath his most desired hap.

Totus mundus in maligno positus

Complaine we may : much is amisse
 Hope is nye gone to haue redresse
 These daies ben ill, nothing sure is
 Kinde hart is wrapt in heauinesse

The sterne is broke the saile is rent :
 The ship is geuen to wind and waue
 All helpe is gone the rocke present,
 That will be lost, what man can saue ?

Thinges hard, therefore are now refused.
 Labour in youth is thought but vaine .
 Duty by (will not) is excused
 Remoue the stop the way is plaine.

Learning is lewd, and held a foole :
 Wisdome is shent, counted to raile :
 Reason is banisht out of schoole
 The blinde is bold, and wordes preuaile.

Power, without care, slepeth at ease .

Will, without law, runth where he list :
 Might without mercy can not please.
 A wife man faith not, had I wist
 When power lackes care and forceth not :
 When care is feable and may not
 When might is slothfull and will not
 Wedes may grow where good herbes cannot.

Take wrong away, law nedeth not
 For law to wrong is bridle and paine.
 Take feare away, law booteth not
 To striue gainst streame, it is but vaine.

Wyly is witty brainficke is wise
 Trough is folly and might is right
 Wordes are reason and reason is lies
 The bad is good darknesse is light

Wrong to redresse, wisdom dare not.
 Hardy is happy, and ruleth most.
 Wilfull is witleffe, and careth not,
 Which end go first, till all be lost.

Few right do loue, and wrong refuse.
 Pleasure is fought in euery state,
 Liking is lust there is no chuse
 The low geue to the hye checke mate.

Order is broke in thinges of weight,
 Measure and meane who doth not flee ?
 Two thinges preuaile money, and sleight.
 To seme is better then to be

The bowle is round, and doth downe slide,
 Eche one thrusteth none doth vphold
 A fall failes not, where blinde is guide
 The stay is gone who can him hold ?

Folly and falsheid prayeth apace
 Trough vnder bushell is faine to crepe
 Flattry is treble, pride finges the bace
 The meane the beast part scant doth pepe.

This fyre plage the world infectes
 To vertue and trouth it geues no rest
 Mens harts are burnde with fundry sectes,
 And to eche man his way is best.

With floods and stormes thus be we toft,
 Awake good Lord, to thee we crye
 Our ship is almost fonk and loft
 Thy mercy help our miserye

Mans strength is weake mans wit is dull
 Mans reason is blinde These thinges tamend,
 Thy hand (O Lord) of might is full,
 Awake betime, and helpe vs send

In thee we trust, and in no wight :
 Saue vs as chickens vnder the hen.
 Our cokednesse thou canst make right,
 Glory to thee for aye Amen

The wise trade of lyfe


DO all your dedes by good aduise,
 Cast in your minde alwaies the end
 Wit bought is of to dere a price.
 The tried, trust, and take as frend,
 For frendes I finde there be but two :
 Of countenance, and of effect
 Of thone fort first there are now :
 But few ben of the tother sect.
 Beware also the venym swete.
 Of crafty wordes and flattery.
 For to deceiue they be most mete,
 That best can play hypocrisy
 Let wisdom rule your dede and thought .
 So shall your workes be wisely wrought.

*That few wordes shew wisdom, and
 work much quiet.*

WHo list to lead a quiet life,
 Who list to rid him self from strife :
 Geue eare to me, marke what I say,
 Remember wel, beare it away

Holde backe thy tong at meat and meale
 Speake but few wordes, bestrow them well.
 By wordes the wise thou shalt espye,
 By wordes a foole sone shalt thou trye
 A wise man can his tong make cease,
 A foole can neuer holde his peace
 Who loueth rest of wordes beware
 Who loueth wordes, is sure of care
 For wordes oft many haue been shent
 For silence kept none hath repent
 Two eares, one tong onely thou hast,
 Mo thinges to heare then wordes to wast.
 A foole in no wise can forbear
 He hath two tonges and but one eare.
 Be sure thou kepe a stedfast braine,
 Lest that thy wordes put thee to paine
 Words wisely set are worth much gold
 The price of rashnesse is sone told
 If time require wordes to be had,
 To hold thy peace I count thee mad.
 Talke onely of nedefull verities
 Striue not for trifling fantasies
 With sobernesse the truth bout out,
 Affirme nothing wherein is dout
 Who to this lore will take good hede,
 And spend no mo words then he nede,
 Though he be a foole and haue no braine
 Yet shall he a name of wisdom gain
 Speake while time is or hold thee still.
 Words out of time do oft things spyll
 Say well and do well are thinges twaine,
 Twise blest is he in whom both raigne

*The complaint of a hot woer, delayed
 with doutfull cold answers.*

 Kinde of coale is as men say,
 Which haue assaied the same.
 That in the fire will wast away,

And outward cast no flame.
Vnto my self may I compare,
These coales that so consume
Where nought is sene though men do stare,
In stede of flame but fume
They say also to make them burne,
Cold water must be cast.
Or els to ashes will they turne,
And half to finder, waft.
As this is wonder for to se,
Colde water warme the fire,
So hath your coldnesse caused me,
To burne in my desire
And as this water cold of kinde,
Can cause both heat and cold,
And can these coales both breake and binde,
To burne as I haue told
So can your tong of frosen yfe,
From whence cold answers come
Both coole the fire and fire entice,
To burne me all and some
Like to the corne that standes on stake,
Which mowen in winter sunne
Full faire without, within is black :
Such heat therin doth runne
By force of fire this water cold
Hath bred to burne within,
Euen so am I, that heat doth hold,
Which cold did first begyn
Which heat is stint when I do strue,
To haue some ease sometime
But flame a fresh I do reuue,
Whereby I cause to clime.
In stede of smoke a sighing breath
With sparkles of sprinkled teares,
That I should liue this huyng death,
Which wastes and neuer weares

The answer

YOur borrowd meane to moue your mone, of fume with
 outen flame [same,
 Being fet from smithy smokyng coale ye feme so by the
 To shew, what such coales vse is taught by such as haue assayd,
 As I, that most do wish you well, am so right well apayd
 That you haue such a lesson learnd, how either to maintaine,
 Your fredome of vnkindled coale, vnheaped all in vaine
 Or how most frutefully to frame, with worthy workmans art,
 That cunnyng pece may passe there fro, by help of heated hart
 Out of the forge wherin the fume of sighes doth mount aloft,
 That argues present force of fire to make the metal soft,
 To yelde vnto the hammer hed, as best the workman likes
 That thiron glowyng after blast in time and temper strikes
 Wherin the vse of water is, as you do seme to say,
 To quenche no flame, ne hinder heat, ne yet to waft away
 But, that which better is for you, and more deliteth me,
 To saue you from the sodain waste, vaine cinderlike to be
 Which lastyng better likes in loue, as you your semble ply,
 Then doth the bauen blase, that flames and fleteth by and by
 Sith then you know eche vse, wherin your coale may be applide
 Either to lie and last on hoord, in open ayre to bide,
 Withouten vse to gather fat by fallyng of the raines,
 That makes the pitchy iucye¹ to grow, by fokyng in his veines,
 Or lye on fornace in the forge, as is his vse of right,
 Wherein the water trough may serue, and enteriyeld her might
 By worke of smithes both hand and hed a cunnyng key to make,
 Or other pece as cause shall craue and bid him vndertake
 Do as you deme most fit to do, and wherupon may grow,
 Such ioy to you, as I may ioy your ioyfull case to know

[Three poems, also in First edition, come in here see p 209]

An other of the same²

STay gentle frend that passeth by,
 And learne the lore that leadeth all
 From whence we come with hast to hye,

¹iucye 1559 [² i.e. *An epitaph of master Henry Williams.* This poem in the Second Edition, follows the first Epitaph, reprinted on p 210]

To lue to dye, and stand to fall
 And learne that strength and lusty age,
 That wealth and want of worldly woe,
 Can not withstand the mighty rage,
 Of death our best vnwelcome foe
 For hopefull youth that hight me health,
 May lust to last till time to dye
 And fortune found my vertue wealth
 But yet for all that here I lye
 Learne also this, to ease thy minde
 When death on corps hath wrought his spite,
 A time of triumph shalt thou finde,
 With me to scorne him in delight
 For one day shall we mete againe,
 Maugre deathes dart in life to dwell
 Then will I thanke thee for thy paine,
 Now marke my wordes and fare thou well

[Three more poems, also in the First edition, come in here see p 209]

*The answere*¹

WHom fanfy forced first to loue,
 Now frensy forceth for to hate
 Whose minde erst madnesse gan to moue,
 Inconstance causeth to abate
 No minde of meane, but heat of braine
 Bred light loue . like heate, hate againe
 What hurld your hart in so great heat?
 Fanfy forced by fayned fame
 Belike that she was light to get
 For if that vertue and good name
 Moued your minde, why changed your will,
 Sithe vertue the cause abideth still
 Such, Fame reported her to be
 As rare it were to finde her peere,
 For vertue and for honestie,

¹ [Ostensibly by the gentlewoman, to whom was addressed *To false report and flying fame*, see p 210]

For her free hart and lowly cheere.
This laud had lied if you had spred,
And fame bene false that hath been spred.

Sith she hath so kept hei good name
Such praise of life and giftes of grace,
As brute self bluseth for to blame,
Such fame as fame feares to deface
You sclaunder not but make it plaine,
That you blame brute of brutish traine

If you haue found it looking neere,
Not as you toke the brute to be
Bylike you ment by lowly cheere,
Bountie and hart that you call free,
But lewd lightnesse easy to frame,
To winne your will against her name

Nay she may deme your deming so,
A marke of madnesse in his kinde,
Such causeth not good name to go
As your fond folly sought to finde
For brute of kinde bent ill to blafe,
Alway sayth ill, but forced by cause

The mo there be, such as is she,
More should be gods thank for his grace
The more is her ioy it to see
Good should by geason, earne no place,
Nor nomber make nought, that is good.
Your strange lusting hed wants a hoode

Her dealing greueth you (say ye)
Byside your labour lost in vaine.
Her dealing was not as we see,
Sclaunder the end of your great paine,
Ha lewd heng lips, and hatefull hart,
What canst thou desire in such desert

Ye will repent, and right for done
Ye haue a dede deseruing shame
From reasons race farre haue ye ronne.
Hold your rayling, keep your tong tame.
Her loue, ye lye, ye lost it not.
Ye neuer lost that ye neuer got.

She reft ye not your libertie,
 She vaunteth not ſhe had your thrall.
 If ought haue done it, let it lye,
 On rage that reft your wit and all
 What though a varlets tale you tell.
 By cock and pye you do it well

[Two more poems, alſo in Firſt Edition, come in nere ſee p 209.]

The louer complaineth his fault, that with vngentle writing had diſpleaſed his lady.

AH loue how waiward is his wit what panges do perce
 his brest,
 Whom thou to wait vpon thy will haſt reued of his reſt
 The light, the darke, the funne, the mone, the day and eke
 the night,
 His dayly dieng life, him ſelf, he hateth in deſpight,
 Sith firſt he light to looke on her that holdeth him in thrall,
 His mouing eyen his moued wit he curſeth hart and all,
 From hungry hope to pining feare eche hapdoth hurle his hart,
 From panges of plaint to fits of fume from aking into ſmart.
 Echmoment ſo doth change his cherenot with recourſe of eaſe,
 But with ſere ſortes of ſorrowes ſtill he worketh as the ſeaſ.
 That turning windes not calme returnde rule in vnruely wiſe,
 As if their holdes of hulles vphurld they braſten out to riſe.
 And puffe away the power that is vnto their king aſſigne
 To pay that ſithe their priſonment they demie to be behinde
 So doth the paſſions long repreſt within the woſull wight,
 Breake downe the banks of all his wits and out they gushen quite
 To rere vp rores now they be free from reaſons rule and ſtay,
 And hedlong hales thunruled race his quiet quite away
 No meaſure hath he of his ruth, no reaſon in his rage,
 No bottom ground where ſtayer his grief, thus weares away
 his age
 In wiſhing wants, in wayling woes Death doth he dayly call,
 To bring releaſe when of relief he ſeeth no hope at all
 Thence comes that oft in depe deſpeire to riſe to better ſtate,

On heauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the faute of al his fate
 On God and Gods decreed dome cryeth out with curfing breath,
 Eche thing that gaue and faues him life he damneth of his death
 The wombe him bare, ye brefts he fuct, ech star yat with their
 might, [light
 Their fecret fuccour brought to bring the wretch to worldly
 Yea that to his foules perile is moft haynous harme of all,
 And craues the cruellest reuenge that may to man befall
 Her he blasphemes in whom it lieth in prefent as ſhe please,
 To dampne him downe to depth of hell, or plant in heauens
 eafe, [hand
 Such rage conſtrainde my ſtrained hart to guide the unhappy
 That ſent vnfitting blots to her on whom my life doth ſtand,
 But graunt O God that hefor them may beare the worthy blame
 Whom I do in my depe diſtreſſe find guilty of the fame,
 Euen that blinde boy that blindly guides the faultles to their fall,
 That laughs when they lament that he hath throwen into thrall
 O Lord, fauelouring lookes of her, what penance elſe thou pleaſe
 So her contented will be wonne I count it all mine eafe
 And thou on whom doth hang my will, with hart, with ſoul and
 With life and all that life may haue of well or euell fare [care,
 Graunt grace to him that grates therfore with ſea of ſaltiſh brine
 By extreme heat of boylyng breſt diſtilled through his eyen
 And with thy fancy render thou my ſelf to me againe,
 That dayly then we duely may employ a paineleſſe paine
 To yelde and take the ioyfull frutes that herty loue doth lend,
 To them that meane by honeſt meanes to come to happy end

*The louer wounded of Cupide, wiſheth
 he had rather ben ſtriken by death*

THe blinded boy that bendes the bow,
 To make with dint of double wound
 The ſlowteſt ſtate to ſloupe and know
 The cruell craft that I haue found.

With death I would had chopt a change,
 To borow as by bargain made.
 Ech others ſhaft when he did range,

With restlesse rouyng to inuade,
Thunthralled mindes of simple wightes,
Whose giltyffe ghostes deserued not
To fele such fall of their delightes,
Such panges as I haue past God wot

Then both in new vnwonted wise,
Should death deserue a better name,
Not (as tofore hath bene his guise)
Of crueltie to beare the blame

But contrary be counted kinde,
In lendyng life and sparyng space .
For sicke to rise and seke to finde,
A way to wish their weary race

To draw to some desired end,
Their long and lothed life to rid.
And so to fele how like a frend,
Before the bargain made he did.

And loue should either bring againe,
To wounded wightes their owne desire :
A welcome end of pinyng payne,
As doth their cause of ruthe require

Or when he meanes the quiet man,
A harme to hasten him to grefe .
A better dede he should do then,
With borrowed dart to gaue relefe.

That both the sicke well demen may,
He brought me rightly my request .
And eke the other fort may say,
He wrought me truely for the best,

So had not fancy forced me,
To beare a brunt of greater wo .
Then leauing such a life may be,
The ground where onely grefes do grow.

Vnlucky likyng linkt my hart,
In forged hope and forced feare :
That oft I wisht the other dart,
Had rather perced me as neare

A layned trust, constrained care,
Most loth to lack, most hard to finde

In funder fo my iudgement tare,
That quite was quiet out of minde.

Absent in absence of mine ease,
Present in prefence of my paine
The woes of want did much displease,
The fighes I fought did greue againe,
Oft grefe that boyled in my brest,
Hath fraught my face with saltish teares,
Pronouncyng proues of mine vnrest,
Whereby my passed paine appears

My fighes full often haue supplied,
That faine with wordes I wold haue said.
My voice was stopt my tong was tyed,
My wits with wo were ouerwayed

With tremblyng soule and humble chere,
Oft grated I for graunt of grace
On hope that bounty might be there,
Where beauty had so pight her place.

At length I found, that I did fere,
How I had labourde all to losse,
My self had ben the carpenter,
That framed me the cruell crosse

Of this to come if dout alone,
Though blent with trust of better spede
So oft hath moued my minde to mone,
So oft hath made my heart to blede,

What shall I say of it in dede,
Now hope is gone mine olde relefe:
And I enforced all to fede,
Vpon the frutes of bitter grefe?

Of womens changeable will

I Wold I found not as I fele,
Such changyng chere of womens will,
By fickle flight of fortunes whele,
By kinde or custome, neuer still.
So shold I finde no fault to lay,

On fortune for their mouyng minde,
 So should I know no cause to say
 This change to chance by course of kinde.

So should not loue so work my wo,
 To make death surgeant for my fore,
 So should their wittes not wander so,
 So should I reck the lesse therefore.

The louer complayneth the losse of his ladye

NO ioy haue I, but liue in heaunesse,
 My dame of price berett by fortunes cruelnesse,
 My hap is turned to vnhappinesse,
 Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe

My pastime past, my youthlike yeres are gone,
 My mouthes¹ of mirth, my glistering daies of gladfom-
 My times of triumph turned into mone, [nesse
 Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe

My wonted winde to chaunt my cherefull chaunce,
 Doth sigh that song sometime the balades of my lesse
 My sobbes, my fore and forow do aduaunce.
 Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe

I mourne my mirth for grefe that it is gone,
 I mourne my mirth whereof my musing mindefulnesse :
 Is ground of greater grefe that growes theron.
 Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe

No ioy haue I for fortune frowardly .
 Hath bent her browes hath put her hand to cruelnesse :
 Hath rest my dame, constraigned me to crye,
 Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.

Of the golden meane

THe wisest way, thy bote, in waue and winde to guie,
 Is neither still the trade of middle streame to trie .
 Ne (warely shunning wrecke by wether) aye to nie,
 To presse vpon the perillous shore.

And eke in cause of care, the lesse is thy anoy
 Aloft if thou do lue, as one appointed here,
 A stately part on stage of worldly state to bere
 Thy frende as only free from fraud will thee aduise,
 To rest within the rule of mean as do the wise

He seeketh to foresee the perill of thy fall
 He findeth out thy faultes and warnes thee of them all
 Thee, not thy luck he loues, what euer be thy case,
 He is thy faithfull frend and thee he doth embrace

If churlish cheare of chance haue thrown thee into thrall,
 And that thy nede aske ayde for to releue thy fall
 In him thou secreet trust assured art to haue,
 And succour not to seke, before that thou can craue

Thus is thy frende to thee the comfort of thy paine,
 The slayer of thy state, the doubler of thy gaine.
 In wealth and wo thy frend, an other self to thee,
 Such man to man a God, the prouerb sayth to be,

As welth will bring thee frendes in louting wo to proue,
 So wo shall yeld thee frendes in laughing wealth to loue
 With wisdome chuse thy frend, with vertue him retaine
 Let vertue be the ground, so shall it not be vaine.

[To here were transposed, in the Second edition,

Some men would think of right to haue,

As he that vnder vaines haue some when folly stores their braines

from p 61

from p 197

Of the vanitie of mans life

VAine is the fleeting welth,
 Whereon the world staves
 Sithe stalking time by priuy stelfth,
 Encrocheth on our dayes

And elde which creepeth fast,
 To taynte vs with her wounde
 Will turne eche blyffe into a blast,
 Which lasteth but a stounde

Of youth the lusty floure,
 Which whylome stode in price
 Shall vanish quite within an houre,

As fire consumes the ice
 Where is become that wight,
 For whose sake Troy towne
 Withstode the grekes till ten yeres fight,
 Had rasde the walles adowne
 Did not the wormes consume,
 Her caryon to the dust?
 Did dreadfull death forbeare his fume
 For beauty, pride, or lust?

*The louer not regarded in earnest sute, being
 become wiser, refuseth her profred loue*

DO way your phisike I faint no more,
 The salve you sent it comes to late:
 You wist well all my grief before,
 And what I suffered for your sake
 Hole is my hart I plaine no more,
 A new the cure did vndertake.
 Wherefore do way you come to late
 For whiles you knew I was your own,
 So long in vaine you made me gape
 And though my fayth it were well knowne,
 Yet small regard thou toke therat,
 But now the blast is ouerblowne
 Of vaine phisicke a salve you shape,
 Wherefore do way you come to late
 How long or this haue I beenaine,
 To gape for mercy at your gate,
 Vntill the time I spyde it plaine,
 That pitie and you fell at debate
 For my redresse then was Iaine:
 Your seruice cleane for to forsake,
 Wherefore do way you come to late.
 For when I brent in endlesse fire,
 Who ruled then but cruell hate?
 So that vnneth I durst desire
 One looke, my feruent heate to flake

Therefore another doth me hyre,
And all the profer that you make,
Is made in vayne and comes to late.

For when I asked recompence,
With coſt you nought to graunt God wat :
Then ſaid diſdaine to great expence,
It were for you to graunt me that
Therefore do way your rere pretence,
That you would binde that derſt you brake,
For lo your ſalue comes all to late

*The complaint of a woman rauſhed, and
alſo mortally wounded*

A Cruell Tiger all with teeth bebled,
A bloody tirantes hand in eche degree,
A lecher that by wretched luſt was led,
(Alas) deſlowred my virginitee
And not contented with this villanie,
Nor with thoutragious terrour of the dede,
With bloody thirſt of greater crueltie
Fearing his haynous gilt ſhould be bewrayed,
By crying death and vengeance openly,
His violent hand forthwith alas he layed
Vpon my guiltles ſely childe and me,
And like the wretch whom no horreur diſmayde,
Drownde in the ſinke of depe iniquitie
Miſuſing me the mother for a time,
Hath ſlaine vs both for cloking of his crime

*The louer being made thrall by loue, per-
ceiueth how great a loſſe is libertye*

A H libertie now haue I learned to know,
By lacking thee what Iewell I poſſeſt.
When I receiued firſt from Cupids bow,

The deadly wound that festrcth in my brest

So farre (alas) forth strayed were mine eyes,
That I ne might refraine them backe, for lo
They in a moment all earthly thinges despise,
In heauenly sight now are they fixed so

What then for me but still with mazed sight,
To wonder at that excellence diuine
Where loue (my freedome hauing in despight)
Hath made me thrall through errour of mine eyen,
For other guerdon hope I not to haue,
My solting toonge so basheth ought to craue

*The diuers and contrarie passions
of the louer*

Holding my peace alas how loud I crye,
PRESSED with hope and dread euen both at ones,
Strayned with death, and yet I cannot dye
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones,
Vnto my hope withouten winges I flye
PRESSED with dispayre, that breaketh all my bones
Walking as if I were, and yet am not,
Fayning with muth, most inwardly with mones.
Hard by my helpe, vnto my health not nye
Mids of the calme my ship on rocke it rones
I serue vnbound, fast fettered yet I lye
In stede of milke that fede on marble stones,
My most will is that I do espye
That workes my ioyes and forowes both at ones.
In contraires standeth all my losse and gaine,
And lo the gitleles causeth all my paine

The testament of the hawthorne.

Sely Haw whose hope is past.
In faithfull true and fixed minde .
To her whom that I serued last,

Haue all my ioyefulnes refigne,
Because I know assuredly,
My dying day aprocheth nye.

Dispaired hart the carefull nest,
Of all the sighes I kept in store
Conuey my carefull corps to rest,
That leaues his ioy for euermore
And when the day of hope is past,
Geue vp thy sprite and sigh the last.

But or that we depart in twaine,
Tell her I loued with all my might
That though the corps in clay remaine,
Consumed to ashes pale and white
And though the vitall powers do ceasse,
The sprite shall loue her natrelesse¹

And pray my liues lady dere,
During this litle time and space,
That I haue to abiden here,
Not to withdiaw her wonted grace,
In recompensing of the paine,
That I shall haue to part in twaine

And that at least she will withsaue,
To graunt my iust and last request
When that she shall behold his graue,
That lyeth of lyfe here dispossessed,
In record that I once was hers,
To bathe the frozen stone with teares.

The seruice tree here do I make,
For mine executour and my frende ·
That liuing did not me forsake,
Nor will I trust vnto my ende,
To see my body well conueyde,
In ground where that it shalbe layde,

Tombed vnderneath a goodly Oke,
With Iuy grence that fast is bound
There this my graue I haue bespoken
For there my ladies name do sound
Beset euen as my testamēt tel,
With oken leaues and nothing els.

¹ nathelless 1359.

Grauen wheron shalbe exprest,
 Here lyeth the body in this place,
 Of him that liuing neuer cest
 To serue the fayrest that euer was,
 The corps is here, the heit he gaue
 To her for whom he lieth in graue

And also set about my herse,
 Two lampes to burne and not to queint,
 Which shalbe token, and reherse
 That my good will was neuer spent
 When that my corps was layd alow,
 My spirit did sweare to serue no mo

And if you want of ringing bells,
 When that my corps goth into graue
 Repete hei name and nothing els,
 To whom that I was bonden slaue
 When that my life it shall vnframe,
 My sprite shall ioy to heare her name

With dolefull note and piteous sound,
 Wherwith my hart did cleaue in twaine
 With such a song lay me in ground,
 My sprite let it with her remayne,
 That had the body to commend
 Till death thereof did make an end

And euen with my last bequest,
 When I shall from this life depart
 I geue to her I loued best,
 My iust my true and faithfull hart,
 Signed with the hand as cold as stone:
 Of him that liuing was her owne

And if he here might liue agayne,
 As Phenix made by death anew
 Of this she may assure her plaine,
 That he will still be iust and trew.
 Thus farewell she on liue my owne.
 And send her ioy when I am gone.

The louer in dispeire lamenteth his case

A Diëu desert, how art thou spent?
 Ah dropping teares how do ye washe?
 Ah scalding fighes, how be ye spent?

To pricke them forth that will not hast,
 Ah payned hart thou gapst for grace,
 Euen there where pitie hath no place

As easy it is the stony rocke,
 From place to place for to remoue,
 As by thy plant for to prouoke :

A frosen hart from hate to loue,
 What should I say such is thy lot,
 To fawne on them that force the not

Thus maist thou safely say and sweare,
 That rigour raighneth and ruth doth faile,
 In thanklesse thoughts thy thoughts do wear
 Thy truth, thy faith, may nought auaille,
 For thy good will why should thou so,
 Still graft where grace it will not grow

Alas pore hart thus hast thou spent,
 Thy flowryng time, thy pleasant yeres.
 With sighing voyce wepe and lament
 For of thy hope no frute apperes,
 Thy true meanyng is paide with scorne,
 That euer soweth and repeth no corne

And where thou seketh a quiet port,
 Thou dost but weigh agaynst the winde,
 For where thou gladdest woldst resort,
 There is no place for thee asinde
 Thy desteny hath set it so,
 That thy true hart should cause thy wo.

Of his maistresse m B

IN Bayes I boast whose braunch I beare,
 Such ioy therein I finde.
 That to the death I shall it weare,

To ease my carefull minde
 In heat, in cold, both night and day,
 Her vertue may be sene
 When other frutes and flowers decay,
 The bay yet growes full grene
 Her berries fede the birdes full oft,
 Her leaues fwete water make
 Her bowes be fet in euery loft,
 For their fwete fauours sake
 The birdes do shrowd them from the cold,
 In her we dayly see
 And men make arbers as they wold,
 Vnder the pleafant tree
 It doth me good when I repayre,
 There as these bayes do grow
 Where oft I walke to take the ayre,
 It doth delight me so
 But loe I stand as I were dome,
 Her beauty for to blafe
 Wherewith my sprites be ouercome,
 So long theron I gafe
 At last I turne vnto my walk,
 In passing to and fro
 And to my self I smile and talk,
 And then away I go
 Why smilest thou say lokers on,
 What pleasure hast thou found?
 With that I am as cold as stone,
 And ready for to ffound
 Fie fie for shame sayth fanfy than,
 Pluck vp thy faynted hart
 And speke thou boldly like a man,
 Shrinke not for little smart,
 Wherat I blushe and change my chere,
 My senses waxe so weake
 O god think I what make I here,
 That neuer a word may speake,
 I dare not sigh lest I be heard,
 My lokes I flyly cast

And still I stand as one were scarce,
 Vntill my stormes be past
 Then happy hap doth me reuiue,
 The blood comes to my face .
 A merier man is not aloue,
 Then I am in that case
 Thus after sorow seke I rest,
 When fled is fantasies fit
 And though I be a homely gest,
 Before the bayes I fit
 Where I do watch till leaues do fall,
 When winde the tree doth shake
 Then though my branch be very small,
 My leafe away I take
 And then I go and clap my hands,
 My hart doth leape for ioy
 These bayes do ease me from my bands,
 That long did me annoy
 For when I do behold the same,
 Which makes so faire a show
 I finde therein my maistresse name,
 And se her vertues grow.

*The louer complaineth his harty loue
 not requited*

When Phebus had the serpent flame,
 He claymed Cupides boe
 Which strife did turne him to great paine,
 The story well doth proue
 For Cupide made him fele much woe,
 In sekyng Dephnes loue
 This Cupide hath a shaft of kinde,
 Which wounded many a wight
 Whose golden hed had power to binde,
 Ech hart in Venus bandes.
 This arrow did on Phebus light,
 Which came from Cupides handes.

An other shaft was wrought in spite,
Which headed was with lead
Whose nature quenched swete delight
That louers most embrace
In Dephnes brest this cruell head,
Had found a dwellyng place

But Phebus fonde of his desire,
Sought after Dephnes so
He burnt with heat, she felt no fire,
Full fast she fled him fro
He gate but hate for his good will,
The gods assigned so

My case with Phebus may compare,
His hap and mine are one
I cry to her that knowes no care,
Yet feke I to her most
When I appoche then is she gone,
Thus is my labour lost

Now blame not me but blame the shaft,
That hath the golden head,
And blame those gods that with their craft
Such arrowes forge by kinde
And blame the cold and heauy lead,
That doth my ladies minde

A praise of m M.

IN court as I behelde, the beauty of eche dame,
Of right my thought from all the rest should M steale
the same

But, er I meant to iudge I vewed with such aduise
As retchlesse dome should not inuade the boundes of my
deuise

And, whiles I gased long : such heat did brede within,
As Priamus townefelt not more flame, when did the bale begin
By reasons rule ne yet by wit perceue I could,
That M face of earth yfound enioy such beauty should
And fanfy doubted that from heauen had Venus come,

To nourish rage in Britaynes harts, while corage yet doth blome,
 Her natue hue so stroue, with colour of the rose,
 That Paris would haue Helene left, and M beauty chose,
 A wight faire passyng all, and is more faire to seme,
 Then lusty May the lodg of loue that clothes the earth in grene
 So angell like she shines she semeth no mortall wight.
 But one whom nature in her forge, did flame her self to spight.
 Of beauty princeesse chiefe so makelesse doth she rest,
 Whose eye would glad an heauy wight, and pryson payne in
 brest,

I waxe astonied to see the feator of her shape,
 And wondred that a mortal hart such heauenly beames could
 scape

Her limmes so answeryng were the mould of her faire face,
 Of Venus stocke she semde to spring, the rote of beauties grace.
 Her presens doth pretende such honour and estate,
 That simple men might gesse her birthe, if folly bred debate.
 Her lokes in hartes of flint would such affectes imprese,
 As rage of flame not Nilus streames in Nestors yeres encrease.
 Within the subtile feat, of her bright eyen doth dwell,
 Blinde Cupide with the pricke of paine that princes fredom
 sell

A Paradiçe it is her beauty to behold,
 Where natures stufte so full is found, that natures ware is sold.

An old louer to a yong gentilwoman.

YE are to yong to bryng me in,
 And I to old to gape for flies
 I haue to long a louer bene,
 If such yong babes should bleare mine eyes,
 But trill the ball before my face,
 I am content to make you play
 I will not se, I hide my face,
 And turne my backe and ronne away

But if you folowe on so fast,
 And crosse the waies where I should go,
 Ye may waxe weary at the last,

And then at length your self othrow
 I meane where you and all your flocke,
 Deuise to pen men in the pound
 I know a key can picke your locke,
 And make you runne your selues on ground

Some birdes can eate the strawie corne,
 And flee the lime the fowlers set,
 And some are ferde of euery thorne,
 And so therby they scape the net
 But some do light and neuer loke,
 And seeth not who doth stand in waite,
 As fish that swallow vp the hoke,
 And is begiled through the baite

But men can loke before they leape,
 And be at price for euery ware,
 And penyworthes cast to bye good cheape
 And in ech thyng hath eye and care
 But he that bluntly runnes on hed,
 And seeth not what the race shal be
 Is like to bring a foole to bed,
 And thus ye get no more of me.

The louer forsaketh his unkinde loue

Farewell thou frosen hart and eares of hardned stele,
 Thou lackest yeres to vnderstand the grefe that I did fele
 The gods reuenge my wrong, with equall plage on thee,
 When plesure shal prick forth thy youth, to learn what loue shal be
 Perchance thou prouest now, to scale blinde Cupides holde,
 And matchest where thou maist repent, when al thy cards
 are told

But blush not thou therfore, thy betters haue done so,
 Who thought they had retaind a doue, when they but caught
 a cro

And some do lenger time, with lofty lokes we see,
 That light at length as low or wors then doth the betel bee,
 Yet let thy hope be good, such hap may fall from hye
 That thou maist be if fortune serue, a princeffe er thou dye.

If chance prefer thee so alas poore fely man,
 Where shall I scape thy cruell handes, or seke for succour than?
 God shuld such greedy wolues, should lap in gitleffe bloode,
 And fend short hornes to hurtful heads, yatrage likely onys woode
 I seldome se the day, but malice wanteth might,
 And hatefull harts haue neuer hap, to wreke their wrath aright.
 The madman is vnmete, a naked sword to gide,
 And more vnfit are they to clime, that are orecome with pride.
 I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon sure,
 That can both soerand stoupe sometime, as men cast vp the lure.
 The peacock hath no place, in thee when thou shalt list,
 For some no soner make a signe, but thou perceuest the fist.
 They haue that I do want, and that doth thee begilde,
 The lack that thou dost se in me, doth make thee loke so wilde.
 My luryng is not good, it liketh not thine eare,
 My call it is not half so swete, as would to god it were.
 Well wanton yet beware, thou do no tiryng take,
 At euery hand that would thee fede, or to thee frendship make,
 This counsell take of him that ought thee once his loue,
 Who hopes to mete thee after this among the saintes aboue.
 But here within this world, if he may shonne the place,
 He rather asketh present death, than to behold thy face

The louer preferreth his lady aboue all other

Resigne you dames whom tikelyng brute delight,
 The golden praise that flatteries tromp doth fown¹
 And vassels be to her that claims by right,
 The title iust that first dame beauty found
 Whose dainty eyes such sugred baits do hide,
 As poyson harts where glims of loue do glide.

Come eke and see how heauen and nature wrought,
 Within her face where framed is such ioi
 As Priams sonnes in vaine the seas had fought,
 If halfe such light had had abode in Troy
 For as the golden sunne doth darke ech starre,
 So doth her hue the fayrest dames as farre

Ech heauenly gift, ech grace that nature could,

By art or wit my lady lo retaynes
 A sacred head, so heapt with heares of gold,
 As Phebus beames for beauty farre it flayns,
 A sucred¹ tong, where eke such swetenesse snowes,
 That well it semes a fountain where it flowes

Two laughyng eyes so linked with pleasyng lokes
 As wold entice a tygers hart to ferue
 The bayt is swete but eager be the hookes,
 For Dyane seeks her honour to preferue
 Thus Arundell fits, thioned still with fame,
 Whom enmies trompe can not attaynt with shame

My dased head so daunted is with heapes,
 Of giftes diuine that harbor in her brest
 Her heauenly shape, that lo my verses leaps,
 And touch but that wherin she clowds the rest
 For if I should her graces all recite,
 Both time should want, and I should wonders write.

Her chere so swete, so christall is her eyes,
 Her mouth so small, her lips so liuely red
 Her hand so fine, her wordes so swete and wise,
 That Pallas semes to sojourne in her hed
 Her vertues great, her forme as farre excedes,
 As funne the shade that mortall creatures leads

Would God that wretched age would spare to race,
 Her liuely hew that as her graces rare
 Be goddesse like, euen so her goddesse face,
 Might neuer change but still continue faire
 That eke in after time ech wight may see,
 How vertue can with beauty beare degree.

*The louer lamenteth that he would
 forget loue, and can not*

ALas when shall I ioy,
 When shall my wofull hart,
 Cast forth the folish toy
 That breadeth all my smart
 A thousand times and mo,

I haue attempted fore
To rid this restlesse wo,
Which raigneth more and more
But when remembrance past,
Hath laid dead coles together
Old loue renewes his blast,
That cause my ioyes to wither
Then sodaynely a spark,
Startes out of my desire
And lepes into my hart,
Settyng the coles a fire

Then reason runnes about,
To seke forgetfull water
To quench and clene put out,
The cause of all this matter
And saith dead flesh must nedes,
Be cut out of the coie,
For rotten withered wedes,
Can heale no greuous fore

But then euen sodaynely,
The feruent heat doth flake :
And cold then straineth me,
That makes my bodies shake
Alas who can endure,
To suffer all this paine,
Sins her that should me cure,
Most cruell death hath slaine
Well well, I say no more,
Let dead care for the dead,
Yet wo is me therfore,
I must attempt to lead,
One other kinde of life,
Then hitherto I haue
Or els this paine and strife,
Will bring me to my graue

Tottel's Miscellany.

The chief editions can only be noted For earlier impressions see
pp 1x-xiv

I As a separate publication

- 9 1717 London Poems of H Howard With the Poems of Sir
1 vol 8vo Thomas Wiat and others, his Famous Contemporaries [Ed
with Memoirs by T Sewell, M D Text incorrect]
13. [1795-1807 London A Reprint of No 2 with other poems by Surrey and
2 vols 8vo Wyatt. Ed by Bp Percy and T Steevens, who appended to
it *Poems in Blank Verse (not Dramatique) prior to MILTON'S
Paradise Lost* These are G TURBERVILLE'S *Ovids Epistles*,
1567 G GASCOIGNE'S *Steele Glas*, 1576 B RICHE'S *Precepts
for a State* from 'The Trauailes of Don Simondes,' 1584 G
PEELE'S *Verses* before Watson's *Ἐκατομπαθία*, 1582 and
in a *Deuice before the Lord Mayor*, 1585 J HIGGIN'S *The
Epistle of Pontius Pilate* from 'A Mirroure for Magistrates,'
1587 J ASKE'S *Elizabetha Triumphans*, 1588 W VALLAN'S
A Tale of Two Swannes, 1590 N BRETTON, *Speeches at
Elvetham*, 1591 G CHAPMAN'S *Poem on Guana*, 1596 C
MARLOW'S 1st *Book of Lucan's Pharsalia*, 1600 The entire
impression, except four copies, was destroyed in the fire at
Nichol's printing works in Feb 1808 There is a copy in the
Greenville Collection No 11568 9]
14. [1812 Bristol An edition prepared by Rev G F Nott, D D, F S A
1 vol 4to "Just as it was completed, all but the preface, a fire destroyed
the whole impression" The Thirty extra poems, by Grunald,
form an Appendix, including which, the text occupies 367 pages
(Brit Mus Press mark, 11604 ff)
- 24 1870 Aug 15 London 8vo *English Reprints* See title at p 1

II With other works

- 23 1867 London *Seven English Poetical Miscellanies* Reproduced by J
[15 Parts] P COLLIER [A subscription edition limited to 50 copies Tottel's
7 vols 4to *Miscellany* forms the first three parts, issued as £1, 5s each
set of three] A reprint of No 1

The Poetical Works of Surrey and Wyatt together

- 15 1815-16 London The Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir
2 vols 4to 1 Wyatt Ed by Rev G F Nott, D D [Rather magnificent
in style, but contains a large amount of information, and many
poems not printed by Tottel, collected from three MSS
collections]
- 16 1831 London The Poems of Surrey and Wyatt [Ed by Sir Harris
2 vols 8vo Nicholas]

The Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

- 10 1717 London Songes and Sonettes H Howard, Earl of Surrey Re-
1 vol 8vo printed by E Curll 32 pp Price 1s [Simply the 40 poems
of Surrey contained in Tottel]
- 12 1728 London 1 vol 8vo A re issue of No 10 with a fresh Title page
- 17 1854 London *Annotated Edition of Eng Poets* Poetical Works of the
1 vol 8vo Earl of Surrey, &c. Ed by R Bell
- 18 1854 Boston, U S 1 vol 8vo A reprint of Vol 1 of No 16
- 20 1856 Edinburgh The Poetical Works of William Shakespeare and the
1 vol 8vo Earl of Surrey Ed by Rev George Gilfillan
- 22 1866 London *The Aldine Edition* The Poems of Henry Howard,
1 vol 8vo Earl of Surrey A reprint of Vol 1 of No 16

The Poems of Sir T Wyatt,

- 11 1717 London A similar work to No 10 Reprinted by E Curll Price
1 vol 8vo 1s 6d
- 19 1854 London *Annotated Edition of Eng Poets* Poetical Works of Sir
1 vol 8vo 1 Wyatt Ed by Robert Bell
- 21 1858 Edinburgh The Poetical Works of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Ed by
1 vol 8vo Rev George Gilfillan